

Lord of Destruction

Disclaimer; I don't own Diablo or Harry Potter. This is an AU which I decided to do after reading Child of Darkness, Lord of the Void. I will be borrowing some of the setting used therein and I apologise for not telling the author that I'm going to use it.

Anyways enjoy it...
The Genesis

Whiskey... it had been his only friend on lonely days. He watched as he saw a whore getting killed by a killing curse by some dark wizard. He truly didn't care anymore for anyone. It didn't matter to him if anyone lived or died. All that he knew was that the Dursley's would pay for their treatment of him. He had been a warrior since he had enlisted in the Dark War. The war in which many werewolves, vampires and other dark beings had fought. Now he was eighteen years in age and he was talking to a man with long black hair tied up in a ponytail: "Ya know what Schwarz? I think I'm gonna try and make some of them wizards get what's coming to them. They have messed too long with my clan and now it's time for vengeance."

He smiled at the man who had just said that. Though being a vampire and having many names other than the name he used when he was with him he knew that the man would usually speak civilized to him at least before he got too drunk but the recent amount of deaths from the dark creatures were just too large to make much sense. It didn't matter very much to him of course since he still had all of his limbs and still was alive but somehow he found something being off.

He looked around and saw that there were some strange people sitting on a table near them. One was a man who looked almost identical to James. He was accompanied by a man who looked a little bit like himself and what really drew his attention was the pretty redheaded woman who was looking at him the entire time. He wouldn't mind letting her stay the night in his room. She was of an average height and her red hair appealed to him. Her green eyes reminded him of someone but he couldn't place who that was.

He snapped back his attention to the man and he said to James. "James do you see that redhead over there looking at me all the time? I wouldn't mind taking her up to my room and then showing her what Infusco Necrotis really feels like. From the looks of it she'll be screaming my name within ten minutes." James gave him a strange look as if he knew something that he himself didn't. Schwarz was a name he called himself in public so his identity as Infusco Necrotis wouldn't be discovered. Infusco Necrotis, General of the Vampire and werewolf armies renowned for his strategies and his brutal combat tactics was feared as one of the main players in the war.

Schwarz laughed as he made eye contact with the lady and gave her a wink with an impish grin on his face. Schwarz was renowned as a man who seemed to have an unhealthy interest in archaeological sites of some magical city and thus wasn't often seen in pubs like this. He looked at James and said: "Well what the hell did you call me here for at this unholy hour. I've got better things to do, you know?" James just grinned and put the bottle to his lips again. Vampires could only get mildly intoxicated but when they did they had the most fun ever because then they would loosen up and show their funny side.

"Well kiddo I found out that your parents didn't die like your relatives said. It appears like they had gone into hiding and left them to care for you." That was a bad move James noted as Schwarz his eyes turned a little crimson as he heard that. "You are implying that they sent you to come and get me? Me, the one they ignored for seventeen years is needed to come back to their fucking home and then be all buddy-buddy with them?"

By now James was sweating a little. Even though he was immortal due to his vampirism he still knew the rage of Schwarz since he had made the kid angry at him once and still felt the knots the kid had made in his body by using a wand and a sharp knife. Schwarz looked at James but before he managed to open his mouth to go on a tirade of what to do to James so he would hurt extremely until he would be released after three weeks of constant torment a hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice spoke up. "Harry please calm down. We are here now. It's me, your father."

Schwarz whipped his head around to stare at the hazel eyes of James Potter. He looked at the man and then his look changed into a glare and he said: "I don't want to know you. Get away!"

As Schwarz said that three vampires came to the table and the leader of them said: "Is there any problem master Schwarz?" Schwarz looked at the vampire and said: "No Joachim there isn't any problem except for my 'father' who is here to reclaim me after he abandoned me seventeen years ago."

Joachim the vampire looked at the man and said: "If you bother Master Schwarz too much then we'll be forced to remove you from the pub. Any tries to resist will result in termination of your life." Then Joachim walked away with his guards and Schwarz sipped on his drink trying to remain calm enough so he wouldn't rip off James his head in a gruesome way. "Don't tell me you actually would care for me after you abandoned me seventeen years ago."

He turned back to Jack and was about to go and deliver such a stream of verbal abuse on the man when he felt two arms encircle his waist and he heard a voice wailing in his ear about how much she had missed him and how she wanted her little baby to come home. He looked at the person who those hands belonged to and saw the pretty redhead clinging to him and said: "Who the hell are you?" before he could get a decent answer out of the woman James spoke up: "Let me introduce them to you Schwarz. This gentleman who looks a lot like me is my little nephew Sirius. The guy who looks a lot like you do after you've fucked some girl is your father James. And the woman who is now in the process of hugging you is your mother Lily." Schwarz looked at his old friend hoping that it was just a joke but he saw the look of sincerity in his friend's eyes and said: "If you tell them what I just said then I'll go and hang you from your innards in a high and tall tree and then have Raoul have a go at you while the moon is white and full."

James Ezechiel Black paled as he looked at his comrade in arms and sighed and said: "Alright I won't tell anyone about what you have said just a mere moment ago. I swear this on my honour as the patriarch of the Blacks." Schwarz looked satisfied for a moment then all sank in his brain. Immediately he got defensive and said: "Let go." Lily was still hugging him and bawling about how she had missed him and

wanted him to come home with her. Schwarz grabbed her arms rather rough and then pried himself loose from her grip and got up. Then he addressed his father with a deadly glint in his eyes: "YOU. I want nothing to do with you even though you are the man that gave me the existence I have now. You sent me to horse face and pig man without even leaving a threat of intense pain or something and you knew of the hatred they had for magic and thus by extension me. Goodbye and I hope we'll never meet again."

With that he put on his cloak and got out there as fast as possible. When he was outside and the wind howled around him he sighed and went into a brothel in one of the most inhospitable places of Knockturn Alley in hopes of finding an old friend of his.

And there she was dressed in black and looked at him with wild eyes. While he didn't exactly know how old she was he dared to guess that she must have been born sometime when magic was first discovered and vampires were just created or something like that. She was one of the ancient ones that had witnessed the rise and fall of Merlin, Grindelwald, Faustus and a hell of a lot others whose names were lost to history. She smirked when she saw him and showed off her fangs and said: "Well hello there Schwarz ready for a little bit of exercise? Why don't I tell one of the girls that they need to get the hell out of one of the rooms so I can make use of it and then I'll make sure you are feeling the exercise for the next few days."

With that he let himself be led to a room and watched as the vampires went in and the sounds of bones being broken and a man and a woman screaming permeated the air. Soon two bodies were thrown out and Schwarz leaned down to examine the woman. Blood was coming from a wound on the throat. The man was still alive and he just threw a dagger to silence the man forever. Then she came out of the room and said: "Shall we begin?"

With a grin he spoke and said to the vampires: "Well who shall be the one being submissive today? I think you did that last time so now it's my turn." She grinned and said: "Punish me master I've been bad. Punish your slave hard."

Schwarz just grinned and they started on a carnal activity which would shock the people who would eventually come inside the room by somewhat questionable transportation.

Something I wanted to do review if you wish. Diablo parts aren't included for the first few chapters. This is due to the fact that there are almost no ways of which Schwarz could find one of the Prime Evils and do battle with them.

Reviews will be appreciated. Flames will be ignored..

Brothels and Drinks

He looked at the ceiling confused and then realised where exactly he was. The woman who was lying on top of him was kinda bound in several places and he giggled slightly at the moaning she did last night. He hoped that those bodies were disposed off soon because they would be fouling up the air in the corridor by now.

Schwarz looked at her and sighed momentarily. While he didn't particularly like the games she played with him he was always good for a quick session of screwing and then leaving. It wasn't like he was some playboy or something. Hell if he tried running away he'd be getting some of the most dangerous women alive and dead after him.

Schwarz briefly took note that it was almost nine o'clock from his watch and he almost wearily got up from the bed noting that the sheets were soaked with sweat. He had barely enough time to think up a way to get him back to his apartment before a slight popping sound was heard and a few people landed straight on top of him giving him barely enough time to breathe before he was covered with people.

"I don't think this is a good idea." James was the only one voicing his protest as the group was planning to just go wherever Schwarz was and take him to the Potter mansion. James Potter was for the plan as well as Sirius. Lily was kinda hesitant and thought they should just wait until Harry contacted James again.

And James Potter had just cut the knot and decided they would take a portkey to where Harry was at the moment. James Black who shall be called Ezekiel from now on agreed to do a pointing spell to make the destination for the portkey.

Ezekiel choked back his laughter as he saw the location Harry was in but nevertheless he enchanted the location part for the portkey.

A tug behind the navel was the indication that they were on their way to see Schwarz. Ezekiel wasn't surprised to see the interior of one of the workrooms of the brothel and he grinned even though he ended

up being covered by his nephew. The vampire just bore with it so that he might get out sooner or later.

James Potter was the lucky one who landed on top of them while Lily landed directly on the bottom of the pile and thus on top of Schwarz. She had been holding the portkey a little bit too far away from the activation magic source and thus had been portkeyed to the edge of the area they were supposed to go to and thus had landed under everyone else.

Schwarz took a moment before he orientated himself once again. Someone had portkeyed right into this room. He drew a dagger from a hidden sheath on his leg and then felt that there were multiple people lying on top of him. Seeing no other option he saw some bare skin that belonged to someone's neck and put the dagger to it and hissed in an ice-cold tone: "Get the fuck off me or else you die."

Lily felt cold steel pressed against her neck and she stiffened when she heard an ice-cold voice speak close to her ears: "Get the fuck off me or you die." It frightened her so much that she could only freeze up. The dagger was removed drawing some blood from her neck but not enough to let her bleed to death. Just a small pinprick and some blood landing on the dagger.

He watched as the one on top of him stiffened and he drew the dagger over the skin just to get a small taste of blood. He couldn't remember how long it had been since he had tasted some of that fluid. It had taken him an eternity to learn how to track someone by just having tasted their blood once.

He brought the dagger to his lips and he tasted the crimson liquid by licking the blade with his tongue and felt the iron taste of blood to be refreshing him. Then he felt the load on his body getting smaller and finally the one that had lain on top of him got off and he was free to look at the people in the room.

He grinned as he saw Samantha still out like a light on the bed and was now currently in the process of grabbing that man's hand. The details came back to him suddenly. That man was his father, James Potter. Then the one who must have been on top of him must either be Sirius black or his mother. She seemed to be somewhat kinder to him than his father but he could see an underlying hint of danger

within her pose as she stood there looking at his half-naked form with the lower part of his body still hidden by the covers.

He sighed and looked at the people there with a noticeable twitch in his eye. "What the fuck are you doing here?" he said and a hint of venom was heard within his voice. James just looked at his son and said: "Well we've come here to get you back home." Schwarz raised an eyebrow and said: " Well Why would you do that for me? After all you couldn't take care of me and so you just threw me with that woman." His eyes looked so angry and it made the occupants except for the sleeping vampires shiver at the coldness within them.

Schwarz looked at the people there and said: "You really want me to come with you?" then his head swirled sideward and rested on Samantha who had grabbed James his arm. Schwarz let a smile seep through his cool mask and remarked: "Seems like she also likes my father. Well 'dad' you just gained the attention of a vampire. Have a good day." With that he apparated away with a loud crack. Lily just sighed and Ezekiel looked at the ceiling for a brief moment.

"Seems like he'll turn up at his bar sooner or later. I'll try to get him to come to your home James. I think it'd take a few days. He's obviously pissed at the two of you just because his usual reaction is to fuck some girl silly and then go brood on things for some time." Ezekiel just sighed briefly and then apparated away.

It took some time to get James loose from the rather firm grip that Samantha had on the man. Lily just mumbled something about telling James that it wasn't nice to be grabbed by other women while in the presence of their wives.

Schwarz was busy drowning himself in a large bottle of Scotch. It really hurt to know that your parents who dumped you with muggles that abused you regularly were now trying to find him and bring him back so they could lead a happy life once again with their eldest son with them.

As it stood now his real identity was that of Harry James Potter, eldest brother of the Boy-who-Lives-to-Kill-the-Bloody-Dark-Lord-and-His-bloody-fucking-Death-Eaters. He was sick of it all. First of all he

was Infusco Necrotis and now he was the big brother of Edward Potter.

He rolled his eyes and then began to drink another bottle as he discovered that it was empty. He wanted just to go to James and tell him to tell his 'father' and mother to piss off and leave him alone.

The bartender, Raoul noticed his boss looking depressed and said: "What's the matter monsieur Schwarz? Usually you are not gloomy but this is an exception is it?" Schwarz looked at Raoul and said: "Give me another bottle and I won't kill you."

Raoul just nodded and handed Schwarz a bottle of normal lager. Schwarz just put his lips to the bottle and drank it all without even letting his lips leave the bottle. When he was finished he set the bottle down again and said: "Whisky this time and make sure that it's cold." Raoul nodded and Schwarz saw a bottle of good whiskey appear in front of him, set there by the werewolf bartender.

Ezekiel walked into the bar and Schwarz his eyes focused on the man immediately once he sensed the magic of the vampire. "Hello traitor. Give me one very good reason why I shouldn't just let you hang down a long pole with your entrails nailed to it to see a beautiful sunrise?" Ezekiel gulped and said: "Schwarz please believe me if I tell you that it wasn't my idea. My nephew and your father got that idea and your mother was the only one who protested against it."

Schwarz looked at the man and said: "Alright then. What do you have to say to me. Oh wait don't tell me. My parent's ask me to come home to them. Is that what you wanted to ask me?" at having received a nod Schwarz grinned and said: "Well then tell them that I'll be by tomorrow. Or wait don't tell them. I want to see their faces once they see that I can come and go whenever I want." With that Schwarz stood up and said: "Let him pay my tab/. He's been bothering me for too long so he can pay for it." Then he stepped into a shadow and was gone. Raoul in the meanwhile got a glint in his eye at the prospect of earning even a little cash. While the boss had said that Ezekiel should pay his tab that meant that Ezekiel would pay for the free drinks he had gotten from Schwarz over the time the two had been meeting each other there.

He got to his apartment and put on a CD that was one of Mozart's finest musical pieces. He let the music seep through the room as he began to meditate upon what he had heard and seen that day. He felt a lot easier afterwards so he took a shower and decided that it would be easier to just go and shadowshift to the mansion where the Potter family lived. He switched off the lights and the music with a wave of his hand and then got into bed.

The next day came and he got up from his bed and into his shower where he washed himself so that he looked good and then decided to go and pack some of his gear into a suitcase if he decided his family was worth staying the night.

Then he opened his dresser and took out some of the darkest clothing he possessed. He got into the black pants and donned the black shirt which showed off his muscles well. He strapped silver daggers around his waist although he made sure that they were well hidden. He always took them to a place where he could get ambushed. That meant everywhere...

With that done he shadowshifted to the Potter Mansion into a luxurious room right behind a certain redhead...

A new chapter done. I hope you like it people. This is my update for now.

Reviews are appreciated by the author! They make me work harder so give me many reviews and get a chapter out fast.

The war:A flashback

He appeared behind her as he still felt the soft tinge of her blood on his lips. He was a little bit surprised to just find her standing in a lavishly furnished room but it didn't matter to him in the least bit. He sighed and he watched as she began to undress. He turned around because a son shouldn't see his mother naked. Deciding that he wouldn't like to be discovered he just slipped into a shadows and melded into it and appeared on the other side of the door. He grinned and then stepped out of the shadows. It was a pretty neat trick he had learned from a vampire elder. It allowed the user to walk with the shadows surrounding him and remain virtually undetected unless there were some advanced scanning devices.

He sighed and began to charge his magical energy into the shadows making them stretch and become whatever he liked. Shadows were easy to manipulate if you knew the trick to it. It was easy to do if you just willed them to be with whatever you could consider as having a mind was apparent within your skull cavity.

He walked through the shadows until he got to a large hall. Several people were within it and Schwarz momentarily halted as he scanned the crowd of people that was working on something. There were some kids sitting on a table surrounding some kid with black hair and brown eyes. Schwarz scoffed at that. The famous Edward Potter, the prophesied saviour of the wizarding world.

Schwarz his piercing green eyes swept the room and he sighed. At least there were some adults here and they were all busy with some things. He briefly searched through his black clothes for something to use when suddenly an idea hit him. He could of course use some tricks to make sure that they knew who exactly Schwarz was but then he weighed it against revealing his true extent of power and that would ruin the fun for him.

It was pretty boring being looked up to by younger people. He still stood in the door opening when he heard the rustle of a robe behind him and he turned around to look at Lily Potter walking his way. When she passed him he grinned and tapped her shoulder. When

she turned around he tapped the shoulder once again making her turn around once again,. Then he stepped out of the shadows behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her. “ Hello mother.”

She was surprised when she was tapped on the shoulder multiple times and then was hugged from behind by an unknown person who just whispered in her ear: “ Hello mother.” In a low and sensual voice. She coloured slightly and then smiled brightly and said; “ Hello Harry. I see that you’ve decided to come home once again. I’m sure everyone would love to have you here.”

Schwarz just grinned in almost the same fashion as his father but with his emerald eyes. She loved seeing James smile but somehow his son looked a lot more handsome when he smiled. She knew he’d make a girl very happy if he ever settled down with someone.

She smiled at him and said: “ Let’s get you introduced to everyone shall we?” Schwarz just grinned at her and said: “ Sure mother.” With that he followed her. He looked like some kind of wraith as he walked behind her and let his gaze wonder around the room and occasionally on his mother’s ass. Even though she was his mother she still looked hot...

The reaction the people in the room had to Schwarz was different per age group. The younger ones just stared at him with suspicion in their eyes while the elder had a knowing look in their eyes. Schwarz just glared at the older Potter who had moved from a table to greet him and the older man just pretended not to notice the scathing look that was sent his way and greeted his son: “ Hello there son. I see that you’ve come home at last. I told James that it wouldn’t take long for you to get home.”

Ezekiel looked at Schwarz and noticed the particularly hostile look in the teenager’s eye. He knew that putting both James Potter and Schwarz in the same room could very well be the end of either of the two men. James Potter because his son outright hated them who abandoned him and Schwarz because James had some issues with abnormal behaviour or otherwise known as acting like a Slytherin.

Schwarz stared at the offered hand and then said with a forced smile: "Hello father. It's nice to be here."

James Potter just grinned not noticing the forced smile his son wears and said: "Well let's get you introduced to the rest of us." With that eh almost dragged Schwarz over to the 'kids'. Schwarz scowled as his father ruffled Edward's head affectionally and said: "This is your little brother Edward or better known as the boy-who-will-save-us-all. Next to him is your little sister Samantha and next to her is Romulus Lupin."

Schwarz just stared and then managed to say: "Well it's a pleasure meeting all of you." Schwarz mentally scowled as he saw his little brother look at him with some distrust. Then a man entered which immediately drew Schwarz his ire. The man was the one who had dared to hunt down some of his subordinates just because he suspected them to be in league with that phoney Dark lord Voldemort. Albus Dumbledore strode into the room and looked around. He had heard that the oldest Potter was once again in the house and he was curious to see what the kid was made of. The children of the Potter, Black and Lupin line as well as some others had been chosen to become warriors to fight for the Light. It was truly enlightening to see that young Edward had been chosen to wield the power of the elements as well as the rest of the Potter children. Only three crystals remained. One seemed to be purplish in colour and oval in shape but somehow none of the people that touched it were chosen. Tomorrow there would be a last testing of a few people who couldn't be there yesterday.

He hoped that the eldest of the Potter children would be chosen so maybe he could have the boy guard his youngest brother. The boy seemed to be a little shy of people from what he had gathered from Lily. But with a little bit of manipulation the boy should be ready to guard his little brother. After all Edward would defeat the Dark Lord himself.

He felt rage course through him as he saw the serenely smiling face of that old man. He was tempted to just call the people who were owing him a favour and just ask them to butcher the old man. He

noticed that his foolish little brother gave a small cry of “ Uncle Albus.” He shivered at that. That man would never be an uncle to him. He had seen the horrors of war and they had jaded him. He had seen the concentration camps and the horrors that were within them.

Flashback

He stood there with his black hair fluttering in the wind as he heard the cries of wizards being killed by his troops. Infusco Necrotis was standing there looking at the horror within the camp and a tear slid down his face. He saw a small boy lie there obviously dead and saw the whip marks on the fragile young body and the lifeless eyes.

He growled in anger at the sight and then turned to a group which was still in combat: “ GET DOWN!” with that a black curse sped from his staff and at the aurors who had looked in surprise as their enemies dropped to the floor. Schwarz had cast a curse on the level of magic that was classified as obscenely powerful and the curse impacted upon the Aurors who gave one last shriek of pain as they were engulfed by the curse and their bones started to liquefy and turn into fluid letting their bodies sink into goo with no bones to support it or to make anything work anymore.

With that he turned around to send a massive fireball at an auror who attempted to kill him with a green killing curse. “SLAUGHTER THE WIZARDS! LET THEM PAY FOR THE THINGS THEY HAD DONE TO US!” with a bone chilling laugh he watched as vampires began to massacre the aurors and other guards and the werewolves go about in their werewolf forms ripping apart many a foe.

End flashback

“Ahh Harry how nice to see that you’ve come home.” The man looked at him with a grandfatherly air around him. Schwarz looked at the man and scowled briefly before replying to the man: “I don’t think we’ve met sir.”

Albus just smiled another grandfatherly smile and said: “Harry I was there when your parents went into hiding. I was their secret keeper. You might be interested to know that I did all in my power to keep your parent’s safe.”

Schwarz his dark look deepened and said: "I don't think I'd like to talk to you anymore. Goodbye sir..." with that Schwarz turned around and strode out of the room.

Lily looked at her eldest son's behaviour and then at Dumbledore and said: "Sorry but he's been angry with James and me for abandoning him. I think he should calm down a little bit before you talk to him Albus."

With that she disappeared behind the doors that Schwarz had passed only moments ago after him to tell him where he would be staying.

"Who the hell was that?" Edward Potter asked his father after his mother had gone after the strange man that she had entered the hall with. "Your older brother." James Potter only said after hearing the question from his cherished son...

A new chapter finished. Please give me good reviews on this because I need them to think up more stuff for this story...

The conflict

She hurried after her son who seemed to be on the end of the hallway. She didn't even need to think where she was going she was just homing in on the person who she thought was her son. She saw his black hair slightly moving by the way he walked and she spoke: "Harry!"

She watched as he turned around and those green eyes that were so like hers stared at her and he said: "Yes mother?" her expression turned into one of great relief as he halted his pace and she said at her most motherly tone she could muster at the moment: "Harry dear you look tired. Why don't I go and show you to your room?" Schwarz looked at the pretty woman and then nodded and said: "Just don't lead me back to that senile old man. He has done too much to make me remain calm in his presence."

She nodded and said: "I'll try to keep you two apart. But I'm sure he wants to ask you some questions about your whereabouts." Schwarz his eyes briefly darkened and then he said: "I'll tolerate him for ten minutes at most. That's all I can give you."

She smiled at him and hoped that her son would warm up to them after some time. She didn't like seeing him so angry at them. She liked his look since it was so different from what the rest of the people she usually met through the order wore. They often wore light clothing while her son wore all black which seemed to fit him. She even noticed that she was paying attention to the way her son's muscles rippled underneath the clothes and she mentally gave herself a speech: "Lily you shouldn't look at your own son's arse. You don't do that because you're his goddamned mother. Try not to be like some incestuous bitch and control yourself. Think of James, your husband.."

She shook herself out of the daze she was in and said: "Alright here is your room." They had stopped in front of a room which was decorated in gold and red. Schwarz mentally suppressed a shudder.

The red and gold seemed to creep him out as if there was something about it that he didn't like. "Do these colours represent something?" He looked at his mother's reaction to the question and saw that she was distracted by something he briefly noted that she was looking straight at his waist and he mentally cursed as he saw that one of his daggers had become visible by some stupid warding charms or something. He could only hope that that old fool Dumbledore hadn't seen too. Or if the old man had then he could have summoned the dagger away from him after he had spotted it.

There on his waist a glimmering dagger was visible. Her eyes stared at the unsheathed metal and she thought about how her son could have gotten it. She stared fascinated at the metal and noted that some runes were engraved upon the blade. She then raised her gaze and said: "Where did you get that dagger Harry?"

Schwarz his eyes turned towards the floor. He couldn't lie to women especially if they were his mother. He sensed within her that she hadn't wanted to lose him or wanted him to be sent to her sister and thus he had accepted it. He also sensed a sense of rebelliousness around her and mentally smiled. "I got it from a werewolf after I saved his family from one of the ministry's 'containment camps'. Let me tell you that it wasn't a pretty sight mother."

She looked at her soon with eyes that shone with unshed tears. "You fought in the Dark War? Oh my poor baby." She totally ignored the fact that he had served with the enemies at that time and embraced him. Schwarz was at a loss of what to do. He was used to giving hugs to women when he fucked them but this was a little but odd even to him. It wasn't that comforting to see your own mother hug you in such a way.

Lily got herself together after that and vowed that she would give her eldest all the love she could muster. Not even hell itself would hurt her precious little baby. She vowed to keep him safe at all costs. Schwarz felt a slight tingle go through him and he looked at his mother and said softly: "Mom I think it's time you told me what these colours represent." Lily nodded slowly and said: "These are the house colours that the family of the Potters always has worn. There is an old saying that tells that no Potter ever were in Slytherin."

Schwarz was satisfied with the answer and he looked at the room once again and found the gold being a little bit too strange for his liking. "Could you change the beddings into black sheets? I don't have a wand as of yet."

Why the hell would he want black sheets? Was the first thought that went through her mind but she changed them nonetheless. "Harry we'll be dining tonight around eight. I'll send a house-elf to get you to the dining hall."

Schwarz nodded and said: "Thank you mother for accepting me even though you know that I sided with the Dark in the War." She just nodded in understanding and said: "I am neutral about the War. James didn't partake in the fighting but he has the opinion that everyone that sided with the Dark Creatures is a traitor to the 'Light'." Schwarz sighed and said: "Then he won't like to know that I supported them. Ah well that's for another time. Now I'm off to shower mother. See you later." With that he heard her leave and with a small hand gesture his pants fell to the floor and he removed his underwear and then stepped towards where he saw the bathroom.

He was surprised to find out that there was no shower there but only a bath that was in his opinion bigger than what he had at his place. He stepped into the water and felt that it was just the right temperature for him to bathe. Slowly he let himself relax and the hot water soothed his muscles a little bit though they weren't that exhausted yet.

He let himself soak for fifteen minutes or something like that and then stepped out of the bath and dried himself off with a white towel. He got back into the main room of his sleeping quarters only to see a small house elf trying to pry the lid off his suitcase. He mentally snickered at the attempt it made and he said at a chilling tone: "Elf! What are you doing with my suitcase?"

The house-elf paled and said: "Master, mistress wanted me to unpack for you. Blanky is just doing what mistress wants." Schwarz sighed and said: "I trust that you are here to take me to the dining Hall?" at the elf's reaction that was enthusiastic he nodded and said:

“Well then lead the way.” With that Schwarz let himself be led to the dining hall.

He looked at the man that had come in with curiosity in his eyes. So this was the mysterious older brother that he had heard so much about. But why would he be so angry with uncle Albus? Uncle Albus was doing everything in his power to make sure that Voldemort didn't gain possession of the wizarding world. He nudged his best friend Ron Weasley and whispered to his best friend: “Did you see how he looked at Professor Dumbledore? I'm sure he has something to do with the Death Eaters. Just look at his clothes. They are all black and he looks like he wants to kill Professor Dumbledore.”

Ron nodded and said: “I think we'll need to discuss this later. Now is not the time. But he looks evil to me.”

Schwarz stared at the supposed leader of the Light with barely concealed hatred. This man had done so much pain to his friends and still pretended to do it for the good of wizardkind. Didn't they see that the Dark Creatures had a right to exist too? In their eyes a vampire was evil and a werewolf was dangerous.

He took note of his little brother and was tempted to just go over to the kid and smack him on his head for glaring at him. How dare he look at me like that! He probably thinks I'm a Death Eater or something.

Sighing he waits until he is assigned a seat. He is just standing there and the house elf popped out of existence. Albus Dumbledore stood up and prepared to make a speech. When the old man had risen everyone had quieted down until silence was within the room. Then Dumbledore spoke: “Today a member of the Potters has returned to our midst. After seventeen years he has been found and returned here once again. I present to you: Harry Potter.”

Schwarz just gave a venomous glare at Dumbledore before speaking: “Where can I sit down and eat?” James decided to make his presence known and said: “You can go sit next to your brother Edward, Harry.”

Schwarz shot the man one of his infamous glares and sauntered over to the place next to his little brother. He gave a small nod to the kid and then looked at the plate and said: "Blood wine and a medium rare steak." Without further ado the food appeared on his plate and Schwarz began to eat. After a few seconds he stopped eating and said: "I'm not some zoo animal that wants to be stared at! Just go and eat you bastards!"

James was about to scold his son for his behaviour but the hand of Lily rested on his arm and she shook her head as if saying: "Let our son eat."

During dinner he was subjected to glares from Edward who was sitting next to him. When Schwarz had finished the food he looked at his little brother and said: "Hello Edward. I trust you are well?" a glare was his answer and Schwarz just frowned and said: "Not much of a conversationalist are you? Well then let's play a little game. I'll tell you who I am and you're gonna tell me something about yourself."

Eddie nodded and said: "First question: Do you serve You-Know-Who?" Schwarz lifted an eyebrow and mentally smirked. He was going to have a little fun with his foolish little brother.

"That is for me to know and you to guess... My question for you is: Are you interested in a girl? Or in a boy?" It was so much fun to see the boy colour in anger and he almost heard his eardrums take some strain as Edward bellowed out: "I'M NOT GAY!"

Schwarz just grinned at him and said: "Answer the question: Is there any girl you like?" he liked seeing his little brother struggle to give him an answer and just finally said: "I don't want to talk to you anymore."

Schwarz grinned. If all went according to plan then he would have little to worry about his little brother. But the glint in Dumbledore's eyes told him that he would need to be wary of the man. Ah well he'd just do something that would place him in the old man's good books and then it'd be easy to gain the trust of that guy.

After dinner he was approached by Dumbledore who said: "Harry allow me to talk to you for a few minutes." Schwarz looked at the man and said: "No sir I don't think I want to talk with you. I'll be going to bed now mother, father." With that he walked away leaving behind a

stunned Order as well as some of the Order's children. Edward took that badly. When he was back in the room he shared with Ron and Neville who were staying the night he called them all to talk about his older brother: "Alright from what I've seen he's at the least a supporter of You-Know-Who. He might be a Death Eater sent to infiltrate the order and then sell all of us out to his master. Just look at the way he glared at Uncle Albus."

His younger brother looked at him with adoration in his eyes. Henry Potter, the youngest of the three male potter children loved his brother. He was wary of his eldest brother. He knew the girls would like their new older brother and he almost knew for certain that even some of the sisters of Romulus would like him.

"Alright I think it is time for us to see if we can find a Dark Mark on his body." With that Edward concluded the small meeting between the children that were intent on discovering all there was about one Harry James Potter AKA Schwarz AKA Infusco Necrotis.

A new chapter for you. I hope that this will satisfy everyone who reads this. Be wary of a new update soon...

Drunken nights

He looked as the kid otherwise known as his little brother was stumbling along with what little magic he seemed to possess. The first vampire the kid would meet would spare his life just out of pity because the spells that the kid did were so weak. He hadn't gotten much exercise after he had gone to bed that night. The old man had made sure that his mother kept him in the house until the old man got a good strategy together without letting the eldest Potter go gallivanting off to do something dangerous. He was after all the heir of the Potter family and shouldn't be let alone.

Schwarz scowled at his father. He couldn't bear to see the man with his happy and cheerful attitude walk past him and greet him jovially. The man had even dared to invite him to try out Quidditch. He had declined politely and had said that he would need to check up on some stuff that couldn't wait.

Schwarz looked at the wall just to ignore the happenings around him. His youngest brother seemed to idolise Edward as he tried to emulate his brother in almost every way. But there were some girls that weren't introduced to him yet. It seemed that he had three sisters of varying age. He had blinked as he was told that he had three sisters and then sent a look at his mother and had said: "Then mother still looks damn fine after having birthed six children..."

He had watched his mother colour at the praise from her eldest son and then frown as she realised what had been said;. Luckily most of the Gryffindor people hadn't really heard the hidden meaning of his words or else he'd been on the wrong end of a wand. Only a greasy man had choked on his drink when Schwarz had said that and Schwarz found a marginal amount of respect to be appropriate. Only a very observant person could get the hidden meaning within that sentence which was evident by the fact that he had said damn fine instead of damn hot. The damn hot part would make it look like he fancied his mother. Damn fine just stated his affection for his mother. But onto the subject of his sisters he had grown to see that James potter could indeed produce suitable progeny. It seemed like the eldest of the three Jezebel was one of the smartest girls around and

only contested by a girl who had bushy hair and was scowling at her all the time.

Then to the middle sister who had the same black hair as the rest of the Potters except the youngest sister. She wore normal robes and her face was a mix between James and Lily with James's features being the more prominent in them.

The youngest sister was fifteen and looked cute in his opinion. She had reddish hair and seemed to be in the possession of a bust size that was pretty big. When he had first laid eyes on her he had wondered if those were real. But then he had just shrugged and accepted it as a fact that would never go away.

His brother was now busy trying out a shielding spell that most Aurors knew. He still remembered their screams as his dark flame curse tipped straight through that shield that they had erected like a scissor does to paper. It had been an attack on one of the concentration camps that the Ministry had set up and Infusco Necrotis led the forces into battle.

He enjoyed the thrill of watching people die as they were either ripped apart by the werewolves under his command or were bitten by Vampires and drained of all blood and then left to die there without any blood to support them. He was lucky to have learned most of the vampiric arts even though he wasn't a vampire. He had friends in all places and even a few of the Dark Elves.

Dark Elves were a race of Elves that had shunned the behaviour of their Light sided cousins and had instead focused upon the darkest elements and began to practise the dark arts. They were adept in creating weapons which would inflict injuries on a foe when just barely touched by the blade. Festering wounds would appear once nicked by a blade enchanted to poison the flesh and make those wounds appear. They also made different things like enchanted jewellery which could bestow enchantments or curses upon the bearer of such an item. His friends there were of a different sort. One had been a common soldier who had served with his squad for some time and at the moment he was dying had pledged his loyalty to him.

The Dark Elf had still died but it had left him with a burning hatred of wizardkind.

The next day after that he had massacred a concentration camp all by himself. Lord Voldemort as well as Dumbledore became to fear the name Infusco Necrotis. The bodies of the fallen had been raised once again to serve as his soldiers and he had watched as the undead began to ravage all that was the concentration camp and set free the captive people. They had all looked at him with gratitude once all the wizards were dead and he even saw a few Dark Elves give him a nod of gratitude.

The next day he received a message from the Dark Elven King. In it was written that he, Infusco Necrotis was expected to arrive at a ball in his honour in the capitol city of the Dark Elven nation.

He had appeared there dressed in a black leather battle outfit which also served as his casual wear so he would be ready for battle at any time with his sword on the side. He had come three hours early as he had caught a message hidden within the message from the king.

He walked into the throne room to look at the dark-skinned people gathered there and he noticed a Dark Elf stand next to the Dark Elf sitting on a throne. Schwarz raised an eyebrow at that and remembered that that was one of the people he had saved yesterday. A voice spoke and Schwarz knew that the king had spoken: "Infusco Necrotis, I have called you here to thank you for rescuing my son as well as some loyal soldiers. In repayment for giving me back my son and making sure that those wizards were put to justice I will appoint you as our battle master for the entirety of the Dark War. Only a genius tactician like you can lead our armies and fight at the front lines. We have kept an eye on you from the shadows and we have found you worthy of the position. The sheer genius your moves have impressed us and with the single-handed rescue of my son, Prince Kel'Zarath you have proven your worthiness for attaining this position. Do you agree to take up the position as Battle master for the Dark Elven Nation in the Dark War, Infusco Necrotis?"

Schwarz just looked at the man and then said in a tone which could cut steel: "I accept to lead the Dark Elves into war as their Battle master. I also vow to protect the Dark Elven nation from any wizards that might try to force your people into submission." He bowed after that and he waited for the king to speak.

"Well then it's settled. You, Infusco Necrotis shall be sent the specifics about your position as well as the state of the army. You'll see that your actions of today and yesterday will serve you well, young one." Schwarz just looked at the king and said: "I may be young and brash but I won't get old and be a fool like so many had done before me. I shall win or otherwise injure as much wizards as possible before retreating."

Then he turned around intending to leave but the king called him back: "Infusco I'd like you to dress appropriately. Although we are used to seeing people in battle gear we don't dance in it. It'd frighten away everyone if we danced dressed in the gear we fight with. Not to mention that it would get bloody with all the pointy weapons around." For a second Schwarz thought that the old king had lost it but when he looked at the son he saw that the Dark Elf was pretty agitated. He saw the prince bow forward and whisper in his father's ear something that sounded like: "Father behave yourself."

Schwarz just nodded as the Dark Elven King looked at him and spoke: "I'll just send you along with a servant who'll help you dress appropriately. I'll see you at the ball." With that he was whisked away by some old Dark Elven woman who looked like she had been in one too many battles as he saw the scars that crisscrossed over her face. He was dressed quickly without even giving so much as a sound of annoyance and when he was properly dressed another servant came to inform him that the ball would start within ten minutes.

The ball was boring in his opinion. Just a few people willing to prattle on and on about useless things. There should have been some battles or something. Somehow battle seemed to awake the true Infusco Necrotis as he felt alive more than before. But at least they served an excellent wine as well as some heavy liquor which he didn't know the name of. He actually got along pretty well with Kel'Zarath. The prince had a sarcastic streak a mile wide but that seemed to be within all the Dark Elves. They both loved fighting

against the wizards as they had both lost things to the wizards. Kel'Zarath had lost a brother to the Ministry due to a planned attack by that crazed fool Crouch.

Schwarz snapped out of his memories and stood up from where he had been seated. He looked at his mother and said: "I'm going out. Don't expect me for dinner." With that he walked out of the room leaving behind a few people that were either confused at his behaviour or incensed by the way he had treated his mother. His mother just nodded and knew that she would have to inform the house elves to not set a plate ready for him.

He wandered through Knockturn Alley knowing that there were some good bars open at this time of day. He walked into one which served as both a brothel and a bar and he hoped that he would get lucky tonight and have a girl willing to fuck him. It shouldn't be too hard since he got his lovely green eyes and his messed up black hair.

It was around ten o'clock that he had gotten into a light drunken daze and he was just about to open up another bottle of fire whiskey which would make his total of bottles consumed around 36. If you had seen as much liquor didn't really do much to your body. He was half vampiric and that also was a factor in his drinking habits as it allowed him to get drunk only after a large amount of liquor consumed. He looked at a pretty brunette sitting on the bar and he knew from the way she was dressed that she was looking for a guy. He winked at her and she giggled and walked over to him. "Would you like some company tonight?"

Schwarz just grinned and said; "Sure. Why don't we go to my room to do some things that aren't well received by wizardkind shall we?" He noticed a barely concealed glint in her eyes but before he knew it he was leading her to one of his rooms at an inn in Knockturn Alley. The owner of the establishment owed him a few favours and to pay off one he just let Schwarz stay the night with some girl whenever he wanted it.

He led her to his room and then began to undress her and slowly undressed himself as well...

A long distance away Albus Dumbledore smiled at James Potter who was looking at him and said: "I've sent young Nymphadora to take care of your son James. She is to try and get him home immediately and if that isn't an option she is to give him a portkey to get him back here."

Little did the old man know that the mentioned woman was currently moaning said young man's name quite loudly as he performed his magic on her sweating body which was being stimulated rather vigorously...

Next time Schwarz will stumble inside while still being drunk. That should make up for some good scenes with a worried mother...

Reviews are very much appreciated.

Drunken dazes and worrying mothers

He was looking at the ceiling with her lying next to him. She looked positively angelic as she lay there sleeping and he sighed. This was merely a one-night-stand he told himself as he began to rummage for his clothes. Suddenly he found a pendant between her clothes and immediately recognised it. It was one of the pendants which were used by Dumbledore's Order.

He felt rage well up within him as he saw the pendant in the image of a Phoenix rising from its ashes and he felt himself lose control over his magic one second. The room shook with the suppressed power and it awoke the girl who just looked around a little bit dazed and Schwarz decided to act like he was still drunk and said: "I'm going. See yourself out." With that he got his cloak and then staggered out of the door. He walked to the bar and said to the bartender. "In my room there is a girl and when she leaves I want her obliviated of everything that had happened. She mustn't know that I have ever slept with her or that I went into this bar. Do you understand?"

The bartender looked at Schwarz and then snapped into a military pose and said. "Sir Yes Sir. It shall be done as you ordered it Sir!" Schwarz looked at the man and said: "Alright then. I'll meet up with you later and I trust you to have obliviated her of her memories regarding the things we did together. It is crucial she doesn't go and give that information to someone who might cause serious harm to the king." At this small bit of information the barkeeper got a serious look on his face and said: "Sir, wouldn't it be easier to just dispose of her? The King's safety goes before everything."

Schwarz just shook his head and said; "She isn't much of a threat alone. His majesty would only be threatened by the one she works for. Oblivate her and then send me an owl when you are done." With that he looked at one of his trusted soldiers-turned-barkeeper who he recognised by the General army sign he wore on his cloak which are only visible to members of the Dark Nations army officials, giving the barkeeper enough information that he would need to obey this person since he was higher in rank.

Schwarz took a small amount of Floo powder and appeared in a pub close to the house where his parents lived. He had grabbed a bottle of fire whiskey to keep him warm during the rainstorm outside. He hadn't noticed that while he was busy with the girl but it had started to rain violently and that could only mean that either there was a battle between elementals in the sky or just the fact that there was a storm that had approached while he had been busy with the girl. He guessed it was the latter rather than the first. The elementals would cause too much destruction and that wasn't happening at the moment. No acid rains or even gusts that were capable of destroying houses. Muggles called them typhoons or hurricane's but in reality they were massive battles between Elementals with only a small amount of free air in between them to make sure that there is a neutral zone for the injured.

He looked at the house with a small amount of dread. He was feeling woozy and strange. He shouldn't have had that drinking contest back in the pub. If he hadn't done that he might've been back sooner. Then he would've be able to evade the wrath of parents. He had a sinking feeling that there would be a big confrontation between him and either one or both his parents. Well at least there were some pretty girls there in the pub or else he wouldn't have done that drinking contest. He groaned once again and felt like shit.

Drinking like that always made him end up in the strangest situations. He didn't mind it most of the time but at least he could have had some warning. The last time he had ended up in bed with a werewolf, Vampire and Dark Elf. The fact that the Dark Elf was Kel'Zarath and the vampire and werewolf were both female and unclothed were a good indication that the two of them had to sneak out really fast before any of the two roused or else they'd be chased around, horribly embarrassed.

They had managed to escape the two of them by having a silencing spell placed on them courtesy of Schwarz while the Dark Elf Prince grabbed the clothes. They then snuck out leaving behind the two women sleeping together. They didn't talk about the event after that and soon it was all in the past. Of course the two women had come to the two men to ask for an explanation as to why they suddenly had left but Schwarz just responded to them that he had never seen them

before and then let them show his face which was being disguised by very advanced dark arts to change the appearance. The eyes had become a piercing green that had red irises and the women had to agree that there was no way that they would ever sleep with so creepy.

He never heard what Kel'Zarath had done because he saw the prince walk around with a sour expression on his face and later heard that some female assassins had been beheaded. He never paid it any attention and he pushed open one of the doors leading towards the living room where it was a lot warmer than outside. He looked at the well decorated room which served as the entrance hall and then saw a redhead coming towards him with a rather fast speed. She hugged him and while he was still trying to sort his mind out, she sobbed into his clothes about being worried that he was gone.

His eyes felt so heavy and he was so sleepy. He looked at the redhead and did what he would normally do. Even though he almost fell forwards he grabbed her waist and then mumbled something that wasn't heard by any of the occupants in the room and he wrapped his arms around the woman to give some small measure of comfort.

Absently he noted that there were other people in the room but since when did he mind company? He felt too exhausted... snapping himself out of his slight daze he took a good moment to study the woman clinging to his waist, still hugging him. She looked cute and should be able to satisfy him. Why wasn't he... then it all clicked together. Red hair, motherly behaviour and a firm grip on his waist out of relief that he was still alive could only mean one thing. He was currently in the process of laying his hands on his mother's arse...that could mean trouble if the other occupants in the room where who he thought they were.

James Potter stared, he looked as his son almost dragged his wife to the floor. The kid must've had a little bit too much to drink if how he was moving meant anything. The signs were all there. Clumsy behaviour and a tendency to grab whatever was available. He remembered how he had grabbed Remus once while drunk and actually squeezed the man's butt in front of Sirius. That was one of his most embarrassing moments in his life.

Sirius Black just stared. This reminded him a little bit too much of James's antics for this to be taken seriously. He still remembered the look on Moony's face when James had squeezed his bum. That had been so funny, he'd been rolling on the ground with tears of mirth streaming from his eyes. The next day when he woke up there was a small note attached to his bed with an envelope next to it. He had opened the envelope and found a picture which would haunt him for the rest of his life...possible even in the afterlife. He was there in dog form humping McGonagall's leg...

Jessica Morven Black looked at the scene with a scowl. She didn't agree with what was happening and she knew that eventually there would have to be someone to talk first before things got out of hand and it had better be someone with some sense or things would get out of hand if her moronic husband spoke.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN! LILY HAS BEEN WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU!" She spoke up and saw the man wince. He looked like someone had put a horn next to his ears. She smelled the fire whiskey on his breath and knew what he'd done. Ever since that young girl called Tonks had come back to Albus with the message that nothing important had happened and that he just seemed to vanish she had been worried about her eldest son. Now he was here and he smelled like fire whiskey. She briefly heard her best friend Jessica shout something about her being worried for him but she didn't care. The fact that he was probably drunk and just barely supporting himself on her was too reminiscent of her husband James who had done something according to Sirius. The fact that Sirius got hexed immediately after saying that was a clear indication that something big must've happened.

Schwarz just looked at his mother and managed to stammer out. "Sorry I made you worry mom..." Before he finally gave in to sleep and he collapsed directly on top of his mother who toppled over by the weight of the eighteen year old man and the two of them landed with a loud thud on the floor.

She felt the pain from the impact and then she stared at her son's face. It seemed so serene and peaceful that she wanted to look at it forever. She snapped out of her musings as she felt his soft breath

tickle her throat as he slept. "James a little bit of help here? Get him off me."

James snapped out of his daze and then began to levitate Schwarz off his wife. Schwarz just dangled sleepily in the air, the rush of magic awakening him again although he was still sleepy. "What happened?" Was spoken in a soft voice and he looked at the people assembled there and then sighed inaudibly and felt himself being lowered to the floor gently.

He got up and said. "Sorry mom. Thanks dad for getting me off her. If I had continued to sleep on top of her I would have probably crushed her. I am a little bit too strong for my age I think..." with that he walked towards his room with a stagger in his step.

"Our son is really something isn't he James?" She looked at her husband who just stared. "No violent outburst because he's been drinking?" He said, surprise clearly evident in his glared at him and said. "I just couldn't do that to him. He looked so peaceful when he was asleep. But James..." the man looked at his wife and said. "Yes dear?" She glared at him and said. "The couch for you tonight." With that she walked to the bedroom leaving behind a confused James Potter. "What did I do wrong?"

Somewhere within Egypt a shard was uncovered by a ministry worker working within an ancient tomb. It was embedded within the chest of a mummy who had been tied to a pillar with arcane runes on it. The man picked up the stone not knowing what it was and then sent it to a cursebreaker who knew all about the relics of ancient Egypt and who would send it to Great Britain as a means to strengthen the Chosen Ones.

The Soulstone is within the story. Next chapter will feature strife between the BWL and his older brother.

Sneak Preview: "Where do you think you are going to?" he spoke looking at his older brother. "None of your business squirt."

That's all for a preview people. Leave me a review if you are interested in making my day by giving me a review!

The Chosen

The owl arrived when he was eating dinner. It was a black feathered one which touched down right in front of his plate. He got the letter that was attached to the owl off its leg and read that Tonks had been obliviated last night by the barkeep. A smile made its way to his face making several of his sisters smile too as they had seen the happiness in the smile and were glad that at least one of their brothers could break the tradition of all the Potter males being all grim and serious.

The females belonging to the unrelated sort were just taken aback by the smile and blushed as he cast a look at all of them. That is the younger ones blushed while the older ones just smiled knowingly.

Albus Dumbledore entered and immediately the smile slipped from Schwarz his face. He looked at the old man as he came directly at him and then stopped right in front of him. "Harry would you please come with me to get tested for something?"

Schwarz glared at the old man and said. "Tested for what? Some sort of test to prove that I'm some Dark Lord supporter or something? Or just an interrogation that will make me confess whatever I did in the past seventeen years? Come on tell me you old mummy!" With that he looked at the old man and Albus smiled at him and said. "Harry I am going to make you pick up a stone from an altar. If one of the stones accept you, you shall be one of the Chosen ones."

The old man just looked at the grim face of Schwarz and Schwarz said to the man. "Alright I'll bite. Show me the stones and I'll be..." An interruption in the form of a redheaded young man cradling a box came and Schwarz looked at the redhead and watched as the guy stopped in front of Dumbledore and presented him the box. "Professor Dumbledore look at what I found within a tomb in Egypt! It seems like a stone which can channel power. Maybe this will give us an edge against You-Know-Who. "Then he noticed the new guy sitting right in front of Dumbledore and asked. "Who's that?"

Schwarz just glared and said. "Not someone who would like to look at redheaded weasels. Dumbledore just take me to them and I'll see if they fit me. Otherwise I'm off to go and do something to improve my health. A guy needs to keep in shape if he's going to attract women."

With that he looked at the redhead and said. "You are quite the rude one sir. I think you'd best shut up when intruding on someone's breakfast. I'll be there Dumbledore whenever you ask me to be. Just let me get ready for travel and I'll join you in a bit." With that the eldest Potter child was out of the room leaving behind a confused redhead.

When he had left Bill turned to Dumbledore and said. "We found this resting within the chest of a mummy. The mummy itself seemed to be contorted in pain as if it was being tortured from some curse or something. I believe that this is a shard or a stone which stores power or acts as a channelling device not unlike those stones you have found Professor. But firstly I'll need to test the stone for any weird curses the ancient Egyptians may have left on it. We can never be too sure that it won't eat away someone's innards when even touched by the smallest of touches." Bill opened the box and a yellow shard which seemed to emanate some sort of dark aura came into view. Dumbledore looked at it and said. " So this is the ancient stone of power the mages of ages long past were talking about. Thank you mister Weasley for retrieving it from its resting place."

"Where are you going?" Edward spoke to his older brother as he saw him pass him by when he was walking towards the dining hall. "None of your fucking business squirt. I'm just going with the old man and there is nothing you can do about it." Schwarz opened the door to the hall after speaking.

With that he heard the door open and Schwarz stepped inside with a malicious scowl on his face. He looked at Dumbledore and said. "You ready to get this over with or do I have to wait for you, you old man?" Dumbledore just laughed and said. "Alright then let's go."

Schwarz looked at the man and his scowl intensified. He looked into the blue eyes of the man and felt a slight probe in the back of his mind. He seized the probe and then slammed it against the mental shields he had erected and then pushed it out of his mind leaving a confused Dumbledore standing there. Then a tug behind the navel was felt and Schwarz felt himself on a new location.

It looked to be a forest clearing and an altar being erected there with some strange rock on which it stood. He looked at the altar and noticed three stones laying on it and then began to reach out to touch

one of them. They were something special that much was certain. When he touched one he felt a slight burn on his hand and he pulled away. He could have easily accustomed to the pain but he didn't want to focus his magical energy on so trivial a task just to feel good. A little bit of power was appreciated but too much and he'd combust or something similar. He might have done some dark rituals over the time he fought in the war and all were to amass power great enough to slaughter about a battalion of Aurors and not to mention his duelling skills which were top notch. He looked at Dumbledore and then a small pop was heard and another two people appeared in the clearing close to the altar. He looked as the blonde chick called Fleur was selected by a stone and then a mudblood with bushy hair was selected for another. The final crystal which was left was now being held by a redheaded kid, the one who had been friends with his little foolish brother. He had no doubt that they were going to search his room for clues on him being a Death Eater or something. He had charmed his trunk only to open at his command so there they wouldn't find anything. He had another surprise in store for anyone who tried to search through his goods. It would be pretty surprising to the one who would find it IF they found it...

At the moment he was thinking that Edward Potter was busy trying to search his room. Schwarz had guessed correctly and Eddie's partner in crime was his youngest brother. One of his sisters had also come within the room intent on finding out what their brother was hiding. Some of the black male children had joined into the venture but the Lupin children stayed out, being wise enough to know that there shouldn't be any investigation of Schwarz his stuff.

And so there were some people looking through his room and Eddie looked through some of the drawers just to find some incriminating evidence. He looked through them and found only some black clothing and no hint of there ever being a link to the Dark Lord. As they looked through the drawers they emptied them on the ground. Several articles of clothing fell out and a small package was looking innocent until Eddie noticed it and then opened it only to find out that all it contained was a shrunken selection of bra's and panties. They unshrunk when the package was opened and then it literally rained panties and bra's, unfortunately that was the moment in which one of the mother's entered and stared at the sight of their children standing amidst a huge collection of panties and other undergarments. She

just stared at them and then closed the door just to pull herself together. She had no idea that her kids were growing up so fast. But nonetheless raiding Harry's room was off limits.

Jessica looked at the wall opposite of her position and then opened the door once again. She looked at Edward Potter and said. "What is the meaning of this? Sneaking in your older brother's room? I am ashamed you'd even try to do something of this magnitude. And you helped him Regulas?" Regulas Black looked at his mother as he watched her turn red in anger at him and he sighed and said. "Mom we were just checking to see if Eddie's older brother is a supporter of You-Know-Who. How would I know that he had all these things stuffed in his drawer?" That was the moment that Schwarz appeared in the room.

He was less than pleased. He had seen those wizard scum look at him with pity and then told him that he'd never be as great as their 'darling' Edward. His mother had been supportive of him and had said that it didn't matter too much but he had seen the doting look in his father's face when he thought of Edward. He reviled that piece of scum sucking waste like the Vampires despised daylight. He looked at the man with the twinkling blue eyes and said. "Do you need me for anything else 'Sir'?" He spat out Sir with as much venom as he could manage and he looked at the man's eyes with a piercing stare. He saw a pang of regret within those eyes before they became unreadable by him and then realised that Dumbledore wanted him to be a guard for his darling little brother. He was going to puke once he got home or else he'd be so sick that he lost his appetite. He hoped that his little brother had found his undergarment collection. From every woman he had sex with he had taken her undergarments as proof of the conquest.

He gave the man a glare and then said. "Make me a portkey to my room now!" Dumbledore sighed and gave him a small piece of lint and then charmed it to take him to his room. Schwarz felt a tug behind his navel and then he found himself flopping at the people in his room. The first thing he saw was Jessica Black and he said. "Hmm I didn't think you were perverted enough to go snooping through my room and finding my collection." He looked around and noticed the rest of the people and said. "But now it seems that you may not be the one who has scattered my collection all over the room. Little brother I think I want an explanation and I want a quick one or

else I'm going to tell mother all about how you snuck in my room with my little sister and went to try out my collection on her and then grope her."

A sadistical grin was on his face and he said. "You must know that I can make anyone believe what I want them to. If I want them to believe you dance naked every full moon then I can forge a picture of you doing that. I can even make people being set up in situations which never happened. But with the evidence at hand who would believe you over me?" Schwarz chuckled a little bit and said. "Don't you love what muggles can think up? I'll let you off the hook for this time but the next time I see you snooping around my room then I will take action. Off you go I don't want to see you again until dinner or until we are both forced in a room. OUT!"

With that said he went to Eddie and grabbed him by the wrist and literally flung him out of the room. He looked at the rest and said. "Unless you'd like to share my brother's fate then I suggest you get out while you can. I'm a black belt at the muggle art of fighting and I will not hesitate to use it in dire need. Miss Black I need to talk with you about something and it is best not discussed with kids around."

The room emptied rather fast and he looked at Jessica and said. "Miss Black I've gotten word that you were once, a mistress of Ancient runes. I want you to look at something I found a while ago within an Egyptian tomb. I was there on holiday with some friends of mine when I found this weird mural. I took a picture of it and I want you to try and decipher what it means. And i'd like to offer you something as some sort of repayment for trying to keep your kids in line. After all I don't think you were able to go and sneak into my room just to steal one of these?" He held up a pair of panties and a matching bra, then threw them at the woman. "Make your husband happy tonight. I have a feeling he'll need it. "With that he looked at the woman and then made his way to make some room amongst the bra's and panties that littered the floor." Tell my mom that I'll be cleaning up my room a little bit and ask her if she'd like to come here for a few seconds. I've got a surprise for her after Albus took me away."

He looked at the mess and started to shrink them with some wandless magic. He heard a knock on the door a few hours later and his mother entered and looked at all the bra's that were still on the

floor and Schwarz smiled and said. "Mom would you like one of these? I was saving them as some sort of surprise for my wife or something like that but since I'm not intending to settle down why not give my old man some good reason to feel excited when looking at my mom."

She blushed and Schwarz found that it looked rather cute and he said. "Come on mom try them on once and tell me if dad liked it. I'm eighteen so why not know how my mom and dad are fucking?" To his surprise she didn't even blush at the talk and just nodded and said. "I'll wear them tonight underneath my robes okay?"

He sent her a weird look and said. "That's okay... now I know who I got that sexy streak from. Anyways I'd like to tell you that my little brother as well as his pathetic little friends snuck into my room and were about to do something not nice with these things.." He pointed towards the undergarments still lying on the ground and Lily just looked at him and said. "Why don't I help you with cleaning them all up. I've got a wand and it'd be a lot easier that way." She waved her wand three time and then stabbed at the panties and Bra's and then made the incantation and all the panties and bra's shrunk themselves and went into neatly organised piles of each garment. She looked at her son and said. "That's how you do it. I take it that you have no wand at the moment or do you have one and are not willing to let us all know about it?"

Harry grinned and decided that he'd have some fun. "I've got a wand right in my pocket, would you like to see it?" He asked, pointing towards his crotch and she turned red for a second before resuming control over her emotions and said. "Well I should have formulated that different. I meant a magic wand and not that one. You have a really dirty mind don't you Harry?"

He could only grin and say. "Call me Schwarz, mom. I'd like it if you were to call me that because it is one of my other names." He just looked at her and then said. "Anyways I think I'm going to make some adjustments to my weapons so I'll be busy for some time. See you at dinner mom."

With that he went to get his weapons out of their sheaths and then started cleaning them of blood and other suspicious substances. He looked at the bloody dagger that he somehow got dirty and then decided that he'd better poison it so he could take down another of those filthy wizards. While he himself was a wizard he found that there was no love lost between him and the rest of his species.

He never noticed that Lily had stayed in the room watching how he cleaned his weapons and she'd carefully picked one up and studied the intricate carvings on the blade for a few moments and then decided that she was better off not knowing what the writings meant. She had a feeling that she didn't even want to know and that those blades weren't just for show as she saw some hints of blood still coating the blade she had picked up. She conjured up a small rag and then began to clean the blade a little making sure to work with minute movements to get the filth off the blade. It wasn't as if they were so dirty but she found that they required a gentle touch instead of just rubbing off the filth. Her son also used such gentle movements as if he were caressing the blades instead of cleaning them.

So mother and son worked on the weapons of bloodshed and murder until dinnertime had arrived in which they departed towards the dining hall.

A new chapter finished for this story. I hope that some guy who reviewed the first chapter and told me that this story wouldn't make it past the tenth chapter would just go and leave me alone or else I'll make sure never to update anything ever again. Good reviews are very much appreciated as they will boost my mood very much. I'd love to see review telling me that this chapter was good.

If you thought this chapter was good then you'll find the next one even better.

Read and Review would be appreciated!

Dark Lord's and Angry Potters

He had enough of this bullshit. The moment he walked in with his mother his father had the gall to ask where the hell he'd been with his wife as if he thought they were doing something that they shouldn't have. He watched as his mother exploded on James and let loose a tirade which could easily cow the most valiant of men. He looked in admiration as his father seemed to crumble under his wife's verbal barrage of why she wasn't doing such things with her own son but just catching up with him and the fact that James didn't even spend very much time with his own goddamned son. She had eventually degenerated in resorting to swear words and James had turned pale and she had finished her abuse of the verbal kind with a statement that told James that he could sleep on the couch and that he wouldn't be getting any for the next month.

Then that old man should have just kept his mouth shut but instead he just announced that the rest of the Chosen were chosen and that he wasn't included within them but that he was willing to offer him training to better protect himself. His answer had satisfied himself.

"Well Old man I don't think I'll take you up on your offer. I won't be another of your faithful lapdogs."

Then some greasy guy had the gall to complain about my arrogance and said that it was typical Potter arrogance. Now I may be a little bit arrogant but it's not as if I can't back it up. I lost many of my friends to the Dark War but I sure as hell sent many a wizard to their grave with just my wand and my sword. I just answered in kind.

"That old guy can just take his offer and shove it right up his wrinkly and ugly old skinny ass."

The reactions were diverse. One seemed to choke on his food while the rest and apparently the entire Potter family was shocked by my choice of words and then sputtered something about me talking that way to the Headmaster. I just coolly remarked.

“He isn’t my headmaster so I can say whatever I want about him.” With that I stood up and said. “I’ve lost my appetite due to circumstances, may I be excused father?”

I addressed my father in the hopes of being allowed to leave. I saw no reaction forthcoming from the man except some sputtering that was quite disgusting in my own humble opinion.

“You shouldn’t sputter all that much father. It is bad form that you do that. Even though you are my father I must still remind you to keep your manners maybe mother hasn’t taught you all that much about manners.”

With a smirk in place he got up and walked out of the room leaving behind Lily with a smirk about the same width as his smirk and James with a flushed look. Lily enjoyed the fact that her own son seemed to care for manners and not eat like some rabid pig like her husband and all the rest of her sons did. She swore that it must have been a curse to the male Potters but now she knew that there was at least one Potter male who had escaped that curse of bad table manners.

Her thoughts went back to that afternoon in which she had chatted with her son while cleaning those weapons. He had explained to her that he would need to be armed at every moment of the day because he had been fighting in the war and there might be some people that would like to kill him. Little did she know that there was actually a bounty placed on his head as Infusco Necrotis, General of the Dark Armies. She had talked with him about his life before they had discovered that he was alive and he had told her that the war had been terrible to him. She remembered how he had spoken about his comrades.

Flashback

He looked at her and stopped cleaning his gun. “The war was terrible. I lost several of my comrades mom. I don’t know why I’m telling you this but I guess it needs to be told to at least someone I can trust. Mom would you swear on your blood and your magic to never tell anyone about what I’m going to say?” she looked at him and said.

“Is it really all that important to you? “ Seeing him nod she then sighed and said. “Alright then. I, Lily Evans pledge on my magic and blood that I shall never tell of what Harry James Potter is telling me after I make this oath.”

Harry nodded and said. “I, Harry James Potter accept the terms of the oath.” He then turned to look at her. “The war was hard on me. My best friends died and left me feeling hollow. We had just raided another of the ministries containment camps as my best friend collapsed due to a hex that made her insides boil. She was hit so badly that she begged me to just end her life. I was ten at the time when she asked me so I hesitated and then when I looked at her she just gave me a smile and told me that it was alright for me to hesitate. She died with that smile on her face mom, I just watched and then decapitated the auror that did it. That was the time I swore that I would make every ministry detainment camp be brought down and its inhabitants freed or killed depending on what side they support. Afterwards I razed an entire camp by myself and became renown in the Dark Army. I made other friends amongst most of the races which include Ezekiel and a werewolf whose name I won't tell yet. He's kinda infamous. Ah well why not? It's not as if you could tell anyone else. Ever heard of a bloke named Fenrir Greyback? He's my drinking buddy.”

She paled as she heard the name of Fenrir Greyback come out of her son's mouth as well as the announcement that he was regularly drinking with the man who made Remus into a werewolf. The man was a brute and was labelled as dangerous for trying to spread lycantropy to wizards.

Schwarz continued his tale. “ He went on a few raids with my while the moon was full. I never was bitten by him since he trusts me but I can't say the same for some of the aurors. I heard he mauled them pretty good. I wonder if he should be able to pay me a visit once or something. He IS the leader of the werewolves at the moment. James is just one of his council members. If Greyback dies then Ezekiel will take his place.”

At that moment he cleared his throat and then he continued with his tale. “Another one of my friends died in a battle between the wizards

and us. It was due to that old fool that we got oppressed and there would have been almost no bloodshed unless that old crackpot that you call a headmaster hadn't showed up with you, the merry band of fools that follow him. It makes one sick to just think about it. The Dark Nations wouldn't care if some Dark Lord or something took hold of magical Britain but if he tries to oppress them then they'd retaliate." He paused as he suppressed a grin at a particularly bloody scene and then said. "Some of Voldie-boy's supporters are good. I think miss LeStrange could easily out duel some of the Order members if she tried. I'd love to get her in the sack one time if that's possible. But if I'm lucky then I'd just get cursed by her with the Cruciatus. I don't think I'd do that anytime soon. "

He grinned and then took one of his daggers and then threw it at the door. " One of my friends died when he was impaled on an ice spike sent at him by one of you foul wizarding scum. I think it was a death Eater that killed him. I wonder if his sister has recovered from his loss. They were awfully close. " With that he stood up and said.

" Let's get the rest of this stuff cleaned and then we'll be off to dinner. I have a few guns in my bag that need cleaning since there is some blood still on it due to an encounter up close with one of the ministries Aurors who transformed into a black dog of sorts. I wonder if that guy survived the final bout."

End flashback

She knew what he had said and then thought back to when Sirius had said that that guy called Infusco Nercotis had blasted him with some sort of magical firearm and had almost made him die of the effects. This was going to be something that she would need to explain.... Wait a second. Harry did say that he wielded the gun at the time when Sirius was hit so there might be a chance that he would be Infusco Necrotis. She really hadn't followed very much of the war and just hears Sirius talk on and on about one guy called Infusco Necrotis and telling everyone that that guy was at least as strong as the Dark lord since nobody who had ever crossed his path had lived to tell about it.

She looked at the place that her eldest had taken and sighed quite audibly. " James I don't think it would be wise to go after him. From

what he's told me he knows a little bit about the magic world but he has been in contact with some very dangerous people who would die to protect him. Imagine if you hurt him or make him upset with you. He showed me a picture with some of his drinking buddies on it. I only recognised James from it and the rest were all unfamiliar to me. There are at least two Dark Elves on it and a werewolf and three vampires with James included on that list." She paused for a moment and said.

"Don't mention a word of this to Albus. If Harry ever finds out that you told Dumbledore then we might lose him forever. I've seen his anger at us and at the wizarding world in general. Think about him being a soldier and probably having some powerful friends. They could kill us if he wanted us to be killed. I read somewhere that the Dark Elves manage to walk through shadows to kill their prey. We could be eliminated by just a word..."

She shuddered as she imagined getting her throat sliced and Harry appeared from the shades surrounding his parents and in the process scaring James half to death when he spoke softly in the man's ear. "I'll let you get killed by a dear friend of mine on a full moon. I'll watch as you get ripped apart dear father. I'd even buy a tape of it happening. As long as you don't tell anyone about what you think that I do at night or that I once served as a soldier in the great Dark War and probably killed a few wizards and witches or if you try and talk about my friends to the old man then I'll make sure that you won't feel safe ever again." Harry grinned and said.

"I understand that you needed to tell him mother but I'd like to tell you that the best course of action is to limit that knowledge to your husband and yourself. It could get rather dangerous if it were to leak out to the old man. Remember your oath well..."

With that he stepped into the shadows and then disappeared with a small laugh leaving behind a rather pale James and a not so well looking Lily. After ten minutes of blankly staring James just coughed and said. "Well I think we should just keep this quiet. But Lily why do we keep him in our house. He was a soldier in that damn war with those beasts. Why don't we..." He was silenced by a hex from Lily as she had grown red in the face and screamed.

"JAMES HAROLD POTTER! HOW DARE YOU IMPLY THAT OUR SON IS EVIL OR ANYTHING LIKE THE OTHER WEREWOLVES OR WHATEVER SERVED IN THE WAR! THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR ME I WANT MY SON TO STAY HERE OR I'M OFFICIALLY MOVING OUT AND FILING A DIVORCE. She then continued speaking in a normal voice but cold edge into it. "If you can't accept your son for who he is then I don't see a reason to stay here with someone who is so prejudiced. So what if he fought in the war? He's still YOUR OWN BLOODY SON JAMES!" She said, raising her voice to screeching level at the last sentence.

Schwarz appeared from the shadows and then sat down on his bed. Suddenly he felt a wave of anger sweep over him and he sent an equally powerful one back at the person who had sent the anger. He didn't need to be angry at the moment and he wanted to calm his mind. He wouldn't get any rest as he was suddenly pulled into a room of blinding white light and a man stood there looked at him with ruby eyes.

Lord Voldemort scowled. He didn't like being here. He was planning an attack on Diagon Alley for tomorrow since he had heard that the Potter brat would be there. It would be a good show of his power. The fact that he was suddenly here irritated him to no end. " Who are you and what are you doing in my mind?"

The stranger spoke and Tom Riddle just scowled and said. " I don't like my anger coming back to me through a link that we seem to have. You have advanced very well boy. I remember the time you stumbled into my mind. It was good seeing a young child like you learn under my tutelage but you did one thing I didn't like."

Schwarz grinned and said. "I disobeyed you and went my own way. But in a way you also helped me. Whenever I get angry at something I notice that my eyes go red and that I get a slight hiss in my voice. And I'd like to tell you one thing..."

With that a predatory grin came on Schwarz his features and he said. "You can go and fuck off now. I'm through with talking to you. While the changes in my appearance are only temporary it still bugs me and

that's not very good for you extended health since I fully intend to wipe out all the human scum off the face of the earth in any way possible."

Voldemort just laughed and said. " If only you would focus on the muggles since they hurt you the most then we'd get along fine but since you also prey on wizards then I suppose there is no choice but to destroy you and whatever fools wish to follow you. I know you served in the Dark War boy. And don't even think you can hide your measly rank of captain to me. I saw it in your mind just a few moments ago. Schwarz Blut, Captain of a regiment of thirty werewolves and twenty vampires and a few Hags. With that force you'd be able to wipe out a good sized portion of Diagon Alley. But as you have asked me so nicely I shall depart. But don't think this is over child."

With that the headache abated and Schwarz found himself sitting on the bed. There was some blood dripping down on the sheets coming from his forehead and he noticed that the scar which had been removed three years ago since it would identify him too much had returned. He began to apply some cream to it and the bleeding stopped. He looked in the mirror on the wall and saw that his eyes were a bloody red and that they seemed to ooze with malicious intent and the moment he thought about his eyes he felt such hatred and anger well up within himself that he just wanted to wipe out a good portion of the wizarding world so the Dark Creatures would finally be set free. He looked at the ceiling for a few seconds before falling into a slumber and dreamt about bloody corpses of wizards falling before him on the battlefield.

In the house a yellow shard pulsed with energy as it had finally found a suitable container for the soul within. The lust of destruction was so alluring that it would just need to be touched by that person and then the Lord of Destruction would roam the world once again and destroy whatever was within his path.

Anew chapter finished and in the next one Diagon Alley shall be visited and Bella meets a kindred soul...

Read this and Review me!

Attack on Diagon Alley

He scowled at his father and said. "Why should I come with you to Diagon Alley? I've got other stuff to do, dad."

He looked at his father with a deviant glint in his eyes and Sirius suppressed a chuckle he looked so much like James that it wasn't even funny anymore. The same pose had been taken by James one time when he had asked whether he was allowed to go clubbing with him and Remus. He still remembered how James had gotten so drunk that he toppled over and accidentally kissed Peter on the lips... Ahh the fond memories of youth...

He looked at his eldest son and said. "Harry you are coming with all of us. I want this to be a nice family outing and I don't want you to go off to do your own thing. Your brother would be appalled to know that his older brother left him and his parents all alone and not joining them in a nice family outing."

Schwarz just raised a sceptic eyebrow and then looked at the man in front of him and said: "Alright I'll join you. Hmm Diagon Alley should be getting ready for a blast then because I'm coming to it!"

He had tried to sound like a normal seventeen year old rebellious kid but for some strange reason it hadn't worked. Sirius looked at him weirdly and his little brother, Eddie seemed to be trying to contain his laughter. Schwarz just growled and said.

"Alright. Now I know that I shouldn't try to act all nice with you. Just let me be my moody self and we'll get along fine. And Little brother if you don't stop to hide your laughter then I'll make sure you'll be in a lot of trouble..." he laughed at the look on his little brother's face

With a laugh still hanging in the air he departed to get his cloak which he normally used for formal occasions. It had the markings of the Dark Elves on it and they were to make it look like any ordinary cloak except that this one had a nice little feature, it could make some spells get absorbed in the heat of battle. It couldn't hold back a killing curse but you should be able to dodge it. With some difficulty of course but if you were as well trained as he was then it would be fairly easy to get away before the thing hits.

He reappeared from his room dressed in his cloak and wielding some of his silver daggers. Not that he would need them today but it was always good to be sure. He could feel a small sense of anticipation in the air but knew that it was anticipation for a battle which would happen soon that he knew of. What the hell could it have been?

Then it hit him like a pile of bricks he must be getting senile or something. That fake Dark Lord had told him something about getting an attack on Diagon Alley today or something like that. It would be fun...”

He mentally wanted to slap himself in the face. He had so wanted to make sure that they skipped the choosing of the wand part and now he was here trying out for a wand although he already had two on him but this would be his first legal one. He watched as the creepy guy looked at him with a questioning eye and then procured a holly wand with what appeared like a normal handle. When he grabbed the hilt he felt the familiar sensation of his magic rushing through him like very time he grabbed one of his wands. He watched as his wand bucked and shot out a massive blast of energy. He chuckled weakly. This was not what he had expected to happen. But it looked like this wand suited his temperament pretty well. His mother looked proud while his father grumbled about maybe paying for the damage. His little brother scrunched up his nose and mumbled something about a Death Eater owning a destructive wand.

He had barely looked at his wand before Olivander spoke up again. “Mister Potter I am somewhat surprised that this wand actually took you as its owner. Originally I let young mister Potter try it out in the hopes of finding the correct owner but perchance you were the one destined for this wand. The Phoenix feather within this wand has a brother of itself. The brother wand is used by a person not well liked in this time... But I sense that we can expect great things from you Mister Potter. Great things indeed. Tom was also a boy who showed such great promise. I can only grieve about the way he turned out after I handed him his wand.”

The old man sighed and Schwarz spoke. "Tom as in Tom Marvolo Riddle? That guy isn't one of the friendliest people I know. One might even call him a psychopath."

Schwarz grumbled something about unjust payment which led James to wonder about his son's past before they found him. He had served in the war and on the wrong side but was that a reason to throw away his only son like he was some piece of trash?

Schwarz briefly considered his options and he heard a few pops but didn't pay much attention to what was going on around him. If there was any danger then his hyper developed senses would tell him so. The bright red curse that flew at him was surely a thing to watch out for and he ducked to the side and got up to look at a group of Death Eaters attacking random people. He ducked into an alley and put a charm on his face so he wouldn't be recognised and then put his hood up. He grinned and grabbed his wand and then started casting some battle spells. His first curse was a simple construct of steel which was thrown at the opponent with high speeds so that they would die from it.

He watched as it impacted with an unhealthy crunch and he turned around to dodge a Crucio sent at him from a Death Eater wearing a black mask signifying him or her as the member of Lord Voldemort AKA Tom Marvolo Riddle's Inner Circle.

He looked at the person for a few seconds before launching a volley of dart-like projectiles from his wand with a small muttered incantation. He watched as they impacted on a shield and then was repelled. This was a good one... he thought that most Death Eaters couldn't even conjure up a decent shield and here this one seemed to have grasped the basics of fighting very well.

He dodged a bluish hex which was recognised as a spell to make someone's organs twist until there was a big tangled know instead of organs only a few milliseconds after dodging. He looked at his opponent with something akin to respect. This wasn't duelling on his level but still it was pretty good. From the stance he deduced that his opponent seemed to favour moving quickly and not relying on the power of the spells he or she sent at him.

He ducked beneath a Crucio and analysed the stance even more. He noticed that the robes seemed to cover a large part of the features and only long black hair could be seen hanging out of it somehow. He looked at the mask as if attempting to deduce who the hell was behind it and then suddenly stopped and said.

“I would like to know who I have got the honour to duel with?”

He blocked a hex intent on cutting off his balls and then said. “Now that wasn’t nice. Accio Mask.” His eyebrow raised itself as the mask came off and as an attractive woman’s face became visible and he slowly studied it and saw that the eyes were looking straight at him and said.

“Enjoying the view mudblood lover?”

Schwarz looked at her and said. “You really think I stand with that old fool? Your master was wise in not attempting to piss me off the last time we met. Although I don’t wish to discuss it so openly but is your husband here at the moment?”

She nodded and Schwarz grinned and asked. “Do you love him? I can take care of him. Think of it as a repayment for summoning your mask. He then took aim and said the two words feared throughout the wizarding world. “Avada Kedavra!”

The green curse sped out from his wand and hit an unfortunate Death Eater who was thrown forward by the power of the killing curse and landed straight onto James Potter who was duelling with the Death Eater.

She looked rather surprised at him for just using the killing curse and said. “Hmm that doesn’t become of a normal soldier of Dumbledore. But then again he has Alastor Moody so I think that it’s not uncommon to see some people using the Unforgiveables. By the way my husband is over there if you want to kill him. He’s impotent so he’s useless... But now let’s test your reflexes a little bit before I might let you go. CRUCIO!”

The light sped forth from her wand and hit Schwarz straight in the chest. He looked at her as he felt almost no pain. He just felt something tickle him. The Cruciatus held nothing on the sheer drain

the Darker arts he had studied had on him. He would like the Cruciatus applied for one hour to his body to one minute of practicing that sort of magic.

She looked at him kind of put out by the fact that he wasn't screaming in agony. All around them the battle raged on by Death Eater and Order member alike. She just stared and shook her head.

"Why don't you lie screaming on the floor like all other people?"

It was said at a tone which a child would use when speaking to its parents and Schwarz mentally giggled at the tone the woman was using. Maybe she was touched in the head or something. He didn't know jack shit about this woman but he knew that there must be something about her that would put off Sirius if the reaction on his face was correct.

"Avada Kedavra!"

He turned around and the killing curse flew at a Death Eater standing too close for comfort. He ducked away from a barrage of ice shards that were sent at him and sent a fireball back at the Death Eater and then replied.

"I'm just tough miss."

He got enough of the constant ducking and dodging and he just shot a cannonball hex at the Death Eaters that were bugging him and he watched as they dodged. So they must have some common sense in them to know that it wouldn't be easy to heal broken bones.

He grinned at the woman and said. "Shall we continue my dear lady? I thought we were at the part of the duel where I would beat you in a glorious battle using only 'light' curses and other stuff like that to bind you and then deliver you to our 'dear' Ministry.."

She looked at him and then grinned and said. "Sure. But I'll resist of course kind sir. Why don't we take this up a notch? If you would just die then there is no problem but since you've survived until now I'm

willing to cast some of the more powerful spells in my arsenal. You think you are ready?"

With that a pale black blast shot forth from her wand and began to barrel straight forwards to Schwarz who just grinned and conjured up a member of the Order of the Phoenix. The young man looked at the incoming curse and whimpered briefly before he was banished away to hit a Death Eater.

He just conjured up a rock and the curse hit doing nothing to the rock but Schwarz knew that it would have rotted the organs if it hit a human. He grinned and then looked at the woman and said. "Pretty good. Maybe you would like to feel my Cruciatus on you for a second? It can be pretty painful but you'll adapt. And it's not like you've got a choice in the matter. Crucio!"

The curse sped from his wand and it bucked for a moment like some wild animal and then he felt the power of the curse. It wasn't hard to think about why the people got addicted to the curse. The feeling of pain being cast on another person who was screaming in pain made you feel stronger and stronger until you wanted to see everyone around you in painful spasms as it would give the ultimate feeling of pleasure that no human could ever gain with intercourse.

She felt the pain as the curse hit her. Her nerves and body felt like thousands of needles were stinging it constantly and the pain was ungodly even when compared to the Cruciatus from the Dark lord himself. She suddenly felt that the feeling of pain had turned into pleasure and she moaned softly, not longer experiencing what must be pain or just excruciating agony but just a cool sort of pleasure that flowed through her body. The body was still suffering from the Cruciatus being applied to it but her mind was free to delve deeply into the stimulus she got from the pain.

When she came back into her body only a brief second has passed and she lay on the ground, gasping for air. She looked at the strange man and noticed the hood covering his features and said: "Who are you?" she looked as he seemed to look at her but she couldn't see it well through the hood.

"My name is Infusco Necrotis, General of the Dark Armies and a wizard killer by profession, milady. It took a great amount of self control to not strike you down like I normally would have...please excuse me for a moment." He then turned around took aim and fired the most feared spell in the wizarding world. "AVADA KEDAVRA!" His voice boomed as the green light sped from his wand hitting an Order member in the back and then continuing onwards to hit a Death Eater. Schwarz grinned at the two new deaths and then continued. "Well I am leaving you alive because I sense something about you. You have a great lust for powerful men, am I right? Well then why don't you and I get together one time and spend a night together. I'll promise you I'll be a lot more entertaining than that husband of yours..."

With that he looked at Rudolphus who he had marked with a bright red dot on the back of his head and on the front of the mask where his nose would be located" Don't you like the pain and agony you can cause with a wand? Well then let's kill your husband and you are one step ahead to getting a rough night with me."

With that said he turned his back to her knowing that she wouldn't attack him and if she did he would hear her move or at least try to get air to shout a spell. He could detect when a spell was being used due to his unique traits he had picked up sometime during his studies with the vampires. The Dark Elves had told him something about the gift that he had and that it was the sight to see magic and to feel magic in the air and to who it belongs.

He twirled his wand in his hand and then put it into a holster on his side and then he pointed his hand towards Rudolphus and he hissed in Parseltongue. "Crucio!" A tingling feeling crawled over his hand as the magic started to collect there and soon an orb of red magic was surrounding Schwarz his hand. Bellatrix stared at it and then watched as he slowly took aim and then thrust his arm forward and the magic in the shape of a ball shot at Rudolphus and hit him in the back as he was duelling Alastor Moody.

The man fell to the ground screaming in agony and Schwarz couldn't help but release a round of chilling laughter at the sight as Rudolphus

his skin began to break from the wounds he was inflicting on himself in an attempt to get the pain to go out of him. The pain curse hit him so bad that blood began to stream out of his ears and after ten seconds of being under the curse Rudolphus officially became brain dead due to the massive damage done to the brains with the Cruciatus amplified by the ancient Parseltongue magic hitting the nervous system and thus causing damage throughout the entire body but focused on the brain.

The body twitched for a little bit and then Schwarz made a terrible smile come onto his face as he looked at Bellatrix and said. "Was that enough for your liking miss? I think he'll be brain dead, atleast if the curse was held for the correct amount of time."

She looked at him for a few moments, before grinning and asking. "Are you single?"

He raised an eyebrow, confused at that statement. "Why do you ask.?"

She smiled at him with something in those dark eyes of hers, a madness that made her different from all the lunatics in the world. "Because I might be interested... you give me such delicious pain and agony that I'm aching for more... Infusco Necrotis can't be your true name now can it? Let me guess... the eyes remind me of the Dark lord so you might be a son of his? No I can't imagine Master getting any woman to procreate with him. He's simply too ugly to get a woman to sleep with him... I know Cissy seemed apprehensive of something when she met with him but I'm sure that wasn't about sex...Must have been something about that blood traitor son of hers."

He cut the woman's ramblings off by placing his finger against her lips and feeling the soft skin and said. "I think you should depart my dear lady. I don't think it would be healthy for you to stay long after Dumbledore gets his order back together. Whenever we meet again I'll let you stay the night in my bedroom okay?" He looked at her and she just grinned not-so-sanely at him and said.

"Sure. I'll come and visit you once we meet again. Anyhow see ya later..."

With a pop she was gone and Schwarz grinned and then turned to the battle. He ducked from a bone twisting curse and then he began to chant in Infernal.

Twisting Nether, World of Darkness,

Show these fools how to make a true feast

Of maddening screams and agony

To fuel my insane desires

Comeht with thy fury upon the unrepentant,

With thy might...

A wave of searing heat erupted from the tip of his wand and incinerated most of the order members and Death eaters close by. The Inner Circle of the Order had been spared the damage due to Dumbledore's quick casting of a Holy spell. Schwarz just scowled and then stepped inside one of the shadows and when he was back into an alley he looked around for anyone to see him and then he slowly got off his hood and then made himself look normal again and then joined the battle casting some paralytic hexes on some of the surviving Death Eaters. He looked around and saw that his mother and the little brat he had to call a brother were still alive. He sighed, momentarily focusing on whatever would happen next but it seemed that both parties retreated. Seeing that her son was alright Lily ran towards him and grabbed him into a hug to which he adapted, not wanting to kill his mother out of sheer reflex.

She spoke about him being thought dead in the first assault but he reassured her that he was alive and kicking... he looked her in the eyes and said. "Mom I don't think it is good for you to stand here hugging me. The Death Eaters might come back and I think that the wife of James Potter and the mother of the Boy-Who- Lived is a good target to appease their 'master'."

He looked at her and then she let go and walked back to James. He looked at the woman and sighed. This was hard to do and he could

feel his energy reserves being filled once again. He looked at the wall in front of him and sighed about his bad luck at almost being caught unaware by a spell intent on maiming his body. He looked at the Order and absently grabbed the Portkey that was supplied. He had been thinking about some things and decided that tomorrow he should act...

He was still unaware of the letter that was waiting for him and Sirius Black telling them about the Death of one James Ezekiel black AKA the Lord of House Black and that there was a will reading...

A new chapter finished. I hope you liked this one because if you do I hope that you would leave me a review...

I'd like to get my own website but I'm too lazy to make one... so no website for me unless we get to make one in class... that'd be cool to do since I'd be able to customize it fully to suit my own needs and wishes.

Vengeance

He looked at the letter he was currently holding. The moment he had gotten home he had seen the owl with the letter attached to its leg. He looked at the letter and the words were still foreign to his mind. It told of James Ezekiel Black being killed and that there was going to be a will reading the next Tuesday and if he and one Sirius Black would come attend to it. He wasn't one to refuse but the fact that Ezekiel was dead still hadn't sunk into his mind. When it was finally processed he let out a fierce stream of expletives.

He stepped into the closest shadow and then he felt his conscience and body being turned into tiny shreds of molecules and then transferred to where he wished to be. He felt his body materialise and then he looked at the Elders of several vampire clans all gathered within one room apparently. He looked at the main host of this convocation and said.

"Well? Who killed James Ezekiel Black?"

He send out an unconscious amount of magic which made the vampires in the room shiver with the coldness that it contained. He looked at the leader of the meeting and the old vampire looked at him and said.

"It appears as if you were the killer, Infusco. But judging from your reaction and having seen your profile sketch we don't think it likely. Perchance a member of his coven had been responsible for his death."

Schwarz snarled and said. "It must be that damn idiot Ludovic. I knew that the idiot would try something to usurp James and now he's done it. God knows how long he's preyed on the position of Elder and now he finally killed James. I'll see all of you later. Right now I need to kill me a vampire who has committed high treason against the Dark Nations."

He stepped inside another shadow and then began to track down Ludovic's scent. He knew that it might get difficult later on so he just grabbed his sword just in case it would need to come to a melee fight.

He looked at the shadowy forms that blurred from his view and then he found the one with the matching signature and he stepped out of the shadow he was currently within and then looked at the man who was standing amongst a group of vampires.

“... and after this day our bounds shall be cast down by Lord Voldemort who has promised us free feeding at every time of the day as long as we serve him. With Black out of the way we shall join with Lord Voldemort and he shall lead us into a golden age for us vampires!”

Schwarz stepped out of the shadows right behind the speaker and said. “I am here to execute you as by the command of the Dark Nations Ludovic. I, Infusco Necrotis hereby sentence you and your followers to death by the power invested within my by the lords of the Dark Nations.”

The vampire looked at him and hissed as its canines elongated to form two wicked fangs, kinda like a dog's fangs, was absently noted by Schwarz and he ducked away from the lunge and then suddenly turned into a shadowy form and then lunged at one of the followers and cut the unfortunate soul's head off and felt the body decay into dust. He looked at the crowd and smiled, his eyes beginning to glow an eerie red and he looked at the people with a hungry look on his face. He drew his wands from his pockets and cast a powerful reducto curse followed with an obscure cutting hex and he watched as a few vampires lay dead due to the spells. The rest had seemingly moved away and were now beginning to fight aback a little bit. It seemed there were also some human wizards with them but Schwarz didn't care. All he wanted was to see his old friend avenged. He looked at them and said.

”I hope you'll have some good resistance against heat because I'm going to send you all to hell for this infraction upon the code.”

With that he jumped forwards and his blade embedded itself within the chest of a female vampire. She hissed in pain before she turned to dust and Schwarz had already pulled out the blade and hacked into another vampire that stood in his way. He was busy with killing

them and then ducked away from a killing curse and then sent one back at the wizard who had fired it.

He felt a vampire's claw rip through some flesh on his cheek and with a swing of his blade he made a deep gash in to the vampire's side and then turned around to deliver a splitting blow against a wizard who stood close to him. He looked as the two halves of vampire flesh fell to the ground and twitched for a few seconds before finishing off the cut vampire and then feeling the familiar feeling of the void engulfing him.

It was both peaceful as unsettling to him. Whenever he got into a battle the Void would fill him and make him into a warrior of great skill but with one fatal flaw, he looked at the feeling that was encompassing him and then felt a blow land on his body but he felt no pain. It deadened all his senses making him immune to feeling pain but it made his body so that it would ignore the wounds and instead make him more focused on killing people. He looked at a vampire which was charging at him with claws bared and he dodged a spell that came from behind and he looked at the vampire who was hit with a bludgeoning curse that had hit it square in the face. He turned around and the bright red eyes seemed to darken a little bit and he said in a voice not his own.

"You dare try and hit me with such a foolish spell you wizard? I don't think you'd survive it if I were to make my full power known to the world as a large area of land would be obliterated as well as the old bastard and the Dark fuck would be alerted by the huge aura and not to mention that the ministry would check out whatever aura is large enough to threaten their power."

He felt the void within try to suck away that strange presence but somehow it collapsed upon itself making the feeling race through his body and made him feel rage at being wounded. This always happened whenever he was fighting. But it usually happened when the fight was over, then the emotions and weariness would hit him. He looked at the people still standing around him and with a fierce war cry he began to attack relentlessly, cutting down vampires and wizards alike. He felt the fury well up within him and a dark lust overtake his senses, he began to trace the aura's of the undead

vampires and then found Ludovic's. He mowed down a vampire without thinking and a piece of his clothing was ripped by the claws but he didn't care. All that he wanted was to avenge his fallen friend and the bastard who had killed him was within reach. He grabbed the vampire by the throat and said at a cold tone laced with rage.

"Got anything to say before I kill you Ludovic?"

He threw the vampire back against a wall and then impaled him with his sword. Emerald lightning began to crackle and then slowly turned darker and darker until it was a black lightning that occasionally struck the impaled vampire making it screech in pain. Everyone still alive in the area was looking at the scene with the red eyed General of the Dark Army having impaled their leader and black lightning now crackling across the blade that had impaled him against a wall.

Schwarz looked at the vampire and said. "Burn in Hell!"

With that the lightning turned into a massive bolt, incinerating Ludovic as well as taking a huge part of the wall with it. Schwarz drew the blade back and then dashed up to another vampire and cut the thing's head off and he watched the corpse turn into dust. He still felt the blood within his veins pump with magic energy and knew that he probably shouldn't do that he was about to do but at the moment he just couldn't care, he grabbed his sword and with a sweeping arc he split a vampire in half with black blood coming out of the wounds and splattering all over him. He looked at the remains as they turned into dust and then dodged a killing curse and a blasting curse. The blasting curse took a good portion off his clothing apart but he recovered nonetheless and sent a massive explosion hex at the attackers making them little more than a few bloody puddles. There was only one vampire left at this moment and Schwarz felt the icy rage and the burning fury within him cooling down a little bit and he walked up to the last vampire and said.

"Tell me where your former boss had his hideout with the rest of his followers and I will make your death quick."

The vampire was clearly in an altered state as it shivered for a few seconds and said. "G-g-get away from me!"

With that it tried to get away through an opening that had been created in a wall and ran towards a street with Schwarz in hot pursuit. He knew that he shouldn't fear it too much since it would only be a matter of time before the thing was killed.

With inhuman speed he ran forward and even though he wasn't a vampire he still could keep up with the fleeing vampire and lunged at the vampire's back making a deep gash in the flesh. He looked at the vampire who was still fleeing and then grabbed his sword and flung it at the vampire with a good amount of strength behind it and it hit the vampire right in the back and propelled it forward making it become pinned to the wall making blood seep out of the wound before the vampire turned into dust.

He retrieved his sword and then looked at the ones who had witnessed the spectacle. He obliterated the entire street and then disappeared. He looked at the scenery when he appeared within a house that had housed him for a few years and then he had to move due to circumstances.'

He looked around to see a gun cabinet and then went and retrieved one of his shotguns. It was time to pay a little visit to some houses with this little baby to back him up a little bit. He didn't like to go busting into houses the usual style with wand blazing. And it would cause too much trouble with the Ministry if he were found using a wand to cast some immensely powerful Dark Arts.

He apparated to a house and just kicked the door in, surprising a few vampires which were currently at the moment trying to feed off a girl. Schwarz just pointed his shotgun at the vamps and the shots were heard throughout the building. Schwarz looked at the vampire who just got his head blasted off and then at the one who had gotten shot straight into the chest and watched as it gurgled a little bit before dying due to the heart being pierced.

He grabbed the girl and threw her out of the house, not caring if she broke a few bones. If she did then that was of no concern to him. He walked through the house and attacked a few vampires which just

tried to send him to hell by shooting him full of lead to which a few shotgun rounds were enough to make them go to hell themselves. He felt the dark killing rage overtake him once again and the emerald lightning crackled around his form once again in a true sign of his anger. Lightning would usually manifest only when he was extremely pissed off and only turned black when he was about to loose himself to his rage, literally turning into a berserking version of himself which was a lot more dangerous s then himself in the Void state.

He looked at the vampires with eerie red eyes and then just threw one out of the window and then finished a few of those that had been standing near a wall with a few shotgun blasts before the shotgun would need reloading. He threw the gun away as it was useless at the moment and just offed the remaining vampires with his sword.

He had been hit in the left leg one time but he didn't pay it any mind. It would be healed soon anyways as he would take a few healing potions to make sure that the wounds healed. For some reason he always seemed to come out of his conflicts fine as if he had some supernatural healing factor...

The next days were full of killing as he swept like the Black Plague through the land, making sure that none of the clan members of Ezekiel's clan who had betrayed the clan by going to Lord Voldemort would survive.

He looked at the opponent as he sighed a moment. This wasn't his day. He had forgotten his silver weapons as he thought that he would only have to face vampires and not a werewolf or something that resembled a werewolf. Of course he could have used his wand to deal with the werewolf but he wanted to see its blood seep out from the wounds he had caused. And it wouldn't do to get the ministry on his trail by identifying the magical signature.

He ducked underneath the claws that were trying to take off his head and then he delivered a blow to the side of the werewolf, barely wounding it. He looked at the werewolf and suddenly remembered that today was the will reading. Deciding that no time should be wasted any further he just delivered a sword strike with most of his power behind it and killed the werewolf by impaling its head on the

sword as it charged at him and he just had thrust his sword straight into the werewolf's skull and then got it out and got a spray of blood as well as some icky bits coming out of the wound.

He jumped inside the shadows leaving behind the corpse of the werewolf, assured that some of the people that were under his command would find it. It was after all a rogue werewolf and those were dispatched off by members of the Dark Army. He had called some people the moment before he confronted the people that were in the building and told them that there would a clean up crew needed.

He homed in to his mother's energy patterns AKA her magical aura and found himself outside a room in Gringotts. He threw opened the door and wandered inside. He looked around and saw stunned people and said.

"No welcoming reception? You must be getting slower with your old age Dumbledore."

He took a seat next to his mother and waited for the will reading to start.

A new chapter finished. I would like to know if any of you who read this would like to give me any hint as to which story I should update or just to update this story?

It's up to you! Strikes the pose of the freaky guy that's on those weird American posters for recruitment for the American army or whatever they are for. The guy with the weird hat and suit...

READ AND REVIEW!

That's all for now...

Wills

He looked at the old man and said. "I know you didn't inform anyone of my presence today so I'll just make this short. I'm here for the will reading and I will not go away until I've heard it."

The old man looked at him and said in a grandfatherly tone. "But Harry you don..." Schwarz looked at the man with a lot of anger and hatred in his eyes and said.

"NO BUT'S OLD MAN! I'm here and you don't have to know jack shit about why the hell I'm here and if you got a problem with that then you can piss off. "

He looked at the old man and noticed that due to the blood his seat was rather uncomfortable. He just sighed a moment and then decided that this would need to be done or else that manipulative old man might act in his stead and then seize control of whatever Ezekiel had left him.

The goblin who was about to conduct the will reading just coughed once and said. "All beneficiaries are at the moment present except for one who is still a wanted felon and thus isn't able to attend but due to that fact her sister and also one of the beneficiaries is there in her stead. Albus Brian Wulfric Percival Dumbledore is here to oversee the handling of this will as by the plight that has been bestowed upon him as leader of the Wizengamot and the major change of the family of the House of Black. Let us start this will reading now. My name is Griphook and I shall lead the will reading as well as the handling of the personal gifts the Lord of Black wishes to bestow upon you."

A pensieve was brought inside by three goblins with one supporting the basin so the memory wouldn't leak out. The goblins set the bowl with the memories unto the floor in the middle of the room and a shape appeared right above it after Griphook had spoken a word. It turned into a man whose face and other features were known to all present. James Ezekiel Black stood there as a mere hologram of his memories contained within the pensieve. He looked at everyone present and then the spectre spoke.

"Hello all of you. I called you here to give you a list of the things that I am willing to give to all of you."

He looked around and then saw a woman with brown hair and looked at her for a few seconds and then said. "When I made this will I have made some special agreement with the goblins here. Andromeda I'm going to give you three thousand Galleons for just being my lovely young niece and for being absolutely adorable when you were young. I can still remember that you and Bella used to have such huge rows and that you would often try to hex each other whenever you saw each other. Too bad that Bella turned to that Dark Freak Voldemort or whatever he calls himself. So just so you know that you receive three thousand Galleons. I hope you and your husband spend them well and that you may get many more children and that your young daughter Nymphadora might get herself a younger brother or sister to bully around."

The woman looked at the spectre of her uncle and said. "He died three years ago Uncle. I hope that we'll meet again sometime after I've died..."

The woman closed her eyes for a bit and the spectre seemed upset about it. "I'm sorry Andy. The time I was made there was no sign that your husband would die. I'm sorry for opening up that wound within you." She sniffed for a few seconds but then smiled.

"It's alright uncle. There is no way you could have known that he died as you're just an old will that he's left."

The spectre seemed indignant: "Hey! I was made half a year ago! How was I supposed to know that your husband had died? I haven't seen you in ten years..."

Schwarz could not help lifting an eyebrow at that. "Ten years? Well then she still looks hot for someone who has a twenty year old daughter... But then again she might just possess the innate beauty most of the Black Family has." He received several weird look and said. "What? Am I not allowed to make a comment?" Still there were

strange looks and then he said. "I like older women! Is that so wrong?"

He humphed for a second but a chuckle was heard through the room and Ezekiel just grinned. "It's not exactly accepted that young blokes like you fancies older women, Schwarz." A smile was resting upon the hologram's mouth and the hologram continued. "Well to wrap this all up, Andy you get three thousand Galleons." Then he paused for a moment and then looked at Narcissa Malfoy who was being accompanied by her son, Draco. "And there's my lovely niece Narcissa. Did you find it hard to be the common folk dear? Well let me indulge you by giving you a small gift in the form of three thousand galleons to sweeten the deal a little bit. And you can divorce your husband if you'd like to do that. He's worthless from this moment since he's incarcerated."

She nodded and then looked at the hologram and said. "Thank you Uncle James." With that she nodded in gratitude and then said. "Goblin I wish to divorce my husband this instant." The goblin called Griphook nodded and then called for a goblin to make divorce papers for Narcissa Malfoy to divorce her husband and thus taking her distance from the Malfoy family including her son.

She looked at the specter and said. "Thank you Uncle, Lucius hasn't been very kind to me after I bore Draco." The Malfoy Heir as well as the Head of the Malfoy family coloured and said. "Father has been moulding me to become his heir and I won't believe you that he would have abused you in a verbal kind." She looked at her son and raised an eyebrow. "I don't seem to recall that you ever spent that much time with me. Even when you were a child you were trained by him to become the heir."

She glared at the child and said. "I'm sorry but divorcing your father is simply the only way to make sure that his influence over me is released. You... don't have to fear him as I have done. You never were alone with him."

Ezekiel just nodded as he saw his youngest niece stop talking and then spoke up. "Well to my beautiful niece Bella I would like to give some three thousand Galleons as well as a small piece of advice top listen to the Head of the family and to be a proud and true Black." The

hologram seemed to smile wryly for a second and then he focused on his cousin. “ Sirius I know you're one cocky little bastard when you get together with your best friend James and I won't hold it against you even though I'm dead but I would like to give you half of my shares in the pranking industry that Zonko's has built up. The other half go to your best friend for being there for you.”

Sirius looked at the hologram of his Uncle and then he looked at his best friend and squealed in joy.

“We got a major part in Zonko's James! Imagine the pranks we can pull on Old McG. Hogwarts will get what's coming for her!”

James Potter was also elated as his inner child surfaced again and he said.

“Yeah. Just don't go humping her leg once again Sirius. It was hard enough to live that down once she found out that you were an animagus.”

That sent Ezekiel into gales of laughter as he imagined that old dried up prune get humped by a dog. He had seen Sirius in his dog form and then imagined that humping McG's leg. Narcissa just curved her lips a little, not unlike the greasy potions teacher and Schwarz was amongst those that were wracked by laughter. Sirius was red of embarrassment as his wife and daughters were laughing at the crude joke made by James and the visual images that accompanied it.

After he had calmed down a little bit he straightened up and then looked at Dumbledore and said. “Dumbledore I don't remember requesting you to be present. Why the hell are you here?” The old man was about to voice his opinion and then made a coughing sound to calm the people down a little bit.

“James I am simply here to oversee that the will reading goes smoothly.”

Ezekiel snorted, an undignified sound and then glared at the old man. “Bullshit Dumbledore. I bet you are here to hear who is the new Head

of the Black family so you might manipulate him into doing your bidding and help your little order of the stuffed falcon.”

Dumbledore’s face was impassive and the thoughts that went through his head were. “How the hell did he figure me out? It must have been a source within the order that has alerted him to the fact that it exists. Or it might have been Sirius who tipped him off by wearing the pendant.”

“But first I would need to let everyone of Black blood as well as my honorary son Harry James Potter to swear an oath to abide to the head of the family’s wishes.”

The aforementioned people did so and Schwarz drew an ornately carved dagger from one sleeve and then clenched his hand around the blade and said.

“I, Harry James Potter swear on my blood and magic that I will abide to the wishes of the late James Ezekiel Black.”

When that was done the blood had splattered on the floor and the cuts healed immediately. Ezekiel looked at Dumbledore’s calculating face and glared for a little while and then Schwarz drew away his attention by snorting about something and then resumed glaring.

Ezekiel glared at the old man for a few seconds and said. “Well now I got to give the title of the Head of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Black to someone present and I’ll have you know that I judged things very carefully to find someone who is able to lead the family through this war. The one who shall inherit the Title of Lord Black is...”

He paused for a second and Dumbledore’s brow creased for a second.

He remembered the talk he had with Sirius the day before. “Sirius we mustn’t let the Black Sisters get control, over the Black Vaults as well as the property. Andromeda wouldn’t care if we used it but if it lands in the hands of Bellatrix or Narcissa the Order would have to move due to the fact that we sometimes keep meetings at your house.”

Sirius had nodded and had said. "Well Albus I think I should be able to get it. I am the eldest male heir and thus should be able to get it. Uncle James always was fond of me but he often got irritated whenever I pranked him."

He grinned roguishly and then said. "But don't worry. If I'll get the property and title as Lord Black then I will make sure that you and the Order get to use the property available to me." Sirius had thought that he would easily get the title as he was the eldest male but fate had other things in mind.

"Harry James Potter...."

Ezekiel paused for dramatic effect and then watched the faces... the general emotion was of disbelief and shock. On Schwarz his face was written that he had an intense dislike how this situation had unfolded.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU RAMBLING ABOUT YOU DAMN GHOST!"

Ezekiel let a smile slip onto his face as he knew that he wouldn't be hurt and said. "Well I took my time to register you as one of us Blacks due to the fact that you accidentally drank some of my blood and thus are a Black by extension from Blood by me. And since you are through blood lineage a Black as well as a..."

Schwarz growled and Ezekiel paled a little bit and said. "I know you hate your relatives a lot for leaving you but please hear me out."

At Schwarz his glare the spectre just grinned even wider and said. "Well the reason why I chose you to be the Head of the noble house of Black is the experience you have with war should be able to make the right decisions. As of now you all, which is the members of the house of Black, shall obey Harry James Potter with whatever he wishes... he is the Head of the family and thus can decide what you do and when you do it. Narcissa if he tells you to strip then you'll strip without objection. God knows how much he likes his women older than he is. I heard that he was once screwing around with a 2000 year old vampire who was mighty pissed at him when he left her so I think he has enough power to try and rescue himself. In short: his

word is law to you. Sirius if he asks for your hand in marriage you'll divorce your wife and then marry him."

The spectre looked at him and Schwarz slowly nodded and said. "I accept, I will don the mantle of Lord Black and then take care of my 'relatives'. And I'll maybe torture your soul a little bit for this stunt."

Ezekiel looked rather uncomfortable. "Now don't get hasty Schwarz... No need to torture me for something I did while i'm dead."

The spectre seemed to be sweating a little bit and then continued with the normal speech. "Now that's all for the moment. The goblins will make sure that all is signed and transferred. Narcissa have fun under your new Head of house Black. Andy, try to make Harry feel good. He's had a lonely life and needs some cheering up. Preferably naked..."

With a last laugh the man was gone and left behind a stunned crowd. They looked at the pensieve for a few seconds before Narcissa mumbled something about a prankster having his last joke and Andromeda mumbled something about ancient perverted uncles who didn't know that there should be no intercourse between families.

"Alright then. Miss Malfoy would you be... oh wait you are divorcing the prick so I probably should call you miss Black but then again there are the family ties so is it alright if I were to call you Narcissa?" Schwarz was looking at her and she gave a nod of consent.

"Well Narcissa since you are now once again within the Black family and I am the Head of the family I think it is best if the entire family including the mutt..."

He pointed at Sirius and then continued. "Would go and live in a house which would be able to support us. I think that from what James has once told me that there is a house at Grimmeul Place or something?"

Narcissa nodded and corrected him. "It's Grimmauld Place and yes there is the ancestral Black manor." She looked at him for a second

as if gauging him before apparently finding him worthy and Schwarz just shook his head and said.

“I want you together your stuff and meet me in a pub called the Bloody Virgin tomorrow morning. And if it is possible then bring your sister with you. As she couldn't be here thanks to her status as a wanted felon I think she'd want to be with her family as much as possible.”

Narcissa just gave him a look that clearly stated that she was appalled by his manners and he said. “Don't think of me as some ill-mannered young child because I can assure you that I'm not one of that kind. I'm eighteen and I know how to handle women like you. Hell, I'm actually surprised if I can't impress the Dark Elven king with my manners at the table. I'll see you later. Now I'm off to sign all the legal stuff before I go and check the place out. Mom, don't expect me home by the time when dinner rolls around. ”

With that he followed Griphook who stood next to a door which led to an office filled with papers that were important to the Lord of the house of Black.

The people left in the room dispersed and Lily and James came up to Dumbledore and said. “How the hell could this have happened? Now my son has to make sure that those Death Eaters are under constant surveillance and now that slut Lestrage is also under his care! I think I'm going to order him to leave Lestrage to the order as a prisoner so she can give us some vital information about You-Know-Who's movements.”

James had made his opinion on the matter abundantly clear and Lily was about to reprimand him about it but couldn't find the words to speak. She hadn't really formed an opinion about the situation as it was all still sinking in. The information was slowly coming into her mind and she felt herself nodding without much conscious thought.

Schwarz was not pleased with the paperwork he would need to do. He looked at the quill he was using and he sighed for a moment. He looked at the goblin called Griphook and said.

“This is the last one isn’t it?”

At a nod and a smirk from the goblin which looked disgusting to Schwarz he finally signed the last one and had a twitch in his hand from writing his signature so much on those papers as well as sealing the documents with his lifeblood.

He walked out to see his parents shout something about Bellatrix Lestranger and was not pleased about the interrogation they were planning. His eyes went red for a millisecond and then he drew his wand and pointed straight at James and muttered an incantation. Suddenly there was a toad sitting within the robes that James had once occupied. On the robes there was a message.

“Kiss the toad to return him to his original form. Signed, Harry James Potter.”

With a grin in place he stepped into a shadow and appeared just besides his bed in his apartment and then he got out of the clothes and went to take a shower and clean the blood off of him. What would happen, would happen. He would go check out the house tomorrow morning around 5 AM and then get to the pub pretty fast to pick up the Blacks.

Sleep was the only thing on his mind now and it came to him quickly...

Within the Potter mansion the stone pulsed with energy as it could feel a dark pull echo across the astral planes for one who might be able to wield its unfathomable power. it was within a case to be transported to a new hideout if all went well for the Order...

A new chapter finished within a day! I hope you like it people. In the next chapter the Blacks will adjust to having an insane House-elf around as well as Bella getting a little bit emotional... in a good sense...

I would like to see some reviews on this one. It makes me happy and keeps me inspired.

So give me a review and you make me happy. Give me a flame and be ignored...

Reviews are always welcome...

Bellatrix and the Soul Stone

He looked at the scenery. He took in the fact that the bar was currently occupied with the Dark creatures that usually hung in the bar and then looked at the only anomaly there. The Black Sisters as well as Sirius with the entirety of his family. The ones of the Light side looked warily at the multitude of vampires and other dark creatures in the bar while the dark side of the family just looked with disdain at them.

Schwarz grinned from the shadows and then motioned for Alfredo to come and help him out a little bit with them. He asked the vampire to get them to his table. He looked at his current entertainment and grinned. The Dark Elf currently on his lap made a crooning noise as his hands slipped all over her body which was almost hidden in the shade.

He looked as they approached him and then he said: "Hello..." he saw with some amount of satisfaction that they seemed creeped out by his sudden greeting and Sirius looked uncomfortably at the boy who was supposed to be his godson. Schwarz grinned and said; "Good day to you all. I've been waiting for you for some time but at least I know that some of you are rather punctual. Did you like the drinks I sent your way Bellatrix and Narcissa?"

The two women looked at him and then Narcissa spoke up: "Mister Potter I was rather pleased when I got the offer to drink a little shot of fire-whiskey since I heard that you offered it to me but I'll have you now that I'm not that easy to get drunk. My sister is an entirely different case. You gave her permission to drink whatever she wanted and now she's rather drunk." Bellatrix was swaying on her feet and humming some strange tune. Schwarz just grabbed his wand and muttered a sobering charm he had learnt from the Dark Elves. It was useful for getting someone back to consciousness after a drinking contest.

The charm hit her body and immediately she blinked and then said: "You cast a sobering charm Mister Potter? I'm amused that you know that one since it is of Dark Elven origin and rarely taught to outsiders... or at least not to those that didn't participate in one of

their drinking contests.” Schwarz raised an eyebrow and said; “I won one contest against the Prince one time without using spells to try and sober myself up so I was taught that spell to instantly sober my mind and not to let you focus on your pain and other feelings. In a certain way it is just like Occlumency but then a little bit different if you were to look at magical theory....”

She raised an eyebrow and said; “So you are a good drinker and a good scholar. Would you like to duel with me some time? I’ll use some of the weakest spells in my arsenal as to not let you get killed. After all it wouldn’t do for the Head of House Black to get killed by one of his own family...” she grinned and he knew that the duel they would eventually have would feature some high level spells of whatever category she had studied since there was no way she would lose. She had proven that in the fight on Diagon Alley and would prove it again because he saw the glint in her eyes.

He looked at the women and men and said: “Take a hold of this rope. It’s a portkey and will take you to Grimmauld Place. If anyone cared for the screaming portrait then I’ve put it off the wall and then burned it. There were some things that seemed to be dangerous so I had them removed too by some spells or by just obliterating them with some reductors.” Sirius seemed happy about something relating to the portrait and Schwarz sighed for a moment before handing the portkey and mumbling the activation word in which every one of the Blacks disappeared.

They arrived in the entrance hall where a huge crater had been somehow invoked upon the wall. He looked totally at ease and the Black’s except Schwarz could feel the wards humming with magical energy. He looked at the decorations and then saw that the normal Slytherin carvings on the walls were no different then in his youth. Sirius grumbled something about the decorations never changing and changed one side of the walls to resemble lions jumping at each other.

Schwarz looked at all the people and then said: “Come on I’ll lead you to your rooms.” He led them upstairs and then appointed Sirius and his wife a room and the black children one room per gender. He looked at the women for a second and said: “Bellatrix, Narcissa and Andromeda would you object to sleeping in the same room? It’s that

or sleeping with me in one room and it would give a bad image for me... not that I care about my image nowadays..." He brushed one of his locks out of his face and then shut his eyes as a grimace of pain appeared on his face and he sank to the floor right in front of the Black Trio. They looked as he seemed to have some sort of fit which included muscle spasms and other things like some blood coming out of his mouth.

He opened his eyes once again and they could see that there were two blood red orbs with catlike slits in it. He got up and looked at them and then said: "Alright what is your decision?" After meeting with the Dark Lord he had enough of this chit chat and wanted to get this over with. Getting a Crucio to hit you on the mental plane was as bad as in real life but the effects were amplified by the mental plane and it being a mental curse. That old geezer of a Dark lord seemed to have it in for him ever since he met with him. He took no notice of the shocked looks he was getting he just growled out: "Get in the room and unpack!"

They complied although he was under heavy suspicion from Andromeda and Narcissa and Bellatrix were merely curious. They had met the Dark Lord and had seen his red eyes and were curious about how the halfblooded whelp and their 'Head' of the family had red eyes.

Schwarz groaned something about Dark lords getting into his head as he walked into his room. He looked at the decorations and then just threw off his clothing and let himself fall on the bed. He cast a few wandless wards to keep people from disturbing him for a few hours. His tattoos were visible as he was lying on the bed with his back visible.

He looked at the sheets and then decided that it would be best if he were to go to sleep and to rest up a little bit. He closed his eyes and found himself getting into a dreamless slumber. When he opened his eyes again he could hear some knocking on the door and he grumbled a little bit about irresponsible people and he just turned the doorknob and looked at the person and said: "Yes?" at a scathing tone. The woman who was currently staring at him just shook her head a second and then said: "You wished to speak to us, Lord Black?"

Schwarz noticed that it was a little bit chilly and then knew he had forgotten something. He could feel the chill all around him and he looked down to see that he was currently talking with the only one of the Black sisters who seemed to have any sense of decency AKA Narcissa Malfoy-Black.

He sneered for a second at the woman and said: "See anything you like?" she just stared oddly at him and said; "I presume you are making a comment about your state of undress? Indeed I disapprove of your current state of undress but your word is law according to my dearest uncle." Schwarz magicked a grin on his face instantly and then said: "I'm willing to sleep with you if you want it. After all you ARE a pretty hot woman." He grinned and then made sure that he was in full view. He noticed a barely concealed widening of the woman's eyes and a sly smile came onto his face. He looked at her and said: "Does Narcissa like the hot and sexy owner of this house as well as the head of the family?"

He said it in a way reminiscent of Bellatrix but was totally taken aback as a black blur shot out from the shadows and sent him crashing backwards in his room. "It's you! Give me the delicious pain!" Schwarz his eyes widened as he saw that Bellatrix Lestrange was currently on his lap and trying to hug him or something. "Hey I can't just go and Crucio you here in this house! The Light geeks might take notice of your screams..." she looked at him and said: "I don't care! I want to feel the pain and the power you have over me. It's even more intoxicating then the Crucio the Dark Lord always casts on me. And I know your alias which could get you into a lot of trouble once your parents find out. So just come along and we'll have some fun." She grinned with an insane air around it and he looked at her with something that could be seen as pleading to some.

"Do you really want to get tortured with the Cruciatus?" she looked at him and then kissed him on the mouth in some weird gesture. All the time her sister was watching the scene unfold with her eyes glued to the spectacle. With a small wave of his hand Narcissa was pulled into the room. The door locked itself with another gesture and Schwarz just enjoyed the kiss he had with Bellatrix. There was nothing wrong about kissing a mature woman like Bellatrix black. She was a beautiful woman by all accounts and was probably regarded as the aristocratic beauty. She looked at him as she pulled back and her lips

left his. "I like you because you are exactly like me. Look at the little trinket Sirius was carrying with him." With that she got out a case which was sealed by a seal that appeared like a Phoenix in flight. It looked like it was something of the Order and Schwarz grabbed it for a moment before the seal disappeared and an unholy light began to shine from within the box. She looked at him and then said: "Come on open it. I want to see what my little cousin has been carrying with him."

Schwarz slowly opened the case to reveal the stone that would bring so much trouble to the worlds. It glowed with the light that seemed to emanate evil although it was light and not a shadowy cloud. He looked at it and felt a presence within seek him out. "Do you desire the power to destroy and to annihilate all that oppose you?" he looked at the stone and then opened the case entirely so the stone was in the view of everyone present. He could feel the aura of darkness hang around it. Suddenly he found his hand drawing closer to the stone as it seemed to take control of his bodily functions. He felt the anger he had for the wizards come up within him and he could feel the hatred for those that destroyed so many lives just because they were different. He could feel the anger bleed off into the surroundings and on a conscious effort he sent back at the strange voice: "Yes."

Suddenly he was aware that the stone pulsed with power and then he felt his hand close around the stone which felt cool to the touch. He felt suddenly colder than he had ever felt before and he could feel the infinitively more powerful presence move unto him. He clenched his hand around the Soul stone and felt the ancient spirit within it transfer over to him with all the knowledge it had gained.

He felt the mental barriers he had established shatter by the merest touch and he saw his own body becoming intertwined with another, one that was far older than his own. The body seemed to be changing every second taking grotesque forms or making things look unlike no other human had ever seen. It was madness to even try to describe it and for Schwarz it felt like Hell had come unto him which was true to a certain extent.

They watched as his hand touched the Stone and then he brought it to his chest and then placed the pointed edge to his chest, right above the heart area and then he moved his hand and stabbed the stone deep into his heart. They could see his eyes growing wide and

a strangled cry escape his lips as he fell to the floor shaking with pain and something else. He could be touched in the head or something. Lord Voldemort didn't know what was happening. One moment he was fine and then suddenly pain hit him in his head and he sunk to his knees from where he was standing and screamed until his lungs were hoarse. The presence he had just seen within his mind had made him cut the strange connection or maybe it had cut itself off from him but the pain was too much to bear. The Death eaters looked at their fallen leader and then they waited until their Lord recovered.

Schwarz looked at their intertwined bodies and he heard the voice within his mind speak up again: "Let us merge and you'll become the most powerful being in this realm. Let your wrath be feared as you will become the Lord of Destruction under my guidance as the previous Lord. My brothers might be defeated but I was merely locked away due to the fact that my only talent is destruction. Terror and hatred would have more lasting effects on humanity and they decided to just lock me away while my brother's souls were crushed upon the Hellforge. I shall open a portal to hell where the absorption of my Soul shall begin. Let the Heavens quake in fear as the Lord of Destruction shall reign supreme over them!"

An inhuman laugh was heard and Harry could faintly register some pain and then he dropped to the floor and the last thing he would see was a portal opening straight behind him and sucking in whatever was within the room.

Bellatrix her eyes went wide as she saw a portal with tortured human souls as a sort of veil making the travel possible, appear and immediately threw her sister out of the door with the last strength she had and screamed: "Don't get near that portal Cissy. I might be lost but you save yourself. It's a portal to He..." Those were her last words as the portal sucked her into it and then disappeared. Narcissa was deeply shocked by what occurred and just lay there staring at the room with her eyes focused on the place where the portal had been. Her sister had been sucked within it and had disappeared.

She would be discovered by Andromeda who had come to investigate the screaming and had to calm down Narcissa from the traumatic experience she had seen happening.

A new chapter finished. I would like to see reviews like Kyrissyan Angelis had said in his author profile. Come on he has more then I do and he's only posted about four chapters. Maybe it is because I write generally very Dark fiction that many of you don't like it but I would like to see some comment on it if I'm doing something wrong or something good. Make the reviews longer then five words please...

So give me a review and for that I will give you a small preview what will happen in the next chapter.

Bellatrix in Hell and Schwarz ascending to the position of Lord of Destruction.

Review!

Lord of Destruction

He felt the pain shoot through his body as he was roughly thrown onto a floor made of metal or stone, he couldn't know what it was unless he would get this over with. The entity still connected to him was trying to access his magical core and It was fighting back with as much power as the strange entity was trying to pump into it. It seemed that the entity wished to move itself within his centre to make him more powerful. He could feel the anger that the Soul had possessed and he began to make his core calm down and then he could feel the unholy power rushing into his body and he let out a tortured roar of pain. He had never experienced such pain in the other realm like the Soul had termed it or the stone or whatever it was that was trying to merge with him. He could feel the power simmering within the soulstone that was still within his chest and spread through his body.

She looked around to see tortured souls hanging from chains from the ceiling and walls and were all screaming in agony. Inhuman creatures were torturing them mercilessly. She found that she was drooling a little bit as she saw a man get devoured by some strange creature and then grow back the lost limbs when the creature stopped eating. She grinned as the screams of pain were music she enjoyed hearing.

She heard a scream behind her and saw the Potter Brat screaming in agony with his back arching in an almost inhuman way before the body seemed to collapse once again. She could feel the power he was emitting now. The dark power that was within him for the time she had known him had been released and now an even greater power was slowly seeping into his body and merging with his making it a totally new shade of black. It seemed like a void of sorts and she could feel herself being pulled towards it.

She looked at his body and noticed that his features shifted between that of a young man and an old and wizened one. She looked at him for a few more seconds before another scream from him made her cover her ears. She looked at him for a bit before deciding that she would have to sort this out. She conjured a luxurious chair with her wand and sat down on it to look at Schwarz. She noticed that the

creatures had all backed away the moment they heard Schwarz scream and had fled.

The being within him looked around and gave him its memories and then the personality became ingrained within his own personality giving him tactical abilities far beyond anything human.

He was standing near a building that was tall and white. He looked at it and saw two pearly gates with a contingent of winged warriors in front of it accompanied by a radiant figure whose wings shone with unearthly light. He stepped forwards with his two brothers following him and he looked and said.

“Tyrael... I have come with my brothers to declare war on the High Heavens.” With that they disappeared leaving behind Chaos.

Another memory crashed into Schwarz his consciousness and he felt himself looking at humans attempting to harm him. His face was impassive as he looked at their futile attempts to try and harm him. He looked at their leader and laughed a cold laugh and said.

“I am Baal, Lord of Destruction and you mortals presume you can hurt me let alone defeat me?”

Another cruel cold laugh came from his mouth and then he threw a bolt of black fire at an advancing warrior. He looked at the corpse which was still smoking with the arcane energy setting it ablaze and then suddenly a wave of frost washed out from him, freezing everyone present with its icy chill except for Baal. Then the frozen people broke into thousands of fragments as the bodies were frozen and eventually shattered from being unable to handle the cold.

A new memory came at him in the same fashion as those before and he found himself on his knees in front of a cult with mages and Angels standing around him. Tyrael was present and read the sentence.

“...unlike your brothers, who caused a massive war to erupt between the world’s populace, you have done some light acts that had almost nothing to do with them and thus your sentence is lightened to eternal damnation within the living body of one person. Your brother’s souls have been locked within soulstones and imprisoned in places beyond the reach of humans. Tal Rasha will be the keeper of your soul and

you will be locked within the tomb of sealing in the country known as Aranoch.”

The memory was stopped after the angel had spoken and Schwarz found himself lying with his eyes open and no pain through his body. He moved to stand up but the voice spoke within his head once again.

“You absorbed a small part of my power. The power you have now should be enough to let you finish off the humans. But as I’m not going to make the same mistake like I did before I’m going to give you access to all of my power. This might hurt a little bit. That what you felt was just a bit of a pinprick after you feel this...”

With that the rush of power overwhelmed his body. It convulsed as the power began to accumulate at a rapid pace and another scream toar itself from his mouth and then another and another. He looked at the memories that came flooding into his mind as his body began to go through rapid changes. In a certain sense he was losing his humanity for something for more ominous.

He could feel his body begin the production of cells and he could feel his magic warping into something far more sinister then before. He looked at the strands of magic that were in him began to grow and change more and more with every second he looked at them. It was like a web of dark power was engulfing him and there was nothing he could do.

A flash of a memory made it to him and he felt how the mage, Tal Rasha died, leaving his soulstone embedded in the man’s chest. He felt his brothers souls begin to shatter and finally he lost the connection with them and felt alone. The thirst for destruction began to grow and he had vowed that if he got out of there he would find a human worthy enough to embrace the Destruction and become the new Lord of Destruction. He felt how the rage accumulated over the thousands of years he was imprisoned until those foolish wizards came and got him out of the mage’s chest. He had waited until he found someone radiating the darkness and other feelings he so craved for and finally had found the one with the green eyes and the black hair.

The blood marks on his body suggested a pact with the darker creatures of the Earth and it would be a good time to make his presence known to the world. But for that he would need to be in a very close proximity to the Chosen one and then be able to pull him into a place where he could be safely merged with him. If those Heaven siding fools were to find him and pull out the Soulstone then there was no doubt that his entire bid for power was nothing. The Heavens would shake under his fury once he reclaimed his seat as the prime Evil.

His brothers might be dead but he was still very much alive. He looked at the one who had filched the case containing him through some sort of scrying and knew that this one would bring him to the Chosen one, the one who would wield his power to bring a new age of destruction in which the forces of Hell could take possession of the plane of earth and use it as an extension of hell itself so the Earth would shatter.

The foolish mages who had bound his power were those that had taken the fragments of the Worldstone once Diablo had reached it and was defeated. The fragments were imbued with great power and the 'Chosen Ones' wielded them like they were some toy to fight with. Schwarz felt himself returning back to his body and he groaned and mumbled something about that hurting as much as being crushed by a rock of two tons and then got up and opened his eyes to look at Bellatrix who sat there looking at him. He faintly noticed that he had two wings growing out of his back before he took a closer look at the woman and said.

"What are you doing here?"

His voice somehow seemed to frighten her as she cringed at hearing his voice. He really didn't have the time to look at himself and he said.

"Stay there. I'll go see where my minions are." With that and a flash of fire he was off.

The moment his body had started changing she looked with interest as his clothes ripped and two bloody black wings burst from his back in a gory display. His fingers seemed to grow claws all of a sudden and she could faintly see runes beginning to glow all over his body.

She looked at the young man and then she watched intently to see more of a change happening;. The only thing that seemed to change was that his body seemed to grow a few more inches as the pulsing shard within his chest seemed to glow with even more light before it dimmed. He apparently awoke and told her to stay put. The flash of fire covered her view and when she looked he was gone.

With the flash of fire he appeared right next to the Hellforge and looked at the shards from the Soulstones of his brethren. A lone tear slid out of his eye as he picked up the shards of the stones and felt them pulse with the leftover power that his brethren possessed even though their spirit was irrevocably shattered until nothing remained. He placed the shards within a dimensional pocket on his tattered clothing and then went to the Chaos Sanctuary where the leaders of the various factions of Hell were gathered. He looked at them and said.

“I expect nothing but your complete obedience to my Cause. I am the Prime Evil that has survived while my Brother’s Fell and were killed by mere mortals. I am the Lord of Destruction, your Lord and Master.”

The Demons looked at him and then one by one they bowed in front of him. Schwarz looked at them and then beckoned for Andariel to come forth. The Demoness did so and she stood in front of him, towering over him with her spidery limbs moving at a frantic pace belying her nervousness.

“Andariel...”

She looked at him and said. “Yes Master?”

Schwarz looked at her. “You specialise in pain don’t you?”

She nodded and he continued. “I want you to train a mortal female in the ultimate art of Pain. You have my permission to train her for three years in the Warp chamber within my chambers.”

The Warp Chamber was a chamber where time flowed differently from the rest of the world and a second outside was like a month in real life. Andariel looked at him and said.

“Your wish is my command Master.”

He looked at her and then summoned Bellatrix who appeared by falling right in front of him from a hole in the air. She looked at his feet for a moment before she got up and stared at those who were assembled here. She paled for a little bit and Schwarz grinned.

“Here is your new mentor in the delicate art of Pain Bella. Andy please make sure that she’s in prime condition before she’s sent into the chamber. I want her back with me once I venture back in the human realm.”

Andariel nodded and motioned for Bellatrix to follow her. Said woman did so and both disappeared with a small pop.

Schwarz looked at the rest of the factions of power within Hell and said. “I want all the troops ready for the invasion of Earth. I don’t care how you do it, you get it done within half a year. You got to train them to fight the Angels and other divine creatures and then we’ll be ready for war. Get to training and I will come back to oversee at any moment I see fit!”

With that he was gone to the mortal realm AKA Earth.

A low portal dropped him on his feet straight in front of Narcissa who gave a rather startled yelp. After all its not an everyday occurrence to see someone who got dragged into a portal after having a stone imbedded within his chest return in such a fashion. For a second Schwarz stared at her and then after noticing she was a little bit too shocked to really notice very much of his appearance, the wings slid back into the skin on his back. He looked at her and snapped his fingers once and got her out of her daze.

He looked at her and then said. “Narcissa I hope you are well. Your sister should be arriving right about... now.”

And as he had predicted a massive portal opened straight above him and dropped a grinning Bellatrix Lestrange who looked like several Christmases had come early. He faintly noted that she looked younger then the last time he had seen her and said.

“How was Andy training you? You seem to have gotten younger.”

She grinned and said. "Mistress Andariel was so nice to me as she saw my talent at the Art that she even made me one of her kin..."

Schwarz looked at her and spoke in a near whisper: "Andariel likes you? I think my brain just froze... she can't like anyone... she's the highest and one of the cruellest things I have under my command. How the hell can she like you?"

Bellatrix grinned and said. " Well I suggested a few things that she could use on prisoners that included something with the veins in their bodies. It wasn't much but she accepted it greedily and after three hours we had already developed a way to physically torture them and to make the mental anguish and suffering even greater. And she said that she would like me to do several things to you. Come on!"

She flung herself at him and he dodged, let her smack herself into a wall with a good amount of force behind it and create a dent into the wall. He looked at her and said in a Voldemortesque voice.

"Bella that wasn't exactly what I was referring to. The fact that you tried to take me by force was wrong... and I..."

He dodged again and she flew out of the door due to the leap she took. She looked and acted like a damn grasshopper on speed. Her intent was clear enough to indicate that she wanted him for the night and he looked and saw that the upper part of her robe had become undone and two wings were sticking out of her back and she was looking at him with that damn lustful look in her eyes that made him want to run to try and get away. Normally he would have liked some action but now wasn't the time for that. with that thought in mind, he fled the room and jumped over her and she followed him.

He was about to jump down the stairs as he heard the pop of apparition and then he felt a big weight press onto his back and he felt himself propelled forward. He looked at the people who had arrived, Dumbledore amongst them. They had arrived without warning him beforehand.

When his body hit the stairs he felt a momentary breath problem occur as all the air was pressed out of his lungs and currently he was

entangled with Bellatrix by the fact that her robe had somehow gotten entangled with his own tattered ones.

With a good amount of crashing and shouts of pain the pair tumbled down the stairs and Bellatrix shrieked once as she felt her body getting crushed under Schwarz as he landed right on top of her.

The Order members just stared at the entangled people and Harry groaned and got out of the pile.

“Yo! How are you mom!”

With that he kicked Bellatrix once for good measure and then he grinned. “ Why are you here? I didn’t think you had some Black blood in you and even the old bastard is here.. why the hell are you here?”

His mood worsened the moment he noticed all of them looking at him with some amount of fear in their eyes and he groaned momentarily and said. “ I’m safe so tell me what the fuck the old man is doing here?”

Dumbledore stepped forwards and said. “ Mister Black has informed that Miss Black and you were gone by some strange portal. As well as Miss Black had some interesting things to tell me about your eyes.”

Schwarz lifted an eyebrow and then said. “What about the eyes that I have? They were a gift from a vampire whose life I saved. They allow me to let them turn blood red whenever I want them to. Makes people think that I’m actually the Dork Lord. It’s easy to interrogate them when they’re pissing their pants in fear from just looking at me.”

He grinned and his eyes turned their normal shade of colour AKA blood red. He looked at the Headmaster and said.

“And why the hell did you deem me worthy to get a visit from the esteemed headmaster of a school which I haven’t even attended.”

Dumbledore just smiled kindly and said. “ Harry, my dear child I’ve come here to ask you to let the Order use this house as their headquarters.”

Schwarz just looked at him and said; “ I won’t allow your order of the assfucked fireturkey to stay here Dumbledore! This is MY family’s house and you aren’t going to try and take possession of it.”

He looked with some amount of dread in his eyes as Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled and the old man said.

“But you are harbouring Miss Lestrange here. I have several Aurors in the order who would arrest miss Lestrange. Also let me remind you of the fact that harbouring an escaped criminal is punishable by a sentence in Azkaban prison.”

Schwarz grinned and said. “Do you remember the treaty the Dark nations made with the Wizards? We can only be tried by our own courts.”

Dumbledore looked at him and said. “ Harry you are still a part of the wizarding world and thus you are still subject of our laws.”

Schwarz let out a chilling laugh not unlike his counterpart, Lord Voldemort and said.

“Dumbledore you're a fool. Do you know who the hell I am, no?”

At Dumbledore’s look the old man explained. “You were a mere soldier in the Dark War, Harry. You never seemed to have gained any official rank as far as I have been informed by a werewolf who is a dear friend of mine.”

Schwarz grinned and said. “If it were anyone who has had any tactical experience and is named Lupin then I would like to presume that you mean Romulus Lupin, yes?”

Dumbledore nodded and Schwarz looked at the old man and said. “ He was the only one who hasn’t met me just heard that there was a soldier who was called Harry and was a wizard fighting in the ranks of the Dark Army. My position was something much grander than that. and by the way Dumbledore, I wouldn’t try to pry very much into my military past. You might anger the King...”

With that he grabbed Bellatrix and then he looked at him and said. " She shall come no harm or be arrested or else you will face the full wrath of all of my drinking buddies as well as their servants, Kel' Zaranth, Prince of the Dark Elves, Fenrir Greyback, the werewolf Alpha, Arachnathon, Leader of the Acromantula's. And that is just a small portion of all the friends I have made. And don't forget Kel' Zaranth's father, the King of all the Dark Elves in this Realm. And I, Harry James Potter, Schwarz Blut and Infusco Necrotis as well as having the title of Commander of the Dark Army and the Lord of Destruction shall utterly annihilate the entire world known as the wizarding world!"

With that having been said he looked at the occupants of the room and then a wave of power began to come out of him and threw all the people including Dumbledore to the walls. With that Schwarz summoned up a staff with an infernal jewel on top of it. With that a wave of crimson power shot out and began to modify the memory of everyone present. They had just been introduced to Bellatrix Lestrange and would be allowed within Grimmauld Place but they would obey Schwarz his wishes.

A smile was on his face and he levitated the bodies of the wizards and witches one by one into the kitchen where he set them in place that would seem logical. After all he did have the same amount of intelligence as he was also pretty good at manipulating people.

He looked at them and then revived them in different positions. He had made certain that Bellatrix was in her room by just popping her into it and then telling her to stay put.

He took his place in front of his mother and then made it look like he was talking to her before a massive revival spell was used.

" ...your opinion on that mother?" She looked at him and asked.

"What were we talking about?" He looked at her and then said.

"We were talking about the fact that I have sex fairly regular but if I could make some noise which could probably disturb any of your activities."

She blushed a little from embarrassment and she looked around and then shooed him into another room and soundproofed it and looked at him and said.

“Please don’t tell anyone else since I have a feeling that I can trust you. I am not having a happy sex life at the moment since your father is convinced that all of his time should be spent with your little brother. I haven’t had any since the time your youngest sibling was born and let me tell you that that has been ten years ago...”

He looked at her and then nodded sagely and said. “I can recommend several sex shops that would sell things to let yourself relax a little bit better.”

She looked at him disturbed and said. “I simply don’t have the time to do that. There is always someone in the room with me whenever I try to be alone. I looked for some places to get off but I can’t find them. Every time I try to talk to someone of the family, someone else interrupts and I got to fix them up a little bit if they have hurt themselves. You know how your little brother can be.”

Schwarz fixed her with a pitying look and then said. “Don’t worry mother. If you need a place to ‘relax’ then I can provide you with one. You only need to make sure that you have some spare time and let me take care of things and then I have a room ready for your enjoyment. Let me get you to my room so we can talk things over a little bit.”

He took her hand and felt her soft hand within his and then together they disappeared and appeared into his room to be treated with a rare sight.

On the bed was Bellatrix, totally naked save a small leather thong. She looked at him and beckoned him to the bed.

“I’m ready for you, Master.” Schwarz raised an eyebrow and said.

“Bella I don’t seem to recall, having asked you to lie on my bed, naked with only a thin piece of fabric covering you.”

She grinned and said. "Mistress Andariel told me that you should have some fun with me so here I am. And your mother can join in with the fun. After all who knows her son better then a mother?"

Lily looked at the other woman and gulped. The glint in that woman's eyes shone dangerously and before she knew it, she was picked up and the door slammed shut behind her. Schwarz was carrying her and she squeaked as she felt his strong hands try to keep her up and get the hell out of there. A shimmering portal appeared and Schwarz hurled them through it.

It came out into a room which was grand and she looked as Dark elves were staring at them. Schwarz grinned and said.

"I'm back again, my King."

She looked directly at the leader of the Dark Elves who was staring at her with barely hidden interest. She realised she was royally screwed if that man decided to have them killed just for entertainment. Maybe she would be kept alive to serve as some breeding machine or something.

What Schwarz did made her so surprised that she gasped. He just got up and said to the king that he was back again.

He looked at the king and said that he was back and then looked at Kel-zarath and then grinned and said.

"Still busy chasing after women Kel?"

The Dark Elven Prince grinned and said. "Yes. And I see you brought an exemplary specimen with you. Is she your current girlfriend?"

Schwarz mentally began to think about the strategy he could do. If he told Kel'Zarath that this was his mother he could openly chase after her since he had acknowledged her beauty and her fine specimen-ness. He could otherwise make her his girlfriend and then be forced to kiss his own mother. He had to choose between two evils and then he decided to go for the lesser evil which would consist of her being declared his girlfriend.

“Hey watch it! She’s my girlfriend and I’m not going to share her with you.”

Kel’Zarath looked at him and raised an eyebrow: “You having a girlfriend? You, Infusco Necrotis or otherwise known as the Wizard Slayer having a girlfriend?”

Schwarz just looked at him and said. “Yeah. Is that too much of a problem? And I got to talk to your father about a possible alliance.”

The King just looked at him and said. “Did you make your own faction for the Dark Nations?”

Schwarz looked at him and said. “Dismiss all of your servants.”

The King did so and then looked at him. Schwarz said. “In private call me Harry.”

And then he looked at the people assembled there and then he bowed rather lightly and said. “I will carry no secrets from my friends, which you are. I, Harry James Potter or known as Infusco Necrotis have recently ascended to the government of a place where it gets rather hot all the time... or otherwise known as the mystical and magical place as... Hell... I have gained the title of Lord of Destruction by absorbing the remnants of the previous Lord... thus I would like to propose an alliance between our two countries so we can eradicate or at least keep the wizards to a minimum or to get them to accept that we are countries and not merely someone intruding upon their civilisation.”

At the mention that he ruled Hell and was known as the Lord of Destruction. The King just raised an eyebrow and said.

“You expect me to believe that you have complete control of Hell? Even you couldn’t take the place of one of the Prime Evils. You might be very powerful but you can’t destroy beings like them...”

Schwarz just looked at the old man and said. “Let me shown you my power...” with that a wind was suddenly going through the room as Schwarz his shape began to blur and it looked like unseen hooks were crawling under the skin. He looked at the King and two wings

burst from his back. He looked at the man and his blood red eyes bored into the man's eyes. Power rolled off of him in massive waves, making everyone present in the room shake in awe at the massive release of power.

Schwarz grinned and said. "And this is but one percent of the power that I can fully access. The best thing you could do is stand with me because if you stand against me then you will surely be crushed by the forces of Hell."

A creepy laugh issued forth from his lips and he looked at Kel'Zarath. "Will you join me if your father disagrees, my friend?"

He looked at one of his closest friends who had turned into one of the most powerful people in the world within ten years and nodded.

"As I stated once before, you have my trust and allegiance in the time of war. The Dark Elves will follow you even if my father disagrees with allying with you."

He placed himself on one knee as if swearing loyalty. Schwarz was moved by the display of loyalty and said.

"Rise Kel'Zarath. No need to prostrate yourself before me. Just serve me and be rewarded once we conquer all..."

He looked at the Dark Elven Prince and Kel'Zarath raised himself and looked Schwarz in the eyes.

The King interrupted them and said. "Alright. The entire race of Dark Elves will follow you in battle. We have enough of the Ministry of the wizards and of that Dark Lord. We shall be free!"

Harry looked at the man and said. "Alright. The name of Schwarz Blut is hereby void and I shall make use of my original name of Harry James Potter once again. Infusco Necrotis is the title I will don as the leader of the Dark Army and Baal is the name I will don as the leader of Hell's forces! I am the Lord of Destruction and am here to avenge and gain what is rightfully mine."

With that he took a deep breath and looked at Lily. "Lily I think it is time for us to retire to my rooms."

With that he just grabbed her hand and then began to lead her to his rooms within the palace of the Dark Elven King. He looked at the servants that sped through the hallways, doing duties assigned to them. He looked at his mother and said once they were within the confines of his room.

"I'm sorry but I had to say that you were my girlfriend mom. Otherwise Kel'Zarath could have laid claim unto you and that would make you dead by the morning. They don't take kindly to humans other than me. Come and lie with me in bed. It'd make sure that this looks like a relationship. I just hope James isn't ripping out his hair about your disappearance."

Somewhere in the world, a black-haired man was raging about where his wife was. He missed her at dinner and was worried out of his mind about her.

a new chapter finished. Today is my birthday so I hope to get many reviews for this story...

So please review...

Angelic

He looked at the walls of his rooms and he felt how his mother was nestled against his. He looked at the delicate carvings that adorned the walls and then he looked at his mother who looked so heavenly, lying against him without a single care in the world. He was the Lord of Destruction and she seemed to be indifferent to it. He still was a little bit perturbed that Andariel seemed to have made Bellatrix into one of her own kind, a pain loving Succubus but he found that he couldn't stay angry with the demoness for long

She had after all trained Bellatrix to become as good as she was and that was always a good thing in his eyes. He looked at the woman whose red hair was lying on the pillow that his hair was also occupying. His hair wasn't long but it at least made it look like it was a black shadow being cast over the pillow. He wondered how his mother seemed to be able to make her hair look like a river of molten copper and vibrant redness at the same time. He could practically feel the power within his body want to reach out and embrace her body. Moulding into a vision of perfection, only to make her his. He knew that those feelings weren't appropriate for a son to think that way about his mother but he couldn't help himself.

He noticed that his normal reaction in the morning was apparent once again and he just hoped that she wouldn't notice it. It was embarrassing as it was at the moment and he didn't need an inquisitive mother on his case why exactly he was having that problem in the morning.

She could feel her eyes slightly burning as she woke up to feel something poking her in her side. She looked up and saw a familiar face looking at her. The black hair and structure of the face was a dead giveaway that this was her husband. She still felt the thing press into her side and a sly smile slipped onto her face.

"James, you want to have some fun?"

She giggled and her hand slid over the thing that was poking her in her side. She watched how his muscles tensed. She could feel soft

fabric beneath her hand. She was about to just take it out when a hand closed itself around her wrist.

“WE shouldn’t do this.”

The voice was familiar to her and it took a few moments to look closely at the person who had spoken but when the face became clear and she saw the red eyes looking at her with shock in them. He really hadn’t expected her to do that. It was bad enough that she thought he was James but then tries and do that to him made him immediately halt her advances. She looked at him and he realised that she must have been doing that because she must have thought he was James and she wanted to please her husband. Why the hell she would do that was a mystery. He was snapped from his musings as she spoke.

“Sorry Harry I didn’t mean to do that... I thought you were James, you two look so much alike that I was confused for a moment.”

She felt her cheeks burning and she looked at his face which was a cool mask of indifference. She could feel the power that was within him now and she could feel goosebumps forming on her skin and she decided that either he was irritated or just as embarrassed as she was.

While Harry and Lily were contemplating their next action, something else was brewing in the Potter mansion. A bright blinding light erupted from a room where several things were standing within a circle. A man wielding golden armour stepped out from the circle and said.

“Who has summoned me, Tyrael, Champion of the High Heavens.”

The Angelic visitor looked at the old man and Dumbledore bowed before him and Tyrael spoke once again.

“Albus Dumbledore, you have come here to ask for assistance of the Heavens to fight against the mortal whose name is Tom Marvolo Riddle? Then consider your plea granted.”

The Angel looked at the old man whose face betrayed his surprise that the Angelic entity would actually consider and grant his plea for assistance.

“But great one, what kind of help are you willing to grant us, lowly mortals?”

Behind the hood, Tyrael smiled and said with that ethereal voice of his.

“The Father has seen the deeds you have done Albus and has deemed the Leader of the Chosen ones, worthy of His Grace. He shall receive power equal to mine, to fight against the one called Tom Marvolo Riddle. The only requirement is that he must fight against whatever Father deigns him worthy to fight against, be it Demon or Human.”

With that the Angel’s wing’s, made from strands of light surrounded him and a sword appeared in Tyrael’s hands.

“Here is the finest creation from Father’s forges. This sword is Azurewrath, a sword meant to battle the Prime Evils and destroy them. Let your Chosen One wield it after he is granted the power of the Heavens.”

He felt no remorse about having the holy sword fall into the hands of the blessed one because he knew that the Sin War would finally end by the hands of a Scion of the Light.

Albus was giddy with excitement at that knowledge that Edward would be empowered with the power of Heaven itself. He felt years younger than he had felt before and he asked the Angel to remain there while he fetched the Chosen One.

Eddie was busy concocting the next prank he was going to do upon that greasy bat Snape as he heard the doors slam open behind him and then he turned around to see Uncle Albus come towards him with a look of happiness on his face.

“Come with me, Edward. I want you to meet someone who is going to help you with your power.”

Eddie went with the Headmaster to a room where a magnificent man stood within a circle of some kind with different things scattered all over the circle. He could feel the power that was coming from the man and he heard an ethereally beautiful voice speak.

“Is this the one that has been Chosen, Albus?”

He could see Uncle Albus nod and then the man turned to him and said. “Don’t be afraid young one. This will only benefit you in your fight against the Dark One.”

With that the Archangel began to chant in the holy language that only those of Heaven could speak. The language was ancient and seemed to flow like a river throughout the entire room.

Eddie could feel the language seeping into his bones and body as he suddenly felt like he was being chosen to accept this power. He could feel the power within him and he felt it fill his being as he knew that he would be able to destroy the Dark Lord with this power. He could feel the liquid power being poured into his veins and he felt the crystal hum with the same power as it began to fill his body.

Schwarz his eyes went wide as he began to convulse in his bed, shocking Lily. A ragged scream came from his mouth as he felt like his body was being torn apart and he felt his skin ablaze, like heavenly fire was consuming it. He felt the power of the High Heavens flow through him, like a link had been made with his body and made him feel this way. The power was even worse than the transformation into the Lord of Destruction. He began to shriek in agony as he felt like his skin melting off.

The power began to surround him like an aura and he felt at peace and knew that he could defeat the Dark Lord with ease. He saw two angelic wings come out of his back and he saw their light shine upon the room and he looked at his uncle and he felt like a trace of Darkness was banished.

Harry felt like he was in agony. He had just cast off the name of Schwarz Blut as his features became twisted. He grit his teeth together and he felt his skin changing. It felt like it was melting off and he could feel the power that was now flowing through him.

(What is happening to me! I cannot die like this. This bond must be cut!)

The deep demonic voice echoed through his being and he felt the power of the great Lord of Destruction break free from the restraints and engulf him. He could feel spikes ripping through his flesh as he began to transform into something greater. The blood began to pour from the wounds but he was barely conscious. He felt like his body was beginning to fade away and he felt like Heaven has come to get him. The screech he gave deafened most beings in the immediate vicinity for a few hours.

He felt the power within him break free at the accelerated rate that his body couldn't handle and another screech came forth from his lips. Blood came out of his mouth and the link he felt was broken forcibly. He felt the power within him break so many ties that he had to his humanity that he literally became the Lord of Destruction.

(No I cannot let myself be turned into this beast of Destruction! I must fight to reclaim my human feelings. All my foes shall fall in my wake and I shall show them no compassion. Only those worthy of my love shall receive it. And those worthy of my lust shall feel it.)

He began to feel some feeling slip back into his body and he just let himself drop to the floor. He was exhausted with the overflow of power that was flowing within him. He didn't know why but he felt that there was someone with power equal to his roaming the earth, no doubt in search of him to destroy him.

He looked around to see that several walls had been shattered by the yell and he looked around to see Lily passed out with blood pouring from her ears. He took a closer look around and saw that most of the Dark Elves got bleeding ears. He just sighed and cast a massive healing spell for the Dark Elves and then a concentrated one on his mother.

He sighed as he looked at her unconscious form and then looked around to see a mirror which lay in thousands and thousands of

shards of glass scattered on the floor. He grimaced and repaired the mirror with a quick reparo.

His body shocked him a little bit. Spikes don't usually come out of those places where they were now coming from. It looked like he were some demon hell-bent on destroying the world... oh wait he was one and damn vicious at that.

He looked at his reflection one last time before he willed it all to disappear. He looked at himself and saw that everything was human once again, then reminded himself that he would need to bring back his mother to Grimmauld Place.

He just gently scooped her in his arms and then he was gone as he stepped into a shadow with his quarry. He looked around in the shadows and felt the woman in his arms stir a little bit. He stepped out of the shadows and then looked at his father and he felt resentment go through him. How dared that man try to make his mother's life messed up by not giving her sex? Even though he had a few kids she should at least get some every month at least. That would be needed to keep the relation alive.

He tapped his father on the arm and then slunk back into the shadows and watched how the man turned around., confused as to who had tapped him on the shoulder. Harry stepped from a shadow behind James and then grabbed his arm and placed it behind his back, letting go of Lily for a moment and then he twisted the arm, making his father scream in pain.

"Do you promise not to forget about mother, James?"

His voice was icy and seemed devoid of life. James felt the pain of his twisted arm and knew that his son was standing behind him.

"I won't forget, Harry. Please let go of my arm..."

Harry let go of his father's arm and then grabbed the still sleepy Lily and deposited her into James his arms. James almost fell on his arse as the weight of his wife was placed into his arms and Harry just scowled and then said.

“Put her into bed. She was with me, meeting some of my friends.”

Lily just mumbled something about having a nice day and said good night to Harry. Apparently the shock of having her eardrums burst had made her sleepy and he hoped that she would just sleep it off.

The door burst open and a beaming Albus stepped into the room, startling the order members and Harry immediately trained his wand upon the old man and he looked on as the person he seemed to be encountering a lot stepped in behind Dumbledore with an air of royalty seeming hanging around him.

Eddie Potter was led to the middle of a circle that had been formed by the Order members and Albus spoke up with excitement in his voice.

“The Archangel Tyrael has granted young mister Potter here the power of the Heavens so he may destroy the Dark Lord.”

He stepped aside revealing Eddie who let his wings flare out to their magnificent light.

Harry felt sick... the feeling of nausea flooded his senses as he looked at those pristine light wings and he felt a dark surge of insane hatred flood his senses. His brother would die by his hand, the brother who had chosen the Light instead of the Dark.

Sybil Trelawney, still within the room looked at the pristine angel wings of Edward and she began to prophesize:

One brother for the Light, With wings pristine and pure

Shall fight against the Brother of Darkness, whose wings are black and withered

Their fight shall be the end of the Sin War, the war between the High Heavens and the Pits of Hell

Brother of Light, don't hesitate to slay thy brother

Brother of Darkness, Hesitate with thy fate, to fight the darkness within

Chosen one of Darkness, thy word and actions shall decide the fate of this world, thy ancient soul will yearn for the drums of war to sound once again.

Blood shall flow from thy blade and thy minions shall pour forth from the gates of Hell

Chosen One of Light, your brother shall be one of the Forsaken ones, not redeemable in any way

Slay him, and cleanse this world from the Lord of Destruction, the last of the Prime Evils

Together the brothers shall do battle, to fight for their side

Heaven and Hell will be waging battle in the world of mortal men and a Prophecy is negated

The Saviour has Fallen and the Lord of Destruction has Risen, from the ashes of the Dark One

With that she slumped to the floor, exhausted by the channelling of the Prophecy.

Harry's eyes narrowed and he turned around. His cloak swirled in a Snape-ish fashion as he apparated out, content with knowing the Prophecy while the Order was in turmoil at the prophecy.

A prophecy is made and the brothers will do battle! Eventually...

In the Next Chapter: a confrontation between siblings, a meeting between the Lord of Destruction and the Dark Lord.

Merry Christmas

Meeting between the Lords

He appeared within his room, his head still thinking about the prophecy. So he and his brother would do battle, eh? That would be hard to do since his brother would of course be instructed by the angels whose fighting style depended on mobility and on graceful attacks while the demonic fighting style mainly focused on power and large area attacks with the intent to kill. If matched those styles would cancel each other out. But he still had more fighting experience and would be able to win. He could feel the power flowing through his veins, the black blood boiling at the thought of fighting his now Angelic brother. After all wasn't he the Brother of Darkness spoken of in the Prophecy?

He noticed a door creak behind him and he turned around to look at his eldest sister with narrowed eyes and a wand pointed straight at her heart.

"You did something to mum."

Jezebel had come into his room and was now looking at him with something that could be described as curiosity.

"And what if I did something to mother? Would you spank me, Jezebel?"

Harry looked at his sister and she just gave him a small smile and said.

"You behave almost like a Slytherin. You wouldn't know but that is a house in Hogwarts, the school which you should have attended."

Harry snorted and he decided to try out something he had heard about and didn't have any knowledge of using.

"Why should I behave like some foolish ambitious child?"

Came the hissed reply, curving in the air like a snake and he looked amused at the shocked look wore she on her face.

“You're a parseltongue?”

She moved backwards slightly, almost stumbling over her feet.

Harry looked at her and said.

“Don't worry Jez, I won't be able to hurt you too much. Did you know that I served in the army for a long time?”

A grin came to his face as he looked at her and then continued.

“It felt so good to maim and slaughter the wizards who had caused the Dark Creatures so much pain. You should have seen the containment camps the ministry used in the Dark War. It was absolutely horrifying to see all the raped children and the killed men who didn't follow orders.”

His eyes had widened, giving him an almost maniacal look. His bright emerald eyes glowed at that moment and he said.

“What do you think about Edward having gained the powers of Heaven, Jezebel?”

For a moment he looked at the girl and then began to think about how she would react.

(She'd probably scream that I was being disloyal to the Light and then go fetch Dumbledore like the rest of those retards. That's one thing that I really don't need.)

His internal thoughts went in different paths as she opened her mouth and said.

“I really think the brat wouldn't be able to handle that much power. If God really was smart and all that stuff he would have chosen someone with brains and not someone with that big an ego to have that much power. Eddie is brash, only good as cannon fodder. Then to hear that old bat Trelawney speak what is supposed to be a

prophecy about two brothers fighting each other, one of Light and one of Darkness, is totally unnecessary.”

A small hint of a smile came to his face and he said with a silent command in his voice.

“So you would support the Dark Brother if they ever would have to fight against each other?”

Inwardly he was cheering. There were at least some people in his family who had enough sense to see that Edward was the worst choice to have that much power. There might be some small amount of intelligence brought into the Potter line and not all might have gone to him. His mother must have been the cause of that because he couldn't see James ever giving some thought about a plan before rushing into battle.

(I would like it if Jezebel would join my side. Then I would be able to make a good and solid plan on how to deal with this. The Prophecy would make it harder to implement of course but once that bothersome thing is done with I would like to relax for some time and just have some fun.)

“I don't know. The Dark Brother could be anyone from Lord Voldemort to you. Lord Voldemort and Eddie are connected through the scar he received on his chest.”

(Interesting.)

His mind was thinking about the scar on his soul, where no mark had been made on his body and knew that the man sometimes strolling through his mind and whose mind he occasionally strolled through was Lord Voldemort. He had of course closed the link so that there would be no more visits by the Dark Lord. He grinned as knowledge seemed to flow inside of him. The taint of Heaven still on his physical body but he could feel the Demonic energy coursing through him again. The fact that his brother must have had some connection to him would make the transfer of Heavenly power to him easier and thus almost being able to nullify his Demonic power.

“No, Voldemort doesn’t have the power to be the Dark Brother. The one with the power to be the Dark Brother must be inherited by the Darkest of the Dark, the consort of Darkness itself. The one that lurks in the shadows, the one that makes the lights dim and assassinates without problems.”

He looked at her and then slowly caressed her cheek, his hand, being ice-cold making her shiver at the touch.

“Can you not see? The corruption of this world is only a sign that the Dark brother shall win. Surrender thy fate and thou shalt not be harmed.”

She looked at him and her eyes widened. Harry grinned, revealing razor-sharp teeth and said.

“You won’t tell, will you, my sweet darling Sister? Don’t you love your eldest brother?”

“You are condemning the world...”

She said with fear in her voice as she stumbled backwards, being frightened just by the revelation that her brother was the Dark Brother while her other, more arrogant brother was the Light Brother.

“Maybe I am... but what is there to life if there is no renewal. The world would grow stagnant without change, a change I am intending to bring. Soon all magical and muggle worlds alike shall bow down before my throne, and honour my name, Harry James Potter, the Lord of Destruction.”

The maniacal look in his blood red eyes and the cloak that was billowing in an unseen wind scared her. She had seen enough in her short life and seeing that her brother was some unholy entity hell-bent on destroying the world still frightened her but she spoke nonetheless.

“While I am afraid of you, I also see the Light in that. Renewal is needed. I look at dad and all I see is pureblood morals being imbedded into his skull. I look at mother and see her weep behind the cheerful mask she puts up. She is a captured soul, needing to be set

free. I have heard her speak to herself when she thinks that nobody is in the room. Dad isn't really paying that much attention to her anymore, all his time is devoted to 'Eddie'."

She spat the name like it were a venomous snake and Harry grinned and said.

"I have to depart now, dear sister. I have an appointment that can't wait. Could I get you something?"

At that moment an alarm rang and voices rang out that there was an attack and that everyone needed to be assembled. He grinned and said.

"Well that's just what I needed. I'll see you later. And I'll even bring you a small present..."

With that he apparated outside, leaving behind a content sister. Jezebel went to her room where her sisters were too at the moment and said.

"He's so cool. He even showed me a cool trick with his cloak and did you know that his eyes light up whenever he's excited? He's definitively a better brother than Eddie."

They had asked her to go and talk to Harry about how he would react to different questions but Jezebel had just thought up the answers since she had been wanting to investigate whether Harry was the Dark Brother.

Harry apparated to the battlefield with an unheard crack. He saw the Death Eaters torturing and pillaging, while Voldemort dueled with Dumbledore. A dark smirk became etched on his face as he looked at his surroundings and found himself in Hogsmeade. He looked at them and began to cast spells that would make sure they looked at him.

A clap of thunder accompanied the magic as the ground began to tremble as a portal to Hell appeared, ten Horrors coming from it and

then disappearing. He wanted to see how the Wizards could defend themselves against Demons.

He looked at the monstrosities, not being too tall and commanded them in the language of demons.

“Attack!”

The command was immediately carried out, drawing the attention of the two duellists to him and he watched as the Horrors were blown apart by spells but had managed to kill at least a Death Eater and an Order member.

“VOLDEMORT!”

Harry shouted, his voice changed and booming across the battlefield so nobody would even try and suspect it was he who was the lord of Destruction and the Dark Lord looked at him as Harry began to walk towards the man, hellfire flaring around him and making him look like the Demon he truly was. He looked at the people staring at him and he grinned underneath the hood he wore and he looked at the leader of the Light, Albus Dumbledore and grinned.

“Lord Voldemort I wish for an audience with you. It is about an alliance between the powers of Hell and yourself. I am the Lord of Destruction, the Destroyer of worlds.”

He paused for dramatic effect, and he could hear a rushed silence envelop the battlefield. He looked around and then heard Scottish war cries.

He turned around to see Scottish clansmen rushing at the battlefield accompanied by centaurs. His eyes narrowed and he conjured up a massive fireball, which he held in his hands and said.

“FIREBALL!”

The fireball shot forwards, incinerating everything but one Scotsmen.

Harry walked up and grabbed the man by the neck, the kilt coming loose and showing the man's privates for the world to see.

"Tell me what you are doing here, human!"

The voice was laced with the necessary compulsion spells and just before the man was to rattle off his tale he banished the man in front of both the Order as well as the Death Eaters and cast a Sonorus Charm on the man, making his voice reach every area of the town.

"I was sent here with my fellow clansmen to claim this land as property of the Scottish alliance. The Centaurs have allied with us as we are trying to restore the way of life of the Druids of old. LONG LIVE THE SCOTTISH ALLIANCE AND DEATH TO THOSE WHO RESIST!"

The Scotsman was mown down by a blade that was suddenly thrown at him by Harry. It looked more like a shark dart but Harry had enough. He walked over to a fallen Death Eater and took off the mask, thinking it would make a good gift for Jezebel. After all the girl would expect a present and he would be damned if he didn't indulge his sister.

He went up to Lord Voldemort and said.

"Ready to apparate to my quarters? Don't worry I'll take us there."

He took a hold of the man's sleeve and together they were transported to a part of Hell that didn't have all the tortured souls in it, making it a good place to hold a decent conversation. All the Demons in the room immediately backed away as they saw their Lord appear in the room and Lord Voldemort could only stare as the Demons backed away from the personage of their Lord. Harry conjured up a few chairs and sat down in his, which was crafted like a mockery of a throne and just a little bit more terrifying then Lord Voldemort's, which looked menacing on itself.

"I propose and alliance between us. My soldiers and power could help you conquer the world. We shall both reign different parts, I'll take some while you get Britain. And I shall give you the secret of

Immortality, which you so desire. Do we have a deal?"

Lord Voldemort looked at the dangerous man opposite of him. If he rejected he would face the might of Hell itself but if he accepted he would be able to live forever and rule a part of the world with the Lord of Destruction reigning over the other part.

"I accept."

With those words the deal was sealed and Harry grinned and pulled off the hood, letting his raven locks fall down his face and he looked at the man.

"You won't regret this, Tom Riddle. Just allow me to shackle a piece of your soul in Hell to be kept here and you shall never die. With your soul in fragments and one piece locked in a place beyond the ability of humans to pass it shall be contained."

A simple hand motion from Harry and Lord Voldemort screeched in agony as his soul was torn in two and one piece of it was stored into the Throne he sat on, which was then placed into a hallway after Voldemort had left, never to be touched by Demons again on pain of death and eternal torture.

Harry grabbed the man and said.

"We'll take a small detour. We'll go to my ancestral house to pick up a few things and then you can go. Take care not to use magic for the next two days since it will be healing from ripping your soul. But rejoice, for you are now immortal."

Harry grinned and grabbed the man's robes and looked at the ruby-red eyes and the black hair and then they just disappeared out of Hell and appeared straight behind Jezebel.

She felt something behind her and the first thing she saw was two blood red eyes and when she lowered her gaze she saw a kneeling handsome youngman with black hair, looking at her with ruby-red eyes.

“Sister, meet Lord Voldemort. Lord Voldemort, meet my sister, Jezebel Potter or otherwise known as the only Potter daughter to have gone Dark or at least allied with me.”

He looked at her and he grinned. All depended on her reaction. He briefly wondered when Voldemort would notice that he was young once again.

She looked at the handsome man and couldn't imagine him being the Dark Lord. She looked at the handsome face that was looking at her and she smiled and then bowed.

“Pleased to meet you, Milord.”

She saw him smile and heard him say.

“What a polite sister you have, Might I know your name?”

She looked at Harry and said.

“You haven't even told him your name? How rude.”

Harry just shook his head and said after taking a look around and seeing that they were currently in Jezebels room.

“Well Jez I didn't think it important enough.”

He turned to Lord Voldemort and said.

“My name is Harry James Potter, Lord of Destruction, Infusco Necrotis, Schwarz Blut and some other names. Pleased to meet you.”

Voldemort just stared. The girl was sweet looking but he sensed darkness within her soul. Within the young lad, the darkness was feeling much stronger then even he, the Dark lord could ever have. This alliance between them was necessary because it guaranteed his survival as well as eternal life.

“Pleased to meet you. Since we have an alliance please tell me this, why does a Potter ally itself with Darkness and how did you become what you are now?”

Harry just laughed a short bark of laughter and he said with a voice eerily reminiscent of Dumbledore.

“That is a story for another time. Come on. Give me a mental image and I’ll teleport you there. You don’t have to worry about possibly making you a squib if I teleport you. At first I was going to let you apparate yourself there but that could render you a Squib and since I would need you to help me out a little bit I would have to teleport you.”

An image was immediately picked up by Harry’s Legilimency from Voldemort who had lowered his mental shields to allow the image to seep through and Harry teleported them straight to it.

They appeared in Lord Voldemort’s throne room and Harry let go of the man, making sure that the man was on his feet as they had teleported in and then left with a small message that he had to be home or the Fried Chickens would get suspicious, leaving behind Lord Voldemort to cackle maniacally about his immortality.

In the Potter home Albus Dumbledore and James Potter were having a conversation about one Harry James Potter.

“It sounds like a good idea that he would stay at Hogwarts. Both he and his brother would be well-protected there and maybe Harry can learn some magic there.”

It was almost as if James thought that his son would need to be educated in what he thought was magic. He was still ignorant that his son would NOT like the idea of going to an old castle to learn how to turn cups into mice and vice versa.

Albus cut in with a new topic, the Scottish clans.

“James, I think that to make sure that the Light will have the support of the Clans, that you would need to go to one of the Clan Heads and

ask for a possible alliance. You are best suited for the task child, since the Potters have Celtic origins and may be able to persuade them to join our side.”

James just nodded and sighed.

“I’ll inform Lily that I’ll need to go away. I’ll see you when I return, Professor.”

With that the man apparated to where his wife was, or at least where she last had been according to what he knew.

Harry won’t like what’ll happen in the next chapter! A new school to go to... Boredom strikes, Jezebel gets a present and Lily is horrified as she learns that her husband is going away... again...

Will the Lord of Destruction and his Flower ever get together?

P.S.: for those idiots that still don’t know what the hell I’m talking about, even though they know that this is in the Harry/Lily section and has numerous mentions of Harry and Lily in intimate situations, this WILL be a Harry/Lily Potter.

I hope that the last comment above will not be needed. It’s merely a small reminder that some people might be so stupid...

Ah just ignore it...

Give me a review and I’m Happy

Happy New Year! I wish everyone the best for 2006!

Off to School we are shipped, by our parents oh so dumb!

“So you are attempting to keep me away from all things that happen, don’t you old goat! I am the eldest son, the next in line for the Potter House. You can’t expect me, an eighteen year old to go off to that stupid school of yours just to learn some magic that really doesn’t serve a use but for parlour tricks!” Harry was working himself up about the fact that he would have to attend Hogwarts just because his father had the oh-so-brilliant idea that he would need to learn the spells.

“But you need to learn at least SOME magic!” was James his counterargument and Harry just looked at the man, stupefied by the idea that he had already forgotten that his son had fought in the Dark War. “Of course do I know some magic! I can cast Crucio, Avada Kedavra and Imperio flawlessly. It’s something most soldiers learn when fighting in a war. And I’d have to control myself not to go off and butcher the children of those bastards that killed most of my team.” His eyes seemed to glow with an inner light as he couldn’t believe the stupidity of the one who had put him with the Dursleys and seemed to have at least a small hand in creating him, only donating some of his bodily fluids for the deed and not really doing very much more about it...

James seemed to be shocked that his own son knew the three Unforgiveable’s and sputtered something about him needing to learn at least the basics. Harry just glared and then sighed. It was so hard to even think coherently after he had just awoken. It was too early in the morning to think too much about it. It seemed all like some4 weird dream to him, not really wanting to make sense out of it all.

Harry just nodded as James pressed him to go to school and he saw the man grin at him and say that he knew that his son would live up to the standard of a Marauder. A black owl came through a window and deposited a letter on top of Harry’s head. Harry growled something about mangy mutts not knowing when to leave an ailing young man alone and then opened the letter using a knife to cut the wax.

Infusco Necrotis,

Hereby we invite you and your girlfriend to join the banquet tonight as it is a memorial to our win of the Dark War. We are expecting you around eight, dress fancy and make sure that everything is in order.

The Five Lords

P.S: Be sure to be there! I'd love to meet that girlfriend of yours! F. G.

P.P.S.: Like Fenrir said: nbring that lovely lass back again and we'll have a party. KZ

P.P.P.S.: Be sure to wear appropriate clothing. Last time you embarrassed my sister!

The comment of the vampire king was funny. Last time he had danced with the sister of the man and he had accidentally ripped off a part of her dress and they had just continued dancing. With him being halfway past the point of drunkenness and thus he fondled her breasts, something which she didn't mind. The Vampire King did mind and Harry had to evade numerous decapitating blows and other nasty things one could do with a sword and a very large paddle.

He looked at his mother and he gulped. This might not be the time to do this but it would serve as a good lesson in the future: " Mom? Would you be available tonight to go somewhere with me?"

She raised an eyebrow and said; "What exactly are you thinking of, Dear?" she was a little bit puzzled why he was asking her and she saw him point towards the hallway and they stood up together and walked out of the door to resume the talk there.

"Mom I would need you to come with me to a ball that is going to be held around 8. I'm sure I would get in some major trouble if you don't show up with me as my girlfriend. Are there any Order members going to the Remembrance of the War ball? Otherwise we would be in major trouble if we get spotted." I hope she agrees. It's my neck on the line here.

She pondered about what he was asking her. She still looked good according to most people and looked young enough to be his girlfriend. She didn't really see the problem with all the things that were going on at the moment and she just nodded and said: "As long as there isn't going to be much fighting then I'll be there with you, as your girlfriend... Although I think this should be kept a secret from your father. I doubt that would go over well with him..."

Harry just chuckled and said: "If I hadn't claimed you as my girlfriend then you would still be with the Dark Elves, pumping out children... they tend to use human women as baby factories. And I wouldn't like to see my mother get by Dark Elves just to supply them with children..." he looked at her, his eyes turning red and seemed to burn with their own infernal light. "I will protect you mother. If I can't do that then I don't deserve to be called a child of yours. I swear by the forces of Hell themselves that you shall be saved no matter what will happen. Should your husband cast you out for some imagined slight, I shall help you regain your prestige, should you be shunned by people, and then those people will die. This oath I swear to Lily Evans-Potter!" With an irony clang the oath was recognised by the magic and Harry could feel the Heavenly part of his magic begin to seep into her, changing her to the heavenly image of an angel standing there. His eyes filled with tears as he beheld her marvellous body and said: "Fall... Fall.... FALL...FALL!"

His voice was hoarse as he began to claw at the image of his mother and witnessed as she was ripped apart, her blood staining his body, her flesh being devoured by his mouth, savouring the taste.

He grits his teeth as a soft hand caressed his cheek and he looked at his mother, having fallen to his knees once the oath was made. "Harry? Is everything alright? After you swore that oath you blacked out." She looked at him with care in her eyes and for a moment he could feel the inner darkness being driven out of his body and he felt tears coming out of his eyes. "Mom... Thank you." his mouth spoke those words with utmost sincerity in them and she just stroked his hair, whispering that it was alright and that she was delighted to come with him.

He still had at least one small trace of love within his body. The love that a son has for its mother isn't that easily expelled from the body

although most of the material relating him to a human was expelled, leaving faint traces of Potter blood within his veins so he could still access the Potter grounds....

He looked at her and said: "I'll get you a nice dress, I'll make sure it's the finest of the finest." With that he apparated out of the house, leaving Lily within the hallway. She looked at the place where her son had been only moments before and a tear slid down her face. "What could you do, my sweet, sweet son? What could you do against it?" she stood up and then went to go and prepare for the ball. A woman needs her time to prepare; after all it wouldn't do to look bad on a party which will have important people attending.

Harry apparated back into the Potter house around 6, dressed in clothes that seemed befitting one of his station, a regal cloak wrapped around his shoulders, in his hand a beautiful dress which was glittering with rare stones on it. His hair seemed to be orderly for once and he looked at the world with his emerald gaze. His robes were made of high quality silk from Acromantula's and he looked at the woman who he had apparated next to with his eyes shimmering with untold feelings. She looked good even though she wasn't particularly dressed. "Here is your dress, mother."

She looked at the dress and closed her eyes at the brilliance of the dress. It looked stunning and too valuable to put on her. "Call me Lily on the ball. It wouldn't do to address me as mother when I'm posing as your girlfriend, now would it? Now please get out, I need to change." She laughed as she could hear some embarrassed muttering from him and then she heard the door open and be shut by him.

Around 7 PM did she exit her room and she saw her son stand there, looking absolutely surprised at how she looked. She had to admit that there was a certain beauty about the way the dress showed her features and her red hair making her look exquisite to everyone looking at her. It didn't really matter that he was taller than her, all that mattered was the ball and the fact that her son would need to attend with her. She didn't mind playing the girlfriend one time since it looked like it could be a lot of fun.

Harry apparated the two of them to the hall where the party would get started. She looked around and saw several of the most feared Dark Creatures help each other out with the preparations for the ball. "GREYBACK! GET YOUR MANGY HIDE OVER HERE!"

Harry's voice snapped her thoughts back onto him and her presence here in the room seemed threatened by so many of the creatures as she realised that at any command from the leaders, they would be killed. She looked at the man who came over to her son with a rushed speed and then tackled him to the ground, the yellowy nails being spotted by her as being extremely long and unkempt. "Kid! How dare you win last time! I was sure that I'd win and there you go, stealing all my money away with a simple royal flush."

She was stunned by the behaviour as she saw the most feared werewolf alive play with her son in such a friendly way. Play was the wrong word for it. There seemed to be some camaraderie between her son and the much older, Lord of the Werewolves.

Fenrir noted the pretty woman looking at them and said; "Hi, This your girlfriend, Infusco? She's a pretty lass, I'll give you that. Come sit next to me at the party. I'll be sure to give you some of that special drink that we always seem to be drinking whenever we get together. The rest of them vampire pansies don't drink the stuff, even when mixed with blood, stating that they won't drink the vile liquor. Just because their prince got so drunk off his ass and then harassed that pretty girl at a public party was just a thing to make it unpopular." The werewolf stumbled away, mumbling something about getting an apprentice to sit next to him so he didn't have to sit next to a prissy ass....

The ball finally started and Harry took a seat next to Fenrir, like he had told the man that he would and when he looked at the man he saw that he was looking at a man who seemed aged and weary and who was currently standing at a few feet from the Lord of Werewolves. "Infusco, let me introduce you to one of my new apprentices, Remus Lupin."

Harry looked at the man who was a friend of his father and said: "I believe we have already met, Fenrir. Mister Lupin and my father

share some history due to going to a school together, one of which I'm to attend to if my father pushes his wish for me to go." He looked at the man with his piercing green eyes and said: "Infusco Necrotis, pleased to meet you, Remus."

The predatory grin that was on his face was unnerving the werewolf who had gained the knowledge that the eldest son of his best friend was the Dark General, Infusco Necrotis, killer of oh-so-many wizards and witches in the name of the Dark Alliance. Albus wasn't going to be happy about this and he doubted that James would. His old friend seemed so tensed the last weeks, constantly talking about how Edward would defeat the Dark lord when he was older and how the Dark Lord would die in different ways, by Eddie's hand. Remus didn't know what to think. He barely saw Lily around but when he saw her he could sense that there was a hint of depression in her demeanour. She seemed to be so depressed that it seemingly clung to her, making the air depressive to be around her.

Fenrir looked at his new apprentice and just shrugged and said: "And there is Infusco's current girlfriend, one of which the name still hasn't been given. What's yer name lass?"

He looked at the pretty girl who just looked back at him and said: "Lily Evans-Potter."

Remus was about to faint. His best friend's wife had just been introduced as her own son's girlfriend and she had just given her name to the Lord of Werewolves without a thought of what the werewolf would do. "So you are the mother or whatever you are of the one who is hailed to be the Boy-Who-Lived or something of that crap? Infusco must have been lucky to pick you up somewhere."

Harry grinned and said: "You know I have excellent taste in women, Fenrir. Didn't you once say that I was rather like you in bed, Loud, Noisy and rough?" Fenrir looked at him for a second before clapping him on the back and beginning to laugh as the memory came back to the man about that evening when they had all gotten drunk and had held a contest to see who could screw the most women within three hours. Harry had only won because he looked so cute... he had been nine at the time but looked thirteen at least. Harry continued his speech; "And do remember that I once have said that once a woman

is found suitable that I would never let her go? Well Lily is that woman who I would never let go. I even cried when she told me that she would be happy to go to this small party with me.”

Fenrir looked at Lily with a stare that clearly said that nobody was to talk or else get their guts exposed at the next full moon. She didn't budge and inch and he said: “Well... she has some spirit within her. I think she'll be a good match.” Harry could not help but agree to that by nodding and stating: “Of course she is a good match. And I'll only need to do some dark ritual and she'll look like she's twenty once again... And the fact that we love each other a lot isn't really much of a surprise since my real name is, and always has been, Harry James Potter...” Fenrir looked at his young acquaintance with something of admiration and he said: “You are dating your own mother? Cool... that's something you don't see a lot. Congratz kiddo. Finally you've outdone me, your powerful mentor!”

The man struck a pose and Harry had to suppress a shudder... Fenrir didn't know how wrong he looked when he did that pose. The guy was magical and a homicidal guy but the way that he seemed to pose just suggested something that was odd and it had always been a point that irked Harry about the man but he didn't find any solution to that problem. He had tried to make the guy stop but somehow the posing must have been imprinted on the man's mind in some irreparable way because the guy did it whenever he had a feeling that it was needed.

Then it was time to dance...

Next chapter will be the dance... and the return to the Potter mansion... with a confrontation with everybody's favourite Light! Sided Werewolf!

And I'm currently looking for a beta who would like to help me with my dialogue since it sucks...

PLEASE REVIEW!

The Werewolf who knew too much...

He took his mother's hand, leading her to the dance floor. People cleared their path as he strode past them, the elegant and beautiful redhead by his side. When the music started, they began to slowly waltz over the dance floor, Harry taking the lead and Lily following. Harry was an expert with dancing this way, wanting to be in control of everything even if he would have to do some miracles to do something.

She looked at her son and felt pride well up within her chest. She looked at his eyes, which had turned a bloody crimson and smiled. "Did you know that our eyes are now blood red, Harry?" she looked into his eyes and saw the fire within them burn. As he took a step and she followed, continuing the dance with the unnatural grace that seemed to be instilled in both of them.

He looked at her green eyes and found himself lost in their depths. He could see why his father had married this woman and most of it was simply attraction. Her red hair seemed to be able to make him feel strange whenever he looked at it and the way the dress hugged her curves made him want to rip it off and just take her this instant. The thought was banished for a later moment as he could sense that while most of the people wouldn't agree with it, the people in this room could be trusted, or else they'd be executed on the spot. The only thing that would be too much of a bother was that werewolf, Lupin who would immediately tell his father unless offered a reasonable explanation for their appearance on a party that would satisfy the wolf. She looked into those bloody red eyes and saw the driving force within them and it staggered her mentally to see so much raw emotion within those eyes. She felt strange, like she was doing something unnatural and before she knew it, she was pulled close and their lips touched, Harry giving her a kiss on her lips as a small gesture of affection. They heard the music change and a quick tango was performed by the two of them, moving with the same grace that they had used moments ago.

Through all this, Remus watched as mother and son danced, not really comprehending the things that were happening. He looked at them and he pondered whether to leave and tell James about his son and his wife dancing together at a gathering of Dark Creatures or just waiting this one out and going back after he had talked to them both.

His blood was sizzling with the arcane magic that he was slowly gathering, hoping to make the most of it. He had a grand amount of power at his fingertips, aching to be used but now was not the time. This was the time to forge a good and steady bond with his mother so that they could spend some time together and get to know each other. The thought of Incest wasn't on his mind as he looked at her delicate face which was framed by a sea of red locks, reminding him so much of blood that was freshly spilled.

Remus looked at the dancing pair with apprehension to approach the pair as they held the attention of most of the lords of the Five countries of Dark Creatures and that it might be a bad thing if he talked to them, drawing too much attention to them. He looked into Harry's eyes and saw nothing but something that was clearly love for his mother and some other things that he couldn't quite identify. He looked at the couple as they began to do a difficult dance which involved a lot of twisting and turning, Harry taking the lead, making Lily move with grace that she seemed to have. He looked at the dancing mother and son and then looked at the Lord of the Werewolves and said; " Fenrir, could you tell me why you invited him here"

The Lord of Werewolves looked at the apprentice and then smiled, or at least tried to. " Loopie, I'm sure that Harry would like to be with this celebration because he was the one to lead the Werewolves and the rest of the Dark Creatures into battle against the ministry. He hates wizards now and I can barely understand the kid at the moment. He seems like a totally different person at the moment, the Dark lord isn't even as cruel as Harry can be. As Infusco Necrotis he has a bounty of 1 million galleons on his head but it probably would never be able to be cashed just because the kid is a pure killing machine..." that moment a knife imbedded itself in the table and Fenrir looked up to see Harry glaring at him with his eyes turning a blood crimson.

In a flare of dark fire Harry felt something happening as some otherworldly power took a hold of his body and hoisted him in the air, his wings and his form coming out, making him appear like the Lord of Destruction. “ Hear my words and know that this is the truth and nothing but the truth. I, the Lord of Destruction have seen this world and I intend to change it. Hear this prophecy and write it down...”

The feeling took over his body and a hoarse voice recited the Prophecy that would complement the other one.
The Dark Brother shall look at his kin

Light and Darkness...

His fate not decided by mortal me, but by himself

His Brother shall not rest until the other is defeated, for he sites his Elder brother

Children they may be, but not in mind.

Brother of Darkness, the Eldest and Brother of Light, the Elder being forsaken by akkl, for he is the Forsaken one

The Light within the youngest shall illuminate his path as he will bring about a new darkness, his name not to be spoken by anyone but his loved ones

His mother he shall marry, his father to be defied...

His family torn between supporting him or opposing him...

Blood shall be spilt on holy ground, its presence spreading the taint of Darkness

The Brother of Light shall have the Power that the Brother of Darkness knows not

The Dark one shall battle against his brother with his allies, shunned by most

It shall end when the moon turns bright and the sun blackens, to reveal the new world to everyone...

The Prophecy came out of his throat and the power keeping him standing made him feel weak at the moment. He looked around to see awe displayed on the faces of everyone and he saw that a scribe had just finished penning the Dark prophecy down and Harry could feel his wings being slightly raw and tender as he stretched them a little bit.

He looked around and then looked at everyone, not having heard himself what the Prophecy detailed. He looked at Lupin who seemed frantic to get away and his blood red eyes narrowed for a moment and he slowly strode towards the werewolf, the people parting before him like the sea did to Moses. He looked at the man and said: "Remus Lupin... Come to me."

A crack of apparition filled the air and Harry mentally cursed and went to his mother, taking a hold of her hand. "You Obliviate him, I'll take you to where he aparated to but I can't really do too much." with a small wave of his hand they disappeared and went into a shadow, their existence being spread thin and he looked at the blurry figures that were all around him and then he looked at the man who appeared out of thin air and then he held onto his mother, making sure that she would be able to hit the man with an Obliviate.

"Remus." Her voice rang out from the shadow and the man looked around, confused as to why he was hearing her voice. A beam of light shot out and Remus dodged it. "Why do you keep resisting the inevitable?" Harry's voice rang out and his blood red eyes glowed in the shadow, making his mother's eyes light up too, the piercing green stare looking at them.

Another beam shot out as Lily once again cast the spell, Remus dodging it again. "This is useless Remus. Harry is just too strong to really be of much use to Dumbledore and that's why I support Harry." Remus looked at her and said: "Why would Dumbledore do such a thing? He's simply looking out for the good of humanity..."

“ And that’s why he decided that my little brother should be the Boy-Who-Lived and be the min fighter against Voldemort. I was forced to go and live at my Aunt and Uncle’s house were I was abused. HE created me, the Lord of Destruction... well...” Harry paused for a second and then continued. “ He made me so angry at you wizards that I just want to kill of all of you so that there would be no oppression. The strange shard that you found this summer is now within my body and the soul of the Lord of Destruction has merged with mine, creating the ultimate Lord of Destruction.” His voice stopped for a moment and they appeared out of the shadows and Harry looked at Remus with a small hint of a sadistic grin on his face, brandishing a staff, making sure to keep it on Remus. “ Would you please Obliviate him and make sure that he remembers nothing of the Prophecy. I don’t really mind him knowing that I know Fenrir but the truth about me being Infusco must remain with you and me together...”

She nodded and then pointed her wand at the man, keeping it pointed at a point between his eyes and then she looked at the man and then made sure that she looked him in the eyes and said: “ I’m Sorry Remus. Please forgive me...” with that the energy came from her wand and erased most memories about the ball except that Harry was there talking with Fenrir Greyback and that he was dancing with an unknown lady.

“ How are you at the moment Remus?” Harry had gone back to the party with the excuse that he had to go back to finish a talk he had with the Lords. She looked at him and then the werewolf looked at her and then made sure that she had tucked her wand away. She looked at the man and watched as his look lingered on the dress she was wearing and then he asked her a question. “ Why is it that Harry’s scent is lingering on that dress so much, Lily?”

Her eyes looked downward and then made sure that she was emotionally blank and she said: “He gave me the dress and we went out tonight. I had a fun time with him. He took me to a party and paid for everything. It really makes me happy to see that my son is such a well-connected guy.” Remus his eyes widened and he said; “ Did you two go to a party hosted by the Lords of the five dark countries? Because if you did then I might have seen you. “ she was unable to lie to this man and she said; “ Then it probably was me and Harry.

The food was good but he had to talk about something with his friend called Fenrir. The man looked slightly idiotic but then again we are talking about a Dark creature. I never found out what exactly he was." She paused for a moment., thinking about what she had said. Remus looked at her and visibly calmed down. " He didn't hurt you, did he?" she shook her head as a negative answer and then he looked at her and said: " Fenrir Greyback is the Lord of Werewolves and a very dangerous man. If Harry manages to have him as a friend then I can't fathom what his sphere of influence would be with the rest of the Lords. Fenrir is one of the most stubborn people I had the displeasure of meeting and once that crazy old man has set his eyes on something then he won't let it go."

Lily stalked off towards her room, thinking about what Remus had said to her. She was not to tell anything to Harry about this but she would do it just because he was her son and he had such dreamy red eyes that seemed to set her heart on fire and make her feel light headed and weak in the knees whenever she stared into them for some amount of time.

Harry appeared on the party once again and immediately was persuaded to join in on a small game of blackjack with Fenrir who was playing it against the rest of the Lords.

It would be very late until Harry returned, drunk due to the liquor he had consumed and immediately fell down on his bed when he apparated into his room, only to be found there in the morning by an inquisitive Jezebel who had come to warn him that he must pack because he was going to Hogwarts on that morning.

A new chapter finished and I hope you like this story because I am showing no signs of stopping to write this yet...

I hope to get many reviews for this from all the people who support my work and I hope that this story is still pleasing to read... please give me comments on my writing style and if I am doing some things all wrong then please point them out and I will take note of it and then probably won't make the same mistake... I hope...

I hope many people will still like my work even though I will probably have a lull in the writing due to some tests that are coming up in two weeks.

Hogwarts

He looked at the girl who had come to wake him and he stepped out of bed, not really noticing her startled gasp as she saw the signs of arousal on his body, a thing that had happened when you got a dream about a hot woman doing all sorts of things to your body.

She simply stared at him and he gave her a pointed look which stated: get out or I'll do something very bad to you. Then he turned around and began to get his robes in order, for he would need to do something today which involved everybody's favorite Dark Lord, actually restoring his magical power once again. He would need to do that before dusk set in or else the man would be rendered a muggle.

He exited his room, making almost no sound while doing so and he grabbed his eldest sister by her waist, dragging her towards him in a playful gesture and having the satisfaction to see her blush. She looked at the man who her brother had become and like her mother also had felt, a pulse of something traveling down her spine and she could feel her body shutting down at his touch, her mind being inflamed by his touch, which she didn't feel able to explain.

He looked at her and then managed to look innocent and said;: " Is something bothering you, sister?" she looked at him and then glared, not really thinking it all that funny to be heard coming from his mouth. He looked at her and then he grinned and slowly began to walk away, making sure to do some sexy maneuvers with his ass.

He grinned before he remembered exactly which day it was. The first day of school, one school he would have to attend if he would like to keep up the façade of him being an obedient boy to the order.

He entered the dining room and he grinned. He had been sure that there wouldn't be many people attending dinner but he was proven wrong as he saw his little brother sit there on the table like he owned the damn thing. He looked at them and then he felt a surge of power spring onto his fingertips as he saw his brother gorge himself on some waffles. He looked at the child that was his little brother and he could not help but suppress a sigh of disappointment at the sight of

the child who was eating too much to be healthy, although he knew that the divine power would keep Eddie in a fit shape. " Father."

His voice cut through the chatter like a knife went through butter and he looked at the man who seemingly had been able to create him within his mothers womb and he received an answer: " Yes Harry?" Harry looked at the man and said; " I am supposed to go to school today, am I not?" he grinned as his father tried to decipher his wording and Harry could feel a minor headache come up to him.

The man nodded excitedly and said; "You are going to school with your little brothers and sisters. I just know you'll be a proud Gryffindor like the rest of your family has ever been. No Potter has ever been in Slytherin." Harry could not help but scowl at that, making his handsome face contort in an uglier version of itself and he glared at his father. "Could I join you at the table or should I remain standing all the time?" he had seen that there would be no chair free for him and James just smiled apologetically and then magicked up a chair.

Harry sat down and helped himself to some waffles coupled with a few sausages, also grabbing some pancakes, although it really wasn't necessary to eat them. He just liked pancakes with syrup and since they were mostly ignored by the Order and the other people on the table, he just grabbed them and made sure that they disappeared, eating the sausages afterwards and then the waffles, making sure that he would be able to gain as much nourishment as possible.

Afterwards he was escorted to a room by a few order members who told him to stay put. He didn't like it one bit and he absently fingered one of his long daggers affectively. After ten minutes of waiting did Dumbledore enter and he looked at it and then he felt a memory return to him.

Flashback

He was two years old at the time and he remembered how the thin woman was screeching at him to get up and do some things for her. She had kicked him once to get him to move and the small child did as he was told, not really understanding why he was needed to do it when the other child still was snoozing contently. He looked at the woman as she handed him a rag and ordered him to clean most of

the table legs. She did it first to show him what to do and after he had learned she left him alone to do it, not really thinking too much about how he would complete it all. He had started to work on the table legs and wonder why aunt and uncle were so mean to him.

Another flashback happened; he was around four years in age at that moment.

Flashback

He looked at his aunt as she commanded him to do the dishes or else Vernon would come and do the thing to him once again. He looked at the woman, hatred coursing through his veins, not really caring too much for the woman. He looked at the woman with his green eyes turning blood red and let loose a wave of what was later identified to be a concussive wave of magic at Petunia who crumpled to the floor thanks to the concussive wave. He had stormed out of the house, not ready for the punishment that his uncle would give him. He had wandered the streets as a child until he had been found by Jack who had taken him in and raised him, making sure that he wouldn't be subjected to torture and not realizing that the child he had taken in had a penchant for sadism.

Harry remembered how his uncle used to try and 'beat the freakishness out of his disgusting little hide'. He remembered how he had hated the pain and how it had made him bitter. His first thing to do afterwards was to make sure that whoever crossed his path was killed in a spectacular way which would totally make no sense to anyone sane. James had learned that sending Harry on a mission to eliminate people was a good thing since it made him loosen up a little bit and get rid of some of that anger that the child kept pent up within him. Knives and other things weren't often absent from his torture sessions and if provoked he was able to out-duel most normal people, even at the age of eight. By the time he had grown to be twelve years old, he already had a large amount of knowledge from the arcane as well as some good friends, including Fenrir Greyback who had been visiting James one day with a message from some of the Lords including the Lord of Vampires.

Fenrir had immediately asked him whether he would be able to fetch James, which Harry did immediately. The only thing that was obvious

about the relationship he had with James was that there was a picture in the living room of James and Harry. For all other accounts Harry was the apprentice of James and his own heir in ways that went beyond human knowledge.

END FLASHBACK

He was jerked out of his thoughts by Albus Dumbledore's voice: "Are you alright Harry?" Harry's eyes focused on the man and he nodded, not willing to speak. He looked at the man, his green eyes flaring with some sort of inner fire as he saw Eddie and the rest of the family stand close by. He looked at the piece of rope which would serve as the portkey or even a waypoint to get to the school. He didn't have much interest in following an education but that way it would be better to keep tabs on everyone and make sure that there would be no problems for his takeover of this world.

He grabbed the rope and the world swirled and he felt a touch behind his navel as the portkey activated and brought him to a place where he had never been before. He looked at the bright red steam engine and could not help but snort in distaste. His eyes looked at the people on the station and he let go of the piece of rope, not really wanting to be around the obnoxious side of his family any longer. He looked around and saw that there was a good place to disappearate next to a blonde man who he recognized as Lucius Malfoy.

He made his way to the man and then began to slip past the man, not really wanting his presence to be known. He made an illusion come over his face which made his eyes light up reddish as anyone looked at them. He looked at the deserted place and then disappeared with a crack. He looked at the Dark lord as he sat on a bed, the soul imprisoned within Hell leading him to the Dark Lord's body. He looked at the man and then he said: "You look pretty weak without the magic that you possessed. Don't worry I will restore your magic now." He looked around and saw a book on the man's lap which was titled: Forces of Hell and other Hellspawn. It even kept up to date on what Demons were populating Hell and it seemed to be a picture of Baal, the old Lord of Destruction. So the man knew how futile it was to fight against him... that would be a good thing because he was going to use Hell as a backup plan using the Death Eaters as the human cannon fodder.

He looked at the man and then touched the area where the heart should be, not really wanting to make a big show out of it. He could feel the empty core and the ripped soul and then forced some magic within it, ensuring loyalty to him at a subconscious level so he wouldn't be double-crossed,. It wouldn't do for a human to outwit him. After all he is the Lord of Destruction and Ruler of Hell itself so he had to keep up a good face in front of the Demons or else there might be a revolt.

"Your magic is restored, Lord Voldemort. Now we shall make sure that nothing will ever resist us again! Attack the Hogwarts Express but be careful with my family. If I see your Death Eaters torturing or killing them you might want to give them up as a lost cause because I'm willing to make sure that they won't survive." Lord Voldemort nodded and said; "It shall be a great blow against the Wizarding world to strike when their children are vulnerable. Any people you would like to have killed or shall I make sure that you will have some small amount of free movement by instructing my Death Eaters not to attack you?" Harry absently nodded, his mind occupied with other things. He didn't really like protect ing his family... well the males of the family could get killed for all that he cared but the females were something that worried him. His mother could hold her own in a duel and his eldest sister should know enough to kill most Death Eaters but none of the Inner Circle. And there would of course be his idiotic brother who would mess things up royally. This would pose for some sort of dilemma but he would have to bear it. He would need to appear to the world as a worthy elder brother to the Boy-Who-Lived and not be some sort of Death Eater in the making. If the media portrayed him like that then most of his efforts would be in vain as his brother held a great deal of popularity.

He apparated away, leaving behind a determined Lord Voldemort who would strive to make sure that the attack went as suggested. It was on his mind too, to attack something of great value but he had been focusing on the ministry and not given much thought to other things since the Ministry made it hard for him to gather troops and do other illicit things.

Harry apparated once again and walked back to the Potters, his eyes holding a knowing glint as they turned an emerald green once again

and he looked at his mother and hugged her from her back, his chest leaning against her back and making her give a startled yelp. "Mom, I'll miss you..." without giving James a hug he went inside the train, his eyes casting dark glances at everyone he met. The students looked at him with surprise as he chose a compartment which held his sisters. As the train started moving he looked at them and he said: "There are a set of standard Hogwarts robes for me, I hope?" his tone was slightly hopeful, otherwise he would need to go in dressed like he was, in dark robe with a face which seemed ominous enough to make sure that he looked exactly like the Lord of Destruction which he was.

Jezebel shook his head and she said; "You'll be a Seventh year and no there aren't any robes for you. So you'll have to go and wear whatever it is you are wearing now..." Harry grinned and said; "Did you remember our little guest from a few days ago?" he looked at Jezebel's reaction and then saw that her mouth was hanging open a few centimeters and she looked stunned. "I see you still remember him. Well he told me that there will be a meeting of him and me on the train within an hour or something... I don't really know because he still needed some time to get his little friends together but at least he has his magic back once again after making a deal with the devil. Damn cheeky bastard still not living up to his promise but hey, the day is still young..."

"He is coming here?" she squeaked, scared by the thought that Lord Voldemort actively sought them out on the train, which must mean that an attack must be planned by the Dark Lord... She looked at her brother, not really sure if he was making a joke or that he was completely serious. She heard a knock at the door and saw that there were two girls standing there, one blonde and one with black hair. The one with the black hair was extremely pretty and the other with the blonde hair seemed to have a refined elegance around her. The black-haired one looked positively mad as she seemed to have her eyes fixated on Harry. With a wave the door opened and immediately the black-haired girl sat on Harry's lap, her lips on his, making contact with the lips of the black-haired youth. He looked at her and then began to feel the power within her and felt her being a succubus and realized who she was. "Bella?"

The succubus looked at Harry, her eyes turning crimson for a moment before becoming normal once again. "Yes Master? Would you like to have some fun with me right now?" she ground her crotch against his in a very obvious way and a grin appeared on his face and he said; "Not now Bella. I believe that there might be some fun on the way for you. Why don't you keep yourself restrained until we get to Hogwarts... It would be bad to just do it in front of my little sisters. Although it might arouse them too so they might join in with the fun..." he grinned and he looked at the faces which were all flabbergasted as he had said that. He grinned and then said to clear the stunned air in the room. "Just a joke girls. I'd never do any of you... you are too young for my tastes anyways. I like a woman who is mature in most ways."

Absently he noted that an hour had passed and suddenly an explosion rocked the train, making him grin in anticipation. He looked at Bellatrix and said; "Well... it seems that Voldie boy and his troupe of Death Munchers have arrived. I'm sorry girls but I need to be off, fighting. I'll see you later..." with that he was gone, leaving behind two adult witches in the guise of young witches and three girls of his own blood. After he had stepped out, he magically sealed the compartment so only he could enter at will and then looked around for any sign of combat.

He saw students passing him and he took a moment to compose himself as he ducked from a stray blasting hex which obviously came from a Death Eater. He looked at the fighting and then he made sure that there was no-one looking at him and then made his form shimmer into the guise of the Lord of Destruction, not really caring too much about it all., just making sure the cloak stayed on tight.

He walked through the hall and he looked at the Death Eaters and students dueling with a stray hex whizzing past his face. He grinned as he felt a curse impact with his chest and blast off the cloak he was wearing... so much for stealth. He looked at the unfortunate Death Eater who had done so and then simply grabbed the man's face and then slowly tore off the skin, the man screaming the entire time and making everybody turn towards the sight of the man getting his face ripped off. Harry noticed the blood now coating his hands and he grinned as he began to make sure that his power flowed straight into his body from the blood that seemed to drain the power towards

mindless killing blood frenzy. He looked at the black robe and then ripped off the face and skin with a simple rake of his clawed hands. He looked at the bloodied man and he laughed, his laugh making the air within the surroundings chill.

His eyes seemed so wild to the spectators as the blood red made them all flinch back and he said: "FOR THIS I LIVE! DESTRUCTION, DEATH AND DARKNESS! I LOVE IT!" A laugh made it past his lips, insanity clearly within it. He looked at the students and then began to make sure that there would be a few casualties, ripping off a few arms didn't really sate his bloodlust.

He wandered towards where the main fighting was going on and saw his little brother, wings out and all fighting against Lord Voldemort who seemed barely able to stand. He watched as his brother brought out a blade to stab Voldemort through the heart and free the soul from its mortal confine. This wasn't what Harry had hoped for so he intervened. Drawing his sword from somewhere he went in and their blades clashed, neither giving an inch to the other. The corrupting influence of the Lord of Destruction making the blade able to take a lot of holy punishment.

They locked eyes, his burning red piercing the blue sparkling eyes of his younger brother. With a groan Eddie was pushed back by his brother and Harry said, his voice deeper so he would not be recognized at first glance by his voice. "So it seems we have a pretty little servant of the High Heavens here with us today..."

Harry grinned and threw back his brother and said to Lord Voldemort. "I think it best that you leave now, before this might destroy the entire landscape. Let us dance, Light Guardian and let us dance the beautiful dance of death itself!" With that he was up against Eddie's throat which was parried easily by the younger boy, somehow knowing how to block and parry like he was a natural at it.

He slashed at his brother, hitting him in the cheek and letting a sliver of blood drip out of the cut, making Harry's senses get overloaded and Harry immediately got away before the fight could escalate any further. He wanted to lick off the blood but he couldn't for it would

dispel the illusion and he would need to hide afterwards.” “I’ll see you next time, Light Guardian. I wish you a very good time at that institute where you are going to because they are going to be the last of the days you’ll spend around the living people before I drag you down to Hell!” in a flash of black fire he was gone before anyone could interrupt, nobody left but Eddie and his friends Hermione and Ron.

Harry appeared back in the compartment and undid the sealing spells and put on a cheerful face. “I helped drive off the Death Eaters so you are all safe again.” he watched as his younger sister looked at him with adoration in their eyes while Jezebel sent him a sceptic look. The rest of the train ride was uneventful.

When he was escorted to the Great Hall after being forced to sit in those cramped boats, he waited patiently until his name was called out and when that didn’t happen he looked at Dumbledore who had stood up the moment the last name had been sorted.

“We have a student joining us who is a little bit older then all of you. Let me introduce Harry James Potter, brother to Edward potter who, at his request to learn in this fine institution will be Sorted now. Please take a seat on the chair and then put the hat on, Mister Potter.” He looked at the old man and his eyes turned hard and cold to the man. So he wants to play with me like a puppet? Well then let’s royally fuck up his plans...

He sat down on the stool and put on the Hat and mentally watched as it spoke up after sorting through his mind. “You are quite the different one, aren’t you mister Potter? Where to Sort you? Slytherin would be an ideal choice and I can see that you’ve been keeping a great deal of information behind... Ravenclaw would be a good pick too... maybe Hufflepuff since you seem to hold great loyalty to your family...”

Harry grinned, his smile hidden underneath the hat for the time being as he sent the most recent and mosthidden memories at the hat, making it react rather like a trauma victim. It started to shudder and quake once he saw what Harry envisioned about his perfect world... Nobody had ever seen the hat go pale or shudder like it was doing. With a scream it jumped off Harry’s head to land on the floor next to

him and shuddered further, still in mental agony at the painful things he had seen. "I won't Sort that.... That... that creature, Headmaster. There is a limit to what my mind can endure and that man just has exceeded. Never in all my life have I seen such a personality disorder then he has. If he really needs to be put in a house then allow me to go back on his head for a very brief period so I can get a general profile. I won't stay there long and if you ever think about putting me back on his head I will never sort another child Dumbledore!"

The hat had sent eh look Dumbledore directed at it and knew that its power could be passed on to another hat with the authority that the Headmaster had over the school. Carefully he was put back on Harry's head and he said with a shaky hint in his voice that was mental only; "Alright... I can see that you truly belong in..."

It had 4 choices, Hufflepuf immediately being discarded. The Hat resolved to pick the house which was most apparent within Harry's personality.

You will get the opportunity to choose what House Harry will belong to. I've already cast my vote for it which is Slytherin but I am willing to mould my thinking to a house which gets the most votes...

PLEASE REVIEW!

Gryffindor

Harry felt the hat on his head wanting to get as far away as fast as possible and then he began to think about the ways he could possibly destroy most opposition to his reign on earth. He wouldn't want to make sure that there would be a rebellion against him. He envisioned his perfect world to be one where killing was allowed and that the wizards and muggles would be forced to acknowledge him as their ruler since he commanded masses of Demons who would gladly tear into them without much reason needed for it other than his command.

He looked at the world from a 3D view and he could literally see the burning cities which were razed by the might of his demons. He could see firestorms raging over the planet as he felt his power being expanded within his single entity and he commanded his demons from far away, a mental link to some who would happily carry out his orders. He looked at the ravaged world and felt at peace. The hat was about to speak and he knew that it would be in his best interests to get in the same house as his brother as to not awake sleeping dogs by letting them think he was evil by getting into the Slytherin house, which would have been the choice for the hat if he didn't interfere. He had heard from his father that Slytherins did make for followers of the Dark and he would belong in that house, it was even calling to him but he ignored the call and made the hat think that he was the epitome of Gryffindor, while still being terrified by the Lord of Destructions frightening mind.

The hat screamed its decision with a frantic tone in its voice: "GRYFFINDOR!" Harry's face was lit up with a smile that seemed to draw people into it, charisma literally dripping from every pore in his body. He looked at the Gryffindors and imagined how their blood would be spilled over the tables. He noted a pair of twins with red hair sitting at the table too, and was faintly surprised when he could sense a hint of chaos around them. They had been touched by Chaos and it permeated their being. They loved causing it and he could feel a feeling well up within him and he could feel his awareness stretching out to encompass the entire room. He stood up, still within the trancelike state and he took a hold of the hat that was on his head still and then took it off and threw it roughly at McGonagall and he looked at the lions and then felt the grin return on his face, making many girls swoon as he was the heir to a very sizeable fortune.

He looked at them and then he felt how his bones groaned for a moment, the magic awareness trying to make his body collapse but he would have none of that. He reinforced the body structure with magic, making sure that he would be as fit as he had been before and he grinned as he could feel the bones within his body beginning to reform like the magic that was flowing through him. If anyone possessed a means to see his magic they would only see a huge mass of black magic flowing through him, in tune with his heartbeat and making it look like he was a being of darkness that wandered the halls of Hogwarts. He had enough plans for the school as it was and he grinned as he could feel the power that was within the ancient school.

He moved to sit at the table and didn't really acknowledge the Headmaster to whose rules he was now bound as a student of the school. He reviled those humans for even thinking that he would adhere to these petty rules that they had laid out. In his eyes chaos and anarchy were the things that would make the world tick. With order there was no chaos and the screams of the dying people would hopefully permeate the air before he went insane.

"... a contingent of Aurors were dispatched by Minister Fudge who has assured that something like the attack on the train won't happen again. " Harry could feel his blood boiling with the dark magic that sprang to his fingertips and he didn't even hear the congratulations he got from the people around him as he had been sorted into Gryffindor and immediately could feel the magic within pick up every word within Dumbledore's speech. He watched how Bellatrix and Narcissa got sorted into Slytherin, earning them the looks of hatred and anger from the Gryffindors. The hatred between the houses pleased him to a part but there was a time where this was simply too much. To have a succubus imprisoned within the dungeons would pose a threat to all males within the dungeons since Succubae usually tended to be able to make sure that they got themselves filled with semen in one way or another. And he was sure that Bella was about to either just go over to him and fuck him on the table, something which would be greatly disapproved of by most people in the Great Hall and the other option was that most boys in the Slytherin dorms would get a visit from the lusty Succubus, leaving

behind empty husks without souls. Harry grinned as he imagined most of them pure-blooded guys without souls but knew that she mustn't be found out lest they be linked.

Suddenly an idea popped into his mind. There were some sort of devices to keep people from being attracted to each other and probably could be altered but that would require a good amount of dark magic to do so to make sure that Bella didn't go AWOL. He noticed that the rest of the people were eating around him and he grabbed some chicken legs and began to rip off the flesh with his teeth, not really caring much for table manners. Fenrir never seemed to care for them and he didn't care for them either. He felt the flesh in his mouth and eh could feel the flesh being torn by his teeth.

"It is quite rude to eat in such a manner with others present, Harry." he turned towards the speaker and noticed that the bushy haired girl who had been at odds with his sister was talking to him, accompanied by that redheaded guy that hung around his brother. "So what? I eat however I want to eat. If you want someone to blame, go and search for a wolf. You might know him a little bit if you follow Lupin's tale of sorrow.' He grinned and crushed the bones of the chicken in his mouth, not really caring too much if his mouth got filled with pieces of bone from the chicken.

He looked at the people looking at him and he could feel the desire to command them, to make their souls his, to convert them to the darker things in life. He watched as his sisters looked at him with a worried glint in their eyes while his two younger brothers looked at him like he were the devil himself, which he coincidentally was in a certain way. He looked at them and then shrugged and served himself some ice-cream after the waste of the chicken had disappeared.

The ice-cream made him feel the coldness and he was remembering the icy wastes of the countries up high where he had travelled through once. He could still hear the screams of the dying as he brought the icy chill to their homes and froze them alive. He could feel their bodies chilling down to death was a certainty and never left anything but death and destruction in his wake.

He heard how the Headmaster made some weird speech and he then was led to the Gryffindor common room, not really feeling all at home within the brightly red room. He found that the colour seemed to offend his eyes, making him feel like he was in another world. He didn't really make much out of it but he felt the strangest feeling come over him, like rage being molten and then poured within his veins, making him feel the deadly cold rage of the Lord of Destruction whose powers and Soul he had within him and had absorbed. He could see everyone looking at him and he felt pride surge through him as they were mostly appraising looks from those that seemed to admire his little brother. "Tell us something about yourself, what you like and dislike, what your hobbies are and what your career path is."

The mudblooded witch who had said that was irritating him and he grinned, showing white teeth to the people present., he looked at the little girl, hating her for the fact that her blood tainted the flow of magic that flowed through her, not really being unleashed to its purest potential like with the pure-blooded wizards. The girl looked smart but he had no doubt that she would be unable to survive for long on the battlefield since she showed more ability at learning spells then casting them effectively. She seemed to be one that was made for Ravenclaw and that wouldn't make many things able to happen.

He could feel his presence being revolted by her proximity and realised that she was intruding on his private space with her bossy attitude. "I would like to answer when you aren't standing nose to nose with me. Please step aside little girl and I won't need to get nasty with you..." he looked at her and then she stepped away from him and out of his personal space. He looked at the girl and then said; "Alright you wanted to know something about me, right?" she nodded and he grinned once again at her in a Potteresque fashion and then began to tell her about himself;. "Well my name is Harry James Potter, eldest son of the Potter family. My mom and dad are called Lily and James and probably love each other a lot since they made not just me but all of my other brothers and sisters too... I like a lot of things which include some physical aspects which you probably will never have to do if you keep up that attitude, young lady."

His eyes flashed in amusement as she turned red and was about to say something but he silenced her by speaking up and said: "I think you should try to shut up when people that are older then you are

talking g. as I am the eldest male son of the Potter family and am 18 years old at the moment I could easily duel you on a law made in 1574 which states that any wizard of pure blood which is insulted by a wizard or witch of impure or tainted blood by muggleness would be able to call forth a duel between the two of them, leading up to death if that is what the wizard asked to. And since you are a muggleborn then I would suggest you hold your tongue since I would be able to defeat you with a hand tied behind my back, not even considering you would actually summon up that much power to defeat me..." he drew his wand and placed it on her head with a simple motion. "I could have cast a simply jinx on your head to make you think that your head was falling off. I could have cast a disembowelling curse on you in the moment you stood stunned... do you really think that I would be defeated just by the fact that a witch like yourself just throws some little fit. You should watch your steps around me, Miss Granger."

He was the centre of attention for the entire common room. Every eye was on him and Granger. He looked the muggleborn witch in the eyes and said; "You should be grateful for the fact that I'm willing to give a second chance. A lot of people would have died if they confronted me..." Then he sat down in a chair and said; "To answer your questions... I like fighting with people, using magic and whatever it takes to win. I also like to be around my family., the only thing I dislike is those that wish to do harm to my family, notable exclusions left aside. And my ambition... my career and ambition..." he paused for dramatic effect, knowing that everybody was anxious to know what he was going to say next: "Is to become one of the greatest wizards this world has ever seen!"

He looked at the people in the common room and then looked at the girl and said; "Does that slake your lust for knowledge, girl? Do you know enough now or do I even need to give you all my sizes?" he grinned as he watched the girl flush in embarrassment but gulped slightly as he saw the hungry look in the other girls eyes. "Hey, I don't do orgies, girls..." with that parting remark he got up and said; "Who would like to show me to where the hell I can get some sleep?" he grinned as he looked at the people who, mostly looked flustered and

the girls still seemed to have their eyes fixed on him until a seventh year told him that he'd lead him to the dorms.

Harry hated this. He hated being in the spotlight and under the scrutiny of the fan girls. He hated them as they were of the same kind that had taken so much away from the Dark Creatures without ever looking back to look at the things they had done;. He knew that blaming them was normally foolish since they hadn't committed these acts but he knew they would like their parents and grandparents had done. This entire world was caught up in a circle of decay and he was the medicine to it all. He could bring the renewing touch to the world. He would cleanse the world in war and then when he reigned he would overthrow the High Heavens himself and then make it so that there would be no opposition to him and he could dictate the laws for the world as he would rule everything.

Nobody would be able to stop him once he had killed his brother...

A new chapter finished for you all. Tell me one thing: Does my writing suck? If it does please send me a review and I will try to refine my work so it will get better.

Reviews are much appreciated by the author since it encourages him to write more and more often instead of just lazing about and growing as fat as Dudley, who is still very far away from resembling anything like the author and the author is glad that he won't be able to get as fat as said Dursley due to the fact that some people seem to like giving him reviews... but more are always welcome...

Class

It made him bored out of his mind to look at the teachers who all seemed to look at him as some sort of prodigy who would do well in any class he took. He was eighteen, resembled his 'father' and thus was expected to be a prankster. He looked at the people who sat opposite of him at the table and sighed for a moment, not thinking about it or even making a comment about it. He looked at his food next, almost wanting to make the small dish of toast and sausages disappear in a burst of magic. He didn't feel up to eating at that moment and he would be damned if they were to put him into some sort of corner, ready to be on display. His little brother would die, making sure that there would be something happening if he could just contact Lord Voldemort and pass along the message that his brother would need to have a hurting accident in Hogwarts. Voldemort might not be as powerful as he was but he served his uses with his little servants.

Harry's face betrayed none of his inner emotions and he just stared at his food, under the scrutiny of the gazes of the teachers. Dumbledore looked at his Transfiguration teacher and said; "It seems that Harry is settling in well. Try to coach more information out of him. He might be an asset to the Order after all if he can just see the Light." Then he went on to carry a conversation with Professor Flitwick who seemed happy to have the opportunity to teach an eighteen year old. The challenge was something that the man had not yet faced before since most magical children went to Hogwarts at age 11.

Harry looked at the first teacher of the day, a small man who seemed to teach charms to the general populace of the school. "This year we are going to cover some charms which could be useful in the manipulation of the environment. Mister Potter why don't you come to the front of the class and I'll explain some of the theories to you since you haven't had a former education in magic. Class please open your books at page five and read the section on the charms needed to animate things like kitchenware." The man looked at him and Harry felt a chill go through him at the moment. Feeling something that was left out of his system, something like a small thing that was lost within him.

“Mister Potter let’s start on something which is the principle of charms. If you are attempting to try and do something then you would have to exert manual labour. With a charm it can also be done by using magic to do the work for you. The most charms aren’t really draining on the magic but often get the job done. Since I heard that you fought in the war up until a few years, I would like to ask if you could give me a few examples of charms that you might know.” The man looked at him and Harry simply looked back, not giving away an inch of concentration to the man. “I learned how to do a spell which affects people. I can make it so that people will get hurt if they try to mess with me. One good example... which I shall not really name in this class since it is labelled as a spell which has rather... dangerous qualities.... It wouldn’t do for any of the students to research it, now wouldn’t it?” Harry made a small cough to attract the attention of the man and then looked at the man and saw that the man was looking at him and said; “Mister Potter are you talking about the Imperius?”

Harry shook his shoulders. “Yes. It’s quite a handy charm to use in a battle situation when you have to subdue your enemy. According to a friend of mine I have a good amount of control over the one I cast the curse on. I’ve used it several times on some of the less popular kind of people, Death Eaters and such filth. Have you ever used this curse?” he said, no hint of anything but interest in his voice. For a moment Professor Flitwick seemed to think before answering. “Yes... I used it several times in self defence. I can control people to a certain extent but that’s all in my capability.” The man said, forgetting about the rest of the class for a moment, intrigued as to why the eldest Potter child would want to discuss that particular charm.

“It’s not really useful in a longwinded battle. It would be far easier to just use a few hexes and then finish off the enemy. I’ve heard that you were quite a good Duelling champion about 20 years ago. Would you honour me by letting me duel you once?” he asked the man and the small man grinned and said; “I could tell you a great amount of stories about my duelling competitions. It was in 1967 that I won a great international championship by just using a few charms to disable my opponent.”

The man was excited and Harry grinned. Fighting a duelling champion would surely be a challenge that would test his abilities. He could no longer wait and then listened to the lecture and after he had explained that he knew pretty much about the charms usually used when fighting wars Flitwick had him demonstrate his knowledge. The man conjured up a block of wood and had Harry cast his most powerful charm on it.

Harry looked at the block of wood and flicked and swished his wand three times, using advanced transfiguration to turn it into a perfect replica of his father, a malicious grin on his face. "Just something I wanted to try out..." with that he looked at the block and within a few seconds he found the appropriate charm which would be able to make the block into something closely resembling paste. Charms usually were used as Defence and not offence but when one tweaked with them a little bit one could produce a good offensive barrage by using them as some sort of tripping mechanism.

"Immolato Magicus!"

The immolating charm was often used for lighting fires but in the time of war they had found out that enemies burned rather well if they got this curse aimed at them. It was rather funny that normal simple house hold charms could be adapted to serve in the time of war. It was still a point of debate whether a cleaning charm could be used to kill since it could make someone choke to death.

The small figurine of his father was set alight, the wood beginning to turn black immediately the moment the immolating charm hit. Harry watched how it burned, his eyes turning slightly red at the edges, making him look like some insane maniac, which he was of course. He looked as the small figurine was burnt to a crisp and said; "I think that was enough of a demonstration, Professor Flitwick? How do I rank according to you? I can do a simple summoning charm, since that's one of the first things that an old friend of mine taught me. "His voice was soft at the moment. The red within his eyes slowly bleeding away from them, making him look slightly sane once again.

He looked at the man who clapped at the small feat his student has done. "Alright. Let me compile a list of charms which you might want

to look up and learn. If you do them as well as the immolating charm then I see no reason why you shouldn't be able to handle the material usually covered within this class." Flitwicks voice was eager and Harry could not help but let a smile seep on his face. The man seemed to make him feel energised and it was a change for the better. He could still feel the anger at his father for allowing him to be sent to the Dursleys but at least he knew that his mother had wanted him to stay at their house. He had done a Legilmency scan on Lily and had found out that Dumbledore wanted him to be sent to the Dursleys. It was supposed for his own good, since Eddie was the prophesized one.

Harry returned to his seat and watched how the rest of the class seemed to be struggling with a simple conjuring charm. He looked at the pathetic attempts of the students and grinned. He knew a far more advanced summoning charm which would be able to summon a person to them. They were now only attempting to make sure that an object came to them, something that they wanted to come to them. Still no successes having been made, Harry grew irritated and said: "This is basic conjuring and still none of you idiots have mastered it! Hell when I was thirteen I summoned up a woman from thin air just wanting to get my mentor in an embarrassing position when his girlfriend would return. Professor, please create a binding circle so whoever I will conjure won't be able to escape. I'm going to have some fun!"

With that he began to focus his magic within an arcane form which wasn't visible to the eye. He had a pretty good idea of who exactly he would summon but it would be a rather risky affair since he didn't know what exactly she was doing at the moment. He hoped that she wasn't having sex with his father, how small the possibility actually was but still a very possible one. He looked at the students, a dark smile slipping on his face. He began to mutter some words which would lead to the incantation to the conjuration and then pushed his magic into it, making it so that he could summon her at the mere sound of her name, the magic doing the rest. He wasn't using any infernal magic in this part, just because he would need to keep a low profile and let nothing reveal to anyone that he was the very avatar of Hell itself, being the last of the Prime Evils.

He whispered her name: "Lily." And she appeared in a small cloud of smoke, only him being able to see through it. He stared for a moment before conjuring up his battle robe and entering the circle he had drawn and then whispered a small command to his robe and muttered in his mother's ear: "Don't move." He could feel her skin being wet, droplets of water still clinging to it and he noted that she had apparently showered or was still showering due to the surprised look on her face. He dressed her by wrapping his battle robe around her, muttering the command in Dark Elfish and then seeing the battle robe melt away and mould itself to cover her smoothly.

The smoke wafted away to reveal him and Lily standing there, the woman wearing an expression of surprise on her face and him wearing a very arrogant smirk. "So, is this a test of my skill with conjuring? Or would you like to let me call upon someone from this faculty? Perhaps my little brother?" the Professor looked at him and then looked at one of his most promising Charms students and then started to clap his hands: "Magnificent Mister Potter. Never in my life have I seen such a perfect summoning ritual. You even managed to subvert the wards of Hogwarts to allow your mother entrance to the Summoning circle. Although one thing still puzzles me. Why isn't she wearing any shoes or anything on her feet?"

Lily looked at her son who looked so much like his father that it wasn't funny. "Because I was taking a shower at the time that my son summoned me here... And I'm not really pleased with that Harry James Potter!" she grabbed his ear and Harry scowled for a brief moment and she twisted and he grit his teeth. The woman pulling on his ear was still his mother and he couldn't show that he would be able to dominate her any moment and imply that he would want an Oedipal relationship with her. He didn't know the feelings he had for her but knew that he probably should conjure up something for her. "Mom, I'm sorry for summoning you here. At least take some of my boots to wear... they are still soaked in blood but I suspect that will dry... I hope..."

With a mere wave of his wand a pair of boots fell to the ground, making a sound not unlike a wet towel and some blood could be seen on them. Harry laughed at the frightened squeak a student made and said: "Don't worry it's the blood of something you wouldn't WANT to know." He looked at his mother who still held him by the ear and said;

“Alright mom I’m sorry for getting you here but since you are in a place where you can’t apparate away I guess you have to walk out and then apparate. And I don’t really want the robe back. It’s my robe usually used in battle situations and I think it would serve better to protect my mom then protecting me.”

He laughed a bit after saying that, not really looking at his mother who let go of his ear and still glared a little bit at him and then said: “Professor Flitwick, may I please borrow my son for a bit so I may lecture him on why its not really considered proper for a mother to be summoned by her son during class?” she looked positively every bit he had ever wanted. The fire in her eyes made him want to kiss her and never let her lips leave his. He looked at her fiery tresses and then followed her out of the class. He looked at her the moment they were outside and waited for her verbal assault.

“Harry James Potter how dare you summon me while I was in the shower! If you hadn’t given me the robe then I would have appeared without anything on and you would be grounded for the rest of the holidays which would mean no going out for you, mister!” her tone was stern and Harry was reminded of an old Werewolf lady he had met ten years ago, three weeks before she died. The old lady had educated him in the finer points of dining and had been so stern that it could have been a relative of that strange Animagus Professor.

“Mom...” he spoke, his voice not really sounding all that impressive. “Can’t you just let this matter lie? I just performed something way above anything that they teach me here. So just chalk it up as a feat that was well executed by your eldest son...” he looked at her with his green eyes being filled with tears, as if he had committed some atrocity and he knew that she wouldn’t be able to resist it for long. No woman who had ever laid eyes on him with that look on his face had been able to stand their ground for longer then three minutes.

She looked into those green eyes and felt her heart melt at the look. She knew that it was making her want to hug him to death and mother him to death for having abandoned him at her horrid sister and she did just that. She hugged him, regardless of what others who passed might think. She was so caught up in the moment that she didn’t notice Professor Flitwick coming outside and looking at the

reunion between his prime student and her son, while the prime student was mumbling apologies to him.

Harry was surprised when she hugged him, mumbling apologies about Petunia and leaving him there, making him think about the situation. He had no love for humankind but he would spare a few of course to be able to continue giving them a tormented existence even after ages had past since he had unleashed Hell upon the world. He just held her, keeping them standing against a wall while she hugged him. He noticed the door open and saw the small professor come out to check on them, perhaps wishing to add some comment or something. He looked at the man and said; "Professor." His tone was respectful. "Shall we have our duel now? It would be a good thing to practise my skills so I don't go rusty while being here."

He looked at his mother for a moment, not really interested in what she had to say at the moment. He spoke with a hint of love in his voice: "Its okay mom. I love you even if you sent me to that woman who I have to call aunt..." his mood darkened at the memory of the thin woman and he mentally added a small page to his mental agenda which was made to include torture for Petunia, Vernon and Dudley Dursley."

Flitwick looked at him and Harry made a motion to speak but the man interrupted: "That was quite the marvellous charm you used to summon your mother, Mister Potter. Therefore I would like to ask you to show me more." The man was excited and it showed in his looks. Harry looked at the man for a second and then sneezed, a tingling feeling in his nose. "Of course I could show more but it wouldn't do to give my tricks away before the fight... By the way, are we allowed to summon people into the fight? I do have an acquaintance who would love to get a chance to duel anyone... the only thing that I can't guarantee is that he won't kill you. You see, he's kinda antisocial, having sworn to kill off all muggles and has gathered some likeminded people who call themselves Death Eaters and they like to kill and torture and stuff... I guess I'm not allowed to bring him here through a summoning ritual?" Flitwick looked at him in horror, scared that he would really summon Lord Voldemort here. With the power that Harry had displayed, being able to disable the portkey or summoning wards on the school, was something that would fall in the

scope of very powerful people if someone could hold that scope... then there was the smile that was on his students face, which seemed to carry infinite darkness within it. Flitwick shivered and said; "I don't think we could afford to have a Dark lord here with us... Mister Potter if you would please come to my rooms around 8 in the evening? I still do have some classes to teach and I doubt that many would appreciate it if their Charms professor were knocked out."

Harry laughed a bit and then said; "I'll see you at eight then. Now its time to get my mom out of here since she might want to finish her shower or whatever she was doing at the time I got her." With that he conjured his boots to him and handed them to Lily who accepted them and then put them on, surprised at the comfortable feel they had. Harry simply nodded as she followed him, his pace slow and deliberate, telling her about where he was sorted and hearing her surprise at the fact that he was a Gryffindor. She had figured that he would be a Slytherin with his behaviour at most times...

Harry simply smiled, not really caring what his mother really thought about the houses. It was all just a house and seemed to have a small hold of power within decisions but other then that it wasn't really much to worry about.

A new chapter finished. I hope everybody likes it! Reviews are welcomed by me....

Duel with a Master

Harry was bored at the moment. He was asked to try and transform a simply rock into something that could move and be alive. This was basic stuff to him since everybody he knew could at least transfigure something into a thing that could think for itself and still be regarded as a tool. He looked at the small rock he had been handed and then tapped it with his wand thrice and then looked as it began to twist into something that seemed acceptable to him, a small tabby cat which would come equipped with a few razor sharp teeth. "Ten points for you excellent transfiguration Mister Potter. Although I must admit that its rather surprising that you would know to transfigure something without life into something which bears life. You have the talent of your father in this area. I can still remember how he transfigured a small piece of parchment into a perfect replica of the Headmaster and then made it parade around the great Hall, making me surprised by the magnificent work that he had done." She moved away after that but not before giving him a thin smile, which was the first smile he had ever seen on the woman's mouth. He scowled inwardly, hating the fact that she dared to compare him to his father so much.

All that he wanted was to cause mass chaos and destruction like his title implied, being the Lord of Destruction. He could still remember what it was like when Baal roamed the Earth, the previous Lord being a bored being who loved killing people in different ways which would seem impossible by normal standard due to the fact that the victims usually died within the second that they had caught the Lord's attention. In that time there wasn't much interaction with the high Heavens, making sure that Baal could go unpunished by the Heavenly powers.

He had led his mother to the apparition point in Hogsmeade after she had put on his boots with the promise to return the sometime, the blood within it staining her feet. She had looked at him and then he had led her to the apparition point, a tension between them that he couldn't explain due to something that felt off to him. He looked at the woman at the time and he could see why his father was so interested in her. She displayed such natural beauty that he just wanted to take her to his room and not come out for sleep or food for the next three

days in which Lily would end up very sore. But he knew that he couldn't act unless the feeling was returned by her., he did have a small amount of a code of honour left which would need the allowance of the woman to have wild sex with her. Normally it wasn't much of a problem since he was handsome enough to get any woman that he wanted and this did prove to be a difficult task since his mother was still married to his father, the man barely spending time with his wife anymore...

She looked at her son, the boots making her feet feel uncomfortable due to the blood still making her feel like she was walking on a wet towel which made her movements feel sluggish to herself.

She looked at her son, whose movements seemed deliberate and full of grace. He seemed to possess a keenness of movement which made her feel weak at the knees.

She found herself pulled to him and he held out his arm for her to take, looking at her with those emerald green eyes which she also possessed. She could see the bloody red eyes behind them and shuddered when she took a hold of his arm, feeling a pleasant sensation travel up her spine.

"Harry?" she said, her voice trembling a little bit, as if she were nervous to speak. "Could you explain to me why I feel hot all of a sudden?" She had noticed that she was getting warmer and warmer as the moments passed and she instinctively knew that it was because her son was close to her and that she had developed some feelings for him, even though the idea of the relationship was taboo in Muggle as well as Wizarding society. She looked at him, his build making him look so much more powerful than his father had ever been.

She could still remember how James had acted in his Sixth Year and he had acted so sweet that year towards her that she had forgiven him for bullying Snape. Her heartbeat went up the moment he looked into her eyes and said: "Maybe you should lie down when you get home, mom. I care for you a great deal so I would never allow you to get sick if I can prevent it."

The concern for her within his eyes was enough to make her heartbeat go up even more, making her feel even hotter, a blush growing on her cheeks as she looked at him, her eyes slightly misty as she looked into his, standing still for the moment, lost in the moment.

He looked at her, her red hair making it look like she were a fallen angel, his feelings once again coming to the surface. She looks so beautiful... I want her... I need her... I desire to be hers, so I can cherish her forever... no woman has ever made me feel this way. His feelings ran amuck as he looked at her green eyes which were so like his own, but didn't have that intense hatred for people burning inside them when at a battle. He could feel some of her emotions, feeling particularly her feelings for him, making him feel the same warmth like she was feeling. He looked at her face, her kissable lips possibly aching to be kissed by him. He looked at her and felt a warm hand touching his hand. "Mom." He said, his voice bearing a deep hint of affection to it. "Please allow me the pleasure to kiss your lips..."

He bent towards her, his face looking exactly like James once had looked while he had kissed her in Seventh year and she could not deny him, for she felt like kissing him too.

She let his lips touch hers, the contact sending a jolt through her body, making her blush, her temperature rising for a moment. She could feel his lips against hers, a kiss which was shared between them. He deepened it, his tongue going inside her mouth and gently licked her tongue, caressing it like a lover. She leaned closer to him, his arms going around her body as she kissed him back, her tongue springing into action, making the feeling of the love he had for her intensify.

This is so wrong but it feels so good... her thoughts were on him the entire time he was kissing her, making her feel like she was special. She felt his hands roam over her body, making her feel better than whenever her husband had touched her.

He could sense her feeling slightly, the bond between mother and son being special, allowing Harry to feel some feelings that she had. He looked in her green eyes and broke the kiss, their mouths still tasting each other. Lily tasted somewhat like mint and to Harry she

tasted good. She was one of the women who he had designated as his, no matter what previous things like marriage had been done.

He looked at her, his mind thinking about the correct application of power that should be applied." We shouldn't do this Harry... this is wrong and if anyone finds out about this you and I would get in trouble with your father and probably the rest of the family..." she halted for a moment as she saw Harry's eyes turn red and he said in a voice she had come to associate with his alter ego, the Lord of Destruction: "I will never allow anyone to hurt or to even try to strike you. If James wants to cast you out of the family then I will take his stead as Head of the Potters and even if he divorces you then I will marry you, no matter what others will think... after all there won't be much opposition to our marriage, IF it happens as I raze the world..."

A cruel smile was on his face and Lily looked at him, her face turning pale as she saw the deadly smile. Harry looked scary to her and she involuntarily took a step back out of the fright that was generated from the sight.

Harry looked at her, then said: "Are you afraid, Lily? You shouldn't be... I'll protect you forever... you are my mother and I will honour my promise of protection!"

a brief flicker of light and she found herself standing in the shower, still dressed in the robe. The shower was still on, the water making a splattering sound and Lily could feel his hand still on her body.

He looked at her, and then said to her: "I got to go back to Hogwarts mom. See you later..." with a crack he was gone. She blinked once then realised that he had apparated with her to her shower, something which should be impossible with the wards on the Potter house.

Harry appeared just outside the wards, feeling them buzz as he passed through them, then jogged towards the area where the class would be given which was Transfiguration. McGonagall simply gave him a smile as she read the note and then told him to sit down.

Three hours later did Harry go to Flitwicks chambers, anxious to just get it over with. He heard some panting coming closer and he grinned

as he knew that it easily could be someone who was searching for him because of the letter he had received not twenty minutes ago. With a fierce growl a huge wolf rounded the corner and Harry grinned as he was tackled to the ground, then kicked the wolf off him.

"Couldn't you wait a bit Fenrir? I got a duel to attend to... Maybe you'd like to be the referee or something?" The wolf simply grinned and then changed into the man who terrified so many children in their bedtime stories. He had been called a monster which shouldn't be allowed to live. Fenrir still wore a crooked smile as he recalled hearing from a vampire that there was a bedtime story in circulation about that Fenrir will come and get you if you were naughty. It always made the big wolf grin if he heard the words bedtime story. "Nah I think I might want to keep out of sight for a bit, get a feel for the grounds for a bit. Too many Aurors around who'd be happy to have me on their wall as a pelt, kiddo. "

Harry grinned and said: "Please take a lookout for any Aurors who might have been in a camp... I would like to know who they are and where they are posted. I would like to give them a rather 'personal' encounter with myself, if possible..." Harry's grin widened as Fenrir nodded, a sign of agreement for Harry and then transformed into a wolf once again. It was a rather interesting development which would allow a werewolf to transform without the moon being present.

Harry looked at the painting of the hag which guarded the small Professor's rooms and said; "I am expected by Professor Flitwick." Without words the painting of the hag simply swung open, revealing a room which looked tasteful to Harry's eyes. Flitwick was already waiting for him., a smile on the older man's face and he said; "Ah Mister Potter, how glad you have come. I've not had a duel ever since I retired from my duelling career all those years ago and I must say that I'm a little bit rusty, but still able to give the ordinary Auror a rather good battle." the professor waved his wand once and a duelling platform appeared, the entire room stretching to accommodate it. "Mister Potter if you would please take your place, then we can proceed. Any spells that might be banned from this duel?"

At this Harry grinned and said: "Well I think the Unforgivables are out of the question as well as most Dark Arts spells... that would limit my repertoire a little bit but that'd still give me the chance to win..." Harry grinned an arrogant smirk, knowing that he had said nothing about Demonic arts. The Demonic arts generally caused a lot of pain and suffering and were considered unforgivable when just attempting to cast one...

The duel started after three minutes with Harry and Flitwick bowing to each other. The first curse that was sent at Harry was a simply tripping jinx which was easily blocked. Seeing that Flitwick was merely testing him Harry decided to tell the man a little bit: "I've faced bigger fish than you, Professor. I seem to recall taking on a squad of Aurors by just using a simple levitating charm on a rock and then levitating it at high speeds to them. *Infamia Sectum*." A blood red curse came from his wand, smashing into the duelling stage in front of the small Professor. Harry grinned at the man who simply grinned back and the duel began in earnest, curses being sent at the other with intensity that was awe-inspiring.

Harry ducked under a black curse aimed at his head and sent a redactor back at the man. This was getting to be funny as they were both using charms and a mix of other things in their duelling style. For a moment Harry paused and then began to call upon the infernal energy contained within and his voice turned raw as he began to chant, a black shield springing up around him. The chanting continued with Flitwick sending some spells at the shield, not knowing what it consisted of.

Mister Potter possesses a rather interesting shield. Maybe I should ask him where he learned it. In all my career I've never seen anything like it. The professor looked as the shield cracked and then stiffened as he saws what exactly Harry had done to himself. The skin was pale, an insane look on Harry's face which was coupled with the arcane energy he held within his hands, ready to be released in a moment's notice at an unsuspecting foe, which was something the Charms Professor was not. The energy was black with red streaks running through it, and seemed to have the shape of a ball, then changed into something that could not be described as a form, merely some sort of strange figurine which seemed to mock

humanity with its existence as the bloated thing or whatever it was barely resembled a human. Then Flitwick watched as the thing was thrown at him and he conjured up his most powerful shield that he knew.

A bright silver shield sprang into existence around him, and was hit with the energy which seemed to struggle for quite a bit but eventually penetrated the shield and hit the Professor in the chest, making the professor feel the effects of the piece of Demonic magic that was sent at the man. Harry grinned as the Professor exhaled the breath that had been his last in the conscious moment. The magic caused a total freeze of the respiratory system. He knew that he couldn't kill the man and with a snap of his fingers he willed the magic to disappear and with a simple enervate the Professor was awake once again., looking at the young student that had been the first one to beat him in a duel in so many years: "Mister Potter, I'm glad that you've granted me the honour of duelling with you. If I may be so prudent as to ask, what the spell was that you used, so I might be able to incorporate it in my style."

Harry looked at the man, comprehension dawning on his face. So he wants to learn the spell so he might be able to use it in battle... the limitation of this spell is that it's rather slow to charge and good only for solo battles since a spell with enough force could blast a hole through the shield. Nah he probably won't be able to use it anyways.

"Professor I don't think you would be able to learn it. I learned it only after I summoned a creature which required a rather high title. It's classified as Demonic Magic or Infernal magic and can only be used by someone who is around the power level of the Inner Circle of the Death Eaters. Only people who would willingly embrace the darkness would be able to learn it, if they have enough power, and an alliance with the Dark Creatures... Sir, I think you are a fair man, so please don't tell anyone anything about the spell I did..." Harry faked looking sad at the man and he saw that Flitwick simply laughed and said; "Mister Potter, don't be afraid. This was merely a duel with no official mumbo-jumbo and all that. I'd be in trouble too if I reported to the authorities that you used several curses which would be ranked as Dark and unforgivable. I used some... darker spells myself so I'd be arrested too, something which I wouldn't like... it really ruins your

reputation. Feel free to come around anytime though Mister Potter. It was fun duelling someone with your experience. I trust that you fought in the war, probably on the side of the Dark Creatures?”

Harry looked at the man and nodded: “Humanity is overrated. How did you convince Dumbledore to let a Duergar teach Charms here anyways? Or did you just tell him that you were a regular dwarf? “ Flitwick seemed to narrow his eyes quite a bit and then said; “You noticed that quite well Mister Potter. Indeed I am a Duergar, but may I ask what gave me away?”

“Your mark...” Harry’s answer was short. All Duergar had a special mark on their skin, something which was unique to every one of them. In Flitwick’s case it had been a mark which looked somewhat like a half formed oval. Harry immediately had noticed it and had drawn the conclusion that the Professor had some ties to the Dark Creatures. “I didn’t know that you would be able to recognise the mark. Dumbledore thought it was a simple birthmark and hired me because I displayed some good skills. I won a duelling tournament after all. And I simply love children, to teach them is merely an added bonus. So are you a werewolf or a vampire, Mister Potter?”

Harry almost laughed out loud at the insinuation that he was a vampire or a werewolf and said, a trace of mirth still in his voice; “The only thing I am is in love with a very special girl. Woman would be a better title for her... As for my allegiance and species, I’ll have to say that I am loyal to myself and the Dark Countries for a certain extent. Fenrir is in Hogwarts at the moment, no doubt causing some trouble... They call me Infusco Necrotis, the greatest general to have ever commanded the Dark Army. Are you surprised, Filius?”

He addressed the man with his first name, knowing that there was nothing the man could do. The Duergar professor had stiffened once he had heard who Harry was. Infusco Necrotis was known as a man who was NOT to be crossed unless you wanted a swift death. To be in the same room with the one who had destroyed countless concentration camps in the war, was an honour and probably a death warrant if he ever angered the Dark General. “No milord... The fact that your duelling style is so refined made me think something

amongst the lines of you maybe belonging to a Vampire clan or something like that...”

Harry laughed, the idea ridiculous in his mind. The idea that he was a mere vampiric child would send tears down his cheeks normally before he would kill the offending person for thinking that he was a vampiric child while laughing all the time...

“I think I’ll need to go back now... Fenrir might be getting his mangy ass in trouble... I’ll see you tomorrow Professor Flitwick...” Harry’s form blurred as he stepped into the shadows and appeared outside of the door, looking at the wall after shadowporting rather easily, still kinda surprised that it actually worked. Now the only thing he would need to do was track down Fenrir and then he’d....

Something impacting against his side and making him collapse on the floor with the thing on his side made him draw a long curved dagger from his sleeves and point it at the attacking thing and he looked into the feral and wild eyes of the werewolf that was Fenrir Greyback. After some small debate and a hushed conversation Fenrir finally allowed Harry to go free, even after getting some werewolf slobber on his face as the aged werewolf acted just like a puppy, wanting vengeance for having lost a card game three weeks ago to Harry.

Harry wiped off some of the drool and mumbled something about putting the mangy dog down for good, Fenrir not responding to the small insult as it was rather common between them. They were friends and could take a few insults of each other.

Fenrir gave a rather animalistic growl, something which made Harry look up and become instantly aware of his surroundings. Years of having served in the war had made him aware of everything that would be going around him, knowing where the enemy was. He simply posed as a student getting back to his common room after serving detention, the Aurors not really paying much attention to him as he passed them, occupied with other things than a mere student, a dangerous one at that passing them by.

Harry could hear a frightened sound of a female and began to think where he had heard it before. He knew that the female must be someone he had met before since the vocal sounds seemed to match

someone who had spoken to him some time ago. He looked at the surroundings, spotted a pair of Aurors standing against a wall, no other Aurors in the vicinity. Against the wall he could spot someone with black hair wearing a school uniform, of which the sound had come.

“Look Jerry, it’s the Potter girl. Do ya recon we might be having some fun tonight?” the auror remarked to his buddy who leered at the attractive girl who was Harry’s eldest sister and said: “Sure Jake. I might even marry her. I can imagine the headlines: Auror marries sister of Boy-Who-Lived! She’ll be good for a fucking at least once. Come on girl, give us a good time and we won’t hurt ya...” the Auror named Jake pushed her against the wall and began to fondle her breasts. The other auror, named Jerry began to undo his trousers, the lust clearly visible in his eyes.

Jezebel was looking at the men, Aurors who had sworn to protect this school, do something like this to her... she struggled but it was futile, the grip too strong. Was this how she would loose her virginity?

Harry looked at the spectacle, feeling the dark magic within him seethe at the sight, his body changing into the Lord of Destruction without any prompting from him, the wings ripping through his school uniform. His blood red eyes looked at them and his sharp teeth poking into his lip, drawing some blood from it. “Fenrir... kill one... rip him apart!”

His voice was deep and ominous and made the Auror’s turn around. Jerry watched as the werewolf charged at him and leapt at him. He caught a brief flash of something which could only be described as coming from hell itself and then he landed on the floor with a loud thud. A scream ripped through the air as he could feel his throat forming the scream.

Jake looked at the werewolf who had tackled his fellow Auror to the ground. He looked at the man, no humanoid who looked at him with blood red eyes: “You made quite the mistake... Trying to rape my little sister... Now you will pay...” His voice tainted with the darkness that was eerily reminiscent of Lord Voldemort’s Jake fired a killing

curse at Harry which impacted with his chest. Harry simply laughed it off, like it was nothing to him. "You think that such a pathetic curse could even make me halt my pace, Mortal? I have transcended human limits, becoming a dark god amongst you, the High Heavens not even bringing a pause to my stride..." he looked and then a malicious cloud of energy started to form around Jake's feet, making the man try to stumble away. Harry grinned, showing off too many sharp teeth for the Auror's liking and then made a small movement.

The buzz of flies was everywhere and Jake could feel the flies on his body, crawling everywhere but he could not see them. He could hear the werewolf eating his comrade and could feel the flies beginning to feast on his flesh. A scream tripled from his throat the sound making the Lord of Destruction laugh as the conjured locust swarm was busy devouring the man from the outside.

The locusts were everywhere on Jake's body, devouring his flesh, eating his eyeballs while they still were in the sockets. The agonised screams were heard through the entire hallway, a spell keeping the sound from leaving the room. Harry grinned as he watched blood coming out of the wounds that the locusts had made and began to conjure up more locusts so that the grisly work would be done soon. He finished conjuring up a sizeable swarm and then began to slowly walk towards his little sister who stood there, paralysed as she watched the man become devoured by a swarm of conjured locusts.

She watched as the man screamed in pain one last time before succumbing to the wounds and slumping to the floor, dead as could be... she didn't scream, nor did she move. She watched the strange person who had been her brother only a scant minute away and looked into his merciless red eyes and hoped that he would leave her alone. The other Auror was dead, the werewolf or whatever it was having broken the neck.

"Are you frightened, Jezebel?" his voice seemed to soothe her, drawing her to him like a moth to a flame. She didn't know why she felt this way but she could somehow understand how her mother felt about her elder brother. He was of legal age to marry and would be able to do so once father would draw up a marriage contract with some unfortunate woman or he would ask a woman to marry him.

He reached out for her, looking at her ripped clothing, then beginning to manipulate the magic around him and fixed her clothes and said; "Come on, let's get you back to the common room, Fenrir, you follow... I will dispose of the bodies..."

Harry looked at the bodies, one with bones only remaining and one looking like it had been torn apart, nothing recognisable anymore and then began to chant an ancient banishing ritual which would banish the stuff to the closest area where it could be eaten by wild animals, in this case probably the Forbidden Forest since that was the closest to him.

Harry looked at Jezebel, then looked at Fenrir and conjured up a leash. "Fenrir, I'll put the leash on you so you look like a loveable pet... Jezebel, get ready to be carried..." he thought about the plan for a second, then knew that it wasn't going to work. It would simply cause too much suspicion. He looked at her body for a moment and said: "Fenrir, get home... I think you'll be pretty secure if you weren't caught by the Auror's stationed here in the time I was duelling professor Flitwick..." the werewolf gave a bark of agreement, then disappeared into a corridor, leaving brother and sister together, alone. Harry grabbed her body and hoisted her into the air, dispelling the silencing spell immediately and then began to run through the hallways, eventually running past a few sleepy Auror's whose eyes flew open at the sight of a supernatural creature running past them. Before they could draw their wands Harry was gone.

Harry stopped in front of the portrait of the Fat lady, his features having returned to normal. "What the hell have you been up to children? You should be in bed by now..." Jezebel gave the password and the Fat Lady swung open. Harry gently walked into the Common room, then sat down on a comfortable chair near the fire which was slowly dieing out and then he looked at his little sister, a small hint of uncomfortable air between them. "I'll just leave you to your own devices sis. You take care of yourself, okay?" the question made her eyes tear up. She wanted to hug him so badly that she could not hold back any longer. The stress of almost being raped was getting to her and she wasn't faring too well. She grabbed her big brother tightly and began to cry on his shoulders, sobs wracking her frame.

Harry couldn't be angry at his little sister even though he knew that if this got out he would be made a mockery of. He looked at his sister, then wrapped his hands around her, letting her allow the comfort of his presence. The dark and evil magical aura swept through the room, chilling everyone to the bone if they had stepped into the room, making him increase the comfort she felt.

They fell asleep on the chair, his frame covering hers protectively, making sure that no harm would come to her, allowing her to dream without any nightmares of what would have happened, exchanging memories between them due to Jezebel's subconscious mind wanting to feel comfort, using a form of Legilimency to experience the memories.

Next chapter will feature Harry and Jezebel waking up to his little brother and Harry WON'T be pleased...

Please review...

Bonding between the family

She could not distinguish between her dreams and his. The first moment that she had been sleeping, a dream had come of her being protected and cared for by her elder brother who had told her that everything would be alright and that he loved her. She looked at him in the dream and he had smiled at her, a feeling of comfort overwhelming her once again. She could feel the dream shifting and found herself on a place which was totally unrelated to the place where she had first dreamed about.

The place was a battlefield with blood staining the ground. Ferocious howls could be heard in the air as the sounds of battle reached her ears. She looked around and began to see what was happening. A battlefield, the fighters on it still in combat while they were mercilessly slaughtering people. She looked as a werewolf ripped out an Auror's throat only to be blasted back by the Aurors who rose to defend their fallen comrade.

She watched as the Aurors began a fierce offensive, suddenly realising where she was. She must have been around nine when this scene had played out, the battle that was fought somewhere near Wiltshire being recorded as a battle wherein many casualties had been made, only to be won by the Dark Armies as Infusco Necrotis made his first public appearance.

She was still watching the battle between the werewolves and saw that the werewolves were slowly being pushed backwards by the Aurors who simply were firing spells at a rate too fast for her eyes to catch. It was clear that these were a special taskforce of Aurors sent to fight. Jezebel could see the werewolves retreat into the woods, a lone howl still heard in the surroundings. Suddenly a cloaked figure came out of the woods, being followed by several people, who looked pale and were wielding swords. It didn't take a genius to figure out they were Vampires.

"Well, well, look at what we have here. A group of Aurors who fought off the werewolves... come on little boy's, fight to survive... attack!"

The humanoids charged, swords blinking in the light of the full moon. Why they had chosen for a physical assault instead of a magical assault was soon evident because there were some dark skinned elves between the pale vampires, grinning with bloodlust.

She watched as spells were thrown at them and that there were some vampires which were blasted apart by some of the hexes used by the Aurors. She looked on as a vampire reached an Auror and impaled the woman on his sword, grinning all the while and being decapitated a few seconds afterwards by another Auror. She watched how the leading figure stepped into the moonlight, a cloak hiding his features from the sight of the Aurors who almost had dispatched of the vampires and the Dark Elves. When the last Dark Elf had fallen, the figure gave a wry smile and said.

“There really is no stopping them once they get to fighting. Just look at them, their bloodlust has overwhelmed them and now you’ve reduced them to ashes...”

A laugh came from the figure and he lowered his hood a bit, allowing the black hair to be gently caressed by the winds as he looked at the Aurors and said.

“Allow me to introduce myself to you, Infusco Necrotis is the name, the Darkened Death. I’ll take great pleasure in killing you...crucio!”

The Unforgivable shot from Harry’s wand which had been hidden within a sleeve. His eyes turned a dark green as he looked at his enemies, his mood darkening all the time when he was busy with preparing a good reception for the Aurors. The Aurors ducked away as the spell came at them, reforming into a cluster which suited Harry just fine. He looked at them and then said.

“It really is a pity to look at you and think that you fight on the wrong side. The Dark Armies could use such skilled people like yourself for the bolstering of its already impressive ranks.”

The hail fire of curses and other lethal spells that were fired in response made her want to scream for him to duck but her brother simply moved a hand and a wall of earth rose from the ground, small

bits of metal also within the ground enforcing its ability to keep the curses from reaching him. Clearly this had all been planned by her brother as he laughed.

“Did you really think you could fight me with only spells? If you even want to have a chance to beat me, you should be adept at hand to hand combat as well as magical combat. I can assure you that no such person has ever come forwards since I, Infusco Necrotis have recently been promoted as Grand Commander of the Dark Armies. The previous commander met with a small...accident.”

She looked as Harry began to walk forwards, his green eyes looking at the lead Auror who was staring at him with no small bit of awe on his face. To be so young and already command a large part of the enemy forces clearly spoke of a prodigy in the art of war and the lead Auror wasn't willing to risk most of his men attempting to take on this child, no matter how small and fragile he might look...

Harry appeared right behind the man, standing back to back with the man. Although he was smaller than the lead Auror, a sword was driven into the man's back and blood began to gush out of the wound which Harry had created. Harry looked at the face of a female Auror and said.

“I want you to bring the news that Infusco Necrotis has risen to take command of the Dark Army to your human government... the rest... well let's say that I'm intending to have a little party with them...”

With that he threw a small thing at her body which portkeyed her away, the look of surprise still on her face.

Harry grinned as he had cut off the ear of an Auror and turned it into a portkey coupled with a remote obliviate charm which was set to go off once the woman was in the Atrium of the Ministry and set to erase all memory of his face and other defining features and only leave the message in her mind as well as the news that her squad was attacked by Dark Creatures. He looked at the remaining Aurors, then twisted the sword and pulled it free from the lead Auror and then looked at the surviving Aurors.

“Let’s play shall we? You can’t apparate away, we’ve taken care of that. Let’s shed some blood, whether it will be mine or yours will depend on your swiftness.”

Then he was gone, having jumped into the air to an almost impossible height for any human without magical alterations to reach, some twenty feet in the air. And brought the blade down on an Auror’s skull, slicing through it and letting the quivering mass of flesh fall to the ground. Split in two, right through the middle. A fire hex scorched his clothes slightly, making him wince. And he turned to swiftly use one of the rune inscribed on the blade, making it glow a deadly crimson and decapitated the Auror who had burned him

Jezebel watched as Harry began to butcher the Aurors who survived and managed to form a reasonable offensive against the raging Commander. She watched as Harry began to butcher every Auror who hadn’t stopped to curse him. The look in his eyes frightening even her as she looked at the insanity in them, the sheer bloodlust becoming too much for her to bear. She averted her eyes although the dream didn’t stop.

He found himself standing somewhere within the scope of his dream. He looked around as he recognised the scenery belonging to the Potter house and his eldest sister sitting in a chair, reading a book. She seemed to be around fifteen. She was reading a part about the species of humanoid fish men called Merfolk and was apparently bored out of her mind as she was softly speaking to herself about some things that had happened.

“...And why doesn’t he just go get a girlfriend so the rumours of him being gay with his little best mate, Ron will stop. It’s really getting annoying now that Weasley’s youngest sister is going to Hogwarts ever since Eddie’s second year. God damn I can’t stand the little bitch, always stalking Eddie, thinking him to be some sort of hero who will save her whenever she is in danger. Sure there was that small bit about Eddie being the Heir of Slytherin in his Second year but that was rubbish... They never found the Chamber and the attacks stopped after Eddie accidentally impaled some stupid diary which belonged to Ginny with a pen. It’s his damn fault that I’m here studying for my NEWTs just because I refused to be part of his

birthday party and was sent to go and think about my sins and being a good sister.”

(This is getting interesting. I never knew that she had such a dislike for Eddie... From this I can gather that she at least resents him. This might be useful.)

He watched as she opened another book after getting up and disposing of the other one which seemed to have been about magical creatures. She looked at one book and then talked to herself, having nobody to talk to around slowly getting to her, Harry’s opinion of her rising slowly.

“I wonder why mom and dad always forbade us to read these books. They said they contain dangerous Dark Arts and weren’t supposed to be read but still...it’s really tempting. Why the hell am I talking to myself anyways?”

She moved as if she were confused and grabbed a small booklet from the small section of books labelled as Dark by James.

She opened it and saw someone being flayed alive. Harry looked at it with some appreciation. The beginners guide to torture was novice material to him. He had started reading and doing torture ever since he could work as a torturer. Infusco Necrotis was besides a superb general also a very good torturer. There weren’t any secrets left in those he had under his care. They were all told after he had swiftly removed their fingernails and burned off their fleshy and bleeding stumps. He grinned as he remembered a particularly fanatic member of the Death Eaters who he had tortured to death a few months ago.

He heard a door open and he looked as his younger brother came in, took a good look at which book his sister was reading and then immediately rushed out to tell his father. Harry’s eyes narrowed.

(I sense a prejudice against the Dark Side. James is controlling too much of the household if he goes as far as to ban any dark books from the house. For a Gryffindor he’s not much in my opinion and even though I chose this house on my own accord I’m not certain about some things not having been altered...)

Three minutes later the door was opened by a stern faced James Potter who looked at the book his eldest daughter was reading and then said at a solemn tone.

“Jezebel... why are you reading one of the books I have forbidden you to read?” She looked up and was about to answer, Harry wanting to hear the answer until he felt something shaking him.

He opened his eyes to look at his young brother who wielded the powers of Light was shaking him and apparently either shouting at him or trying to talk to him. In this case the former seemed more likely than the latter. He could hear what his brother was saying to him.

“-doing to Jezebel!”

He was quite grumpy this morning of having stayed up pretty late and his reaction was simple. He looked at his sister in his hands and then gently got up and lashed out with his foot, ramming it straight into Edward’s private parts with such force that Eddie was lifted off his feet and crashed into Ron who was standing behind him.

“I would like it if you did not disturb me or your sister again Edward. I am your older brother and thus wouldn’t do anything to a member of my family that I respect.”

Harry looked at Eddie who was hunched to himself, clutching his private parts. Harry could see a red-haired girl come close to him with a look in her eyes that made him smile a dangerous smile.

“HOW DARE YOU MISTREAT YOUR OWN BROTHER!”

The red-haired girl was steaming mad that the older brother of the Boy-Who-Lived had kicked her idol right in the private parts. Harry looked at her and said.

“You should have been killed at birth just to spare your parents the misery you bring...”

His words were insulting and she turned even redder and Harry could hear gasps from the people that were surrounding him, a glance at the clock affirming that it was around 7 in the morning. He got a cold and hard glint in his eyes and said.

"I apologise... it was not proper to speak to you in such hurtful words... I think my little brother doesn't need his girlfriend to stand up for him, or has he weakened so much that he needs someone to fight his battles for him?"

Ginny was fuming in anger at his words. First he told her that she should have been killed when she was born to spare her parents the pain and now he's telling her that Eddie needs help accomplishing anything.

"HOW DARE YOU TALK ABOUT EDDIE IN SUCH A WAY? HE'S MORE POWERFUL THEN YOU AND CAN BEAT YOU ANYTIME HE WANTS TO!"

She was clearly angry with his guts against his little brother and he simply grinned at her and said.

"How can he be more powerful if he can't even use his wand in public while I can and will. You seem to forget that I'm older then you as well as being in a year which is above yours. You should be respectful of your elders... Now I'm going to put my little sister in her bed where she belongs. Tell McGonagall that Jezebel is staying in bed if I have to say anything about it."

With a flourish he took a hold of his sister and then began to walk towards the female dormitories.

Harry had set foot upon the first step and felt the magic underneath change. The Gryffindors were watching to see him fall but nothing happened. Harry had cushioned his feet with a layer of magic allowing him to sneak past any ward that keeps males from entering the female dormitories. He entered the room to look at a few girls getting dressed and spoke up.

"Where is Jezebel Potter's bed?"

The girls looked around to look upon the sight of a man dressed within clothes that seemed to mould against his form, showing every curve with great detail.

"There." A girl pointed to a bed and Harry gave her a smile. "Thanks."

Without any further ado he put Jezebel in bed, not stripping her of anything but her Hogwarts robe. He looked at her for a bit then whispered.

"When you dream you will see the truth, Jezebel."

With that he left the dormitories, heedless of any of the girls who were looking at him with awe that he had managed to get in their dormitories.

Within the chamber of the Headmaster of Hogwarts a happy James Potter came inside.

"Albus! They have agreed!" The man was happy that a part of the clans had agreed but also saddened. But for the most part he was happy because now they had allies to fight against the Death Eaters.

The old man looked at his student and said. "What did they say?"

The old man looked at James who looked at him with a downcast look, slightly breaking his happy mood.

"They are going to ally with us as long as one of my sons is engaged to one of the members of their clans. The girl in question is from the McConner clan and is around Edwards age, only older than him by a year."

"Did you give them an answer to which child is going to end up engaged to the girl?"

The old man was waiting for the answer, hoping that it wasn't Eddie that they wanted since Eddie was crucial to the Light's victory.

“Harry.... I know we can’t ask Eddie to get engaged at the current moment in time with someone he barely knows. So I told them that Harry will be her fiancé and that they will marry within the year. He’ll be happy...”

Neither would know that the reaction coming from Harry Potter, the Lord of Destruction would be so opposite to the thing they thought it could be. Instead of happiness he would be angry at being bound to a female...

A new chapter done. I hope everybody likes this one...

Out of the Frying pan

He looked at his little brother as he came at him, his eyes looking angrily at him. He felt amused that his brother would even think about attacking him. He looked at the surrounding students and found them all glaring at him and he could not help but smile a little bit. There was at least some bit of a deviant within him and that didn't seem to connect well with the bolsterous spirit that the Gryffindors seemed to possess also with the bravery and other things that Harry loathed in general it was a pretty irritating sight to be in Gryffindor Tower. How his family could stand living with the red and gold was beyond him...

He grabbed his brothers robes and moving with grace and speed which was inhuman to the eyes of everybody witnessing the spectacle. Edward Potter was lifted, twisted around and thrown into the air by Harry, only to collide with the wall with a dull thud after sailing through the common room.

"Never presume to think that you actually can hurt me, Edward... you might be my little brother and might think you possess a whole deal of power but in reality you are inferior to me..." He turned around to look at Professor McGonagall and said.

"What do you wish with me, Professor? Are you mad that I just taught my little brother a lesson in manners? Or are you here to quell this insurgence against the rules?" Her mouth was set in a way that made Harry smile, the grim look making his heart beat faster, the thrill to kill welling up once again. He looked at the woman and said. "Are you going to tell me what you want with me or are you to remain standing there, a remnant of an ancient civilisation..."

His tone was mocking and her lips tightened as he had spoken and simply spoke with a flat voice, devoid of any emotions.

"The Headmaster wants to see you, Mister Potter."

Harry looked at the woman and tilted his head to the left, a gesture that he often did to annoy people. It actually came to him that this woman was loyal to Dumbledore through and through and it made

him want to kill her so badly for siding with the old man. Lord Voldemort at least acted on his destructive impulses and killed the muggles before their taint could spread over magic in general...

"Which one? My brother or me?" He grinned as he saw the look of irritation increase in her eyes and she said.

"You, the elder... the Headmaster wants to talk to you about certain elements which have to be taken care of if you want to study here, since you missed at least 6 years of classes..."

She grinned to herself mentally, knowing that there would be something to tame this rebellious child and she added.

"Detention for fighting with your brother, mister Potter. Mister Weasley, Miss Granger get mister Potter to the Hospital wing while I go and bring mister Potter to the Headmaster."

No further words needed to be spoken as everyone knew which Potter the woman was addressing. Harry himself didn't mind detention as long as it was satisfying his curiosity about some of the habits of the teachers. He knew that Filius was a Duergar so it would pose no problem if he were to give detention to him.

McGonagall led him through the castle, passing numerous students on their way to the Great Hall, intent on an early breakfast since it didn't start until 8:00 and it was still around 7:00 when they arrived at the Headmaster's office, the Gargoyle being moved aside by the password which had been "Lemon Drops" for this day or week. Harry didn't care about it in the least. He moved his feet in a walking pace in which he ascended the stairs, making progress over the staircase a slow one, something which the professor who led him towards his destination had noticed.

"Mister Potter I implore you to make some haste. The Headmaster probably would be irritated if you came in late..."

Harry walked into the office, taking note of all the silvery instruments which sat on the surroundings. He looked at the old man, taking note of the beard and the twinkling blue eyes and automatically occluded

his mind, making it blank to everyone who would dare venture inside, a nasty mental trap being laid there with mental images of the agony that he had once inflicted upon poor innocent souls coupled with the pain and loathing for humanity and the feelings that flowed through him. If the Headmaster were so stupid as to take a look around in his mind that would be the end of the man's sanity... on the other hand it would make him a suspect in that case and since his record wasn't extremely clean he would still easily be recognised as the General by some rogue werewolves who had helped the Ministry by identifying several lesser Lords of the factions that composed the Dark Nation...

"Harry, come and sit down please. There is something that your father wants to talk to you about..."

The old man pointed towards a chair which stood next to the desk that the Professor was sitting at. Harry looked at the old man and then noticed his father who seemed to be smiling about something...

"Hello Harry..."

James Potter looked at his eldest son and he didn't know how to make the words come out of his mouth. Those green eyes were looking at him, a coldness within them that even made him pause, like an icy lake had suddenly swallowed him into its depths and never waned to let go of him, keeping him in an icy embrace, entombed forever with no release... Harry's face was like ice, cold and uncaring to everybody who gazed upon it, a measure born from necessity as it was usual for interrogators to know how to keep an icy face on while torturing, to not let an enemy see their emotions, from fear to anger or to hatred, all would need to be washed away before the goal could be had...

"Father...what is it you wish to say?"

His tone was as frosty as his expression, the demeanour making a spark of defiance well up in James and the man looked at his son and said.

“Harry, please listen to what I have to say. This is Order business and I must ask you to never tell anyone of this except those that are in the family or other Order members.”

Harry knew that there had to be something connected to all this. He didn't even want to think about some things that could be used by that old man to get whatever the old man wanted which was in this case probably the complete eradication of the dark side, something which Harry was against and always would since he essentially led the Dark Side.

James turned to his son, suddenly getting the feeling that Harry was not going to like this and he shivered involuntarily at the thought of facing a pissed off Harry.

“Harry, you do know about the Order of the Phoenix and their allies, do you?”

He hoped that the boy did know enough or otherwise he would have to explain it all to the boy and that would waste some valuable time.

Harry was getting impatient and it showed in his posture as he was starting to move around a bit, wanting to make sure that at least something happened.

“I know some information about the ranks and purpose of the vigilante group known as the Order of the Phoenix. There are several ranks according to my sources which tell me that the Headmaster leads the entire organisation, coupled with the fact that you and Professor McGonagall as well as Sirius are the Lieutenants.” Harry paused for a moment to let his words sink in and then continued to speak, his voice still clear. “The purpose of the faction known as the order of the Phoenix is total eradication of the Dark, something which is remarkably hard to do even though some of the members seem to possess an almost fanatical devotion to the Light. There are certain rumours regarding several lower ranking officers, with Severus Snape being one of them being a particularly recent rumour...”

He looked at the two men who were looking at him, a thoughtful look on Dumbledore's face and James Potter was currently looking at his eldest son and said.

"Where did you get that information?" At that question Harry simply smiled and said. "One knows how to build a good network of spies and other things if one just lives on the street for one ear. Ezekiel taught me how to refine my network into something which could face any threat and still get the information to me. I've become rather good at managing my people, having eventually managed to get several of them within the Death Eater ranks."

Those were the words that made Dumbledore look up and said. "That's wonderful news Harry. The Order could really use this information... Could you tell us who exactly your spies with the Death Eaters are?"

Harry simply grinned a particularly devilish grin and said. "Nope... you can't because I know that you would get them killed and if I revealed their identities to you, you would probably want to defend them and then get them killed once that Dark lord finally scans their minds and knows that they are spies for you. No way that I'm telling you anything about them..."

Harry's tone held a core of resolve and not even James could muster the courage to command Harry to give the names. He had a sense that he would end up on the wrong side of a wand if that happened.

"Well then you know of our importance to the world, young Harry. In these difficult times, the Order finds itself in some nasty situations and that's why I am extending a membership to the Order to you. The Light can always get more people to defend it. Do you accept, Harry James Potter, to the membership of the Order of the Phoenix?"

The old man waited until Harry's green eyes reached his before awaiting Harry's answer: "No..."

Dumbledore seemed almost surprised at the answer and then sighed like the old man that he really was and then said.

“Well then. James why don’t you explain the manner of business to your son.”

The old man clearly wanted to have some time to recover from the answer and perhaps to plot a new strategy to get the eldest Potter child and the Heir to the Line of Potter under his influence.

“Harry, there is something I need to tell you... I have been away to some of the Scottish clans in the neighbourhood on a mission from the Order and I have managed to get them to sign a truce with us, as long as a certain agreement is made between me and one of their clans.”

James swallowed, knowing that his son wouldn’t like this part of the story. Harry seemed more alert to him, maybe even knowing of what was going to happen or something like that.

Harry looked at the man who he had to call father and said. “What kind of agreement?” His voice could have shattered a frozen lake from the amount of frost in it. James honestly didn’t know that his son could be this cold so he just managed to speak loud enough to be heard by Harry, his tone softer then before.

“Your hand in marriage to a girl of one of their clans which only produces female sorceresses.”

The answer was small and to the point. Harry could feel his blood beginning to rage once again and he could feel his eyes wanting to turn red and to just eradicate the two mortals in the room. At the moment he could only keep back the murderous rage at this newest act of stupidity of his father and then he could feel the old man beginning to probe his mind and he looked straight into those blue eyes and sent such a horrible vision of torture that Dumbledore recoiled in horror, a smirk coming on Harry’s face.

“What!” His exclamation was a near whisper but it was clearly heard by the occupants of the room. “You think you could give me to some little broad? If you really wanted to get me killed then you could just have thrown an AK at me and be done with it.” His wand went towards his head, Harry fully intent on killing himself at the moment.

This was very bad if he was engaged to some Scottish girl. Not only would his position in human society be exposed immediately thanks to the marriage bond which would allow the groom and the bride to look into whatever secrets the others mind held and there was no way that she would leave the information that he had enough power to level this entire world within her own mind. The marriage bond would override every shield that he had carefully crafted over the years, but there was no stopping it. His father still held a small amount of power over him as head of the potter family.

“Avada Keda--“ His wand was jerked from his grasp and the deadly magic wasn’t released. Dumbledore had accioed his wand to him and was now looking at it and said.

“You should be honoured to marry someone for the sake of the Light, Harry. It is a great honour of marrying someone for the betterment of the world...”

Harry’s eyes were a true reflection of how he felt; they were filled with rage and madness that threatened to spring out and choke you. Harry looked at the old man, then slowly began to rise and said.

“Al right... I will meet with her but on all accounts I do NOT wish to have a marriage bond with her. It would be an invasion of privacy to allow one and I do have a great deal of support within the Dark Nation. You might have another was against the Dark Creatures to add up to your plate if you decide to violate my privacy.”

Harry was not in the position to attack but he knew how to make a retreat as stylish as possible. James looked to his son with a frown on his face, not trusting his son one bit.

“You would have to have a high rank in the military to have gained that support...”

Harry looked at his father and said. “There are some factors which contribute to my fame, thanks to Ezekiel taking care of me and then getting me in contact with the Vampire Lord and eventually making some of them care about me enough, not to mention having quite the fanclub amongst the vampire girls...”

A brief laugh was the follow-up and Harry could see the gears twisting in Dumbledore's mind and he said.

"Harry why don't you ask the Lords to come to the Light? That way they won't join Lord Voldemort and the Light would eventually win..."

Harry stood up and said. "You shouldn't approach the Lords themselves, that is only the task of Lord Infusco Necrotis. He takes all the relevant decisions for the Lords, from war tactics to other related issues. In all essences he's the man to talk to if you want to negotiate with the Lords about a peace treaty... but before you go asking me to set up an audience with Lord Infusco take careful note of this... he hates when wizards come close to him... that hate stemmed from the fact that he was abandoned by an old student that you once favoured..."

A small grin was on his face and he said. "Well, which broad have you selected for me to marry? I won't go along with it but at least allow me to know what kind of magic she commands..."

He looked at his father who gave him a sheepish look and said. "She's one of their clan's representatives amongst a sect of magi in the Far East. She's been selected due to her clan elder having need of her to marry."

Harry looked at the man with a look on his face that said You gotta be kidding me. He had an inkling of a feeling that something very important would happen in the next few hours. He glared at his father for even thinking about attempting to marry him out to some skank and then when Dumbledore got a hold of a piece of rope, he made a portkey and handed it to Harry and James and Harry could feel anger blossoming within his chest the moment that he touched the rope and waited a few seconds before he felt the portkey activating, taking him to a house in the Scottish Highlands.

His first thought was. Damn... its one of them!

A new chapter finished people. I hope that everybody will make sure to leave me a review so that I will feel happy.

REVIEW!

And into the fire!

He stared at the tan skinned girl and involuntarily took a step back. The clan marking on the girls robes was too familiar to him. He had encountered it before, a memory of Baal resurfacing:

--Memory--

He was walking through the jungles of an ancient land in which magical and non-magical people were still joined with each other and had currently mounted a large offensive against him and his two brothers. He looked as a huge arachnid came to attack him, silently laughing at the futile attempt to try and capture him. He waited until the spider was close and fired a wave of ice at it, freezing it solid. He looked at the beast and grinned. He admired his handywork until he sensed something and turned around to see a disturbance in the distance. He remembered that there were some Demons in the area and called them to him, after awhile he was surrounded by a huge variety of corrupted monsters. He grinned as the Demons flocked around him and with a wave of his hand he sent them into the jungle, with the order to bring Destruction to everything that surrounded them.

He could feel the magic being cast at his minions as if he were being attacked himself, something which he couldn't allow to happen. He looked at the surroundings, noticing how tranquil it seemed. He watched as flashes of fire were seen through the forest, illuminating the battle that was raging between humans and Demons.

(They're still resisting? Pitiful humans, too foolish to even see that they're facing their end.)

He looked as he felt every bit of his Demonic minions lives being snuffed out and watched as a woman came from the forest, nicks and gashes over her tanned body. There remained only the smallest bits of clothing to preserve decency.

"Good day, mortal."

He looked on, amused as the woman gave him a chilly glare and then looked at the arachnid.

“ I take it you did that, Baal?”

He gave her a small smile and said. “ Of course, It aimed to kill me so I simply killed it. Survival of the fittest you know, something which you mortals have yet to learn.”

He looked at the woman, a small smile playing on his lips. His sharp teeth were visible and the sorceress froze at the sight of his teeth. He looked at her and a ring of ice shot out from his body, freezing everything close to him. Every bit of plant life froze and died in an instant. The Sorceress cast a shield to ward against the freezing and sent a bolt of fire at Baal who simply laughed and took the fire bolt to the chest.

A small burn was visible on his chest the moment when the fire dissipated after having hit and Baal laughed at the Sorceress.

“You are pathetic, little witch. To even think you can hurt me, the Lord of Destruction. I suppose I can show leniency to you and spare your life but there is one thing that you must promise me, train someone to be able to face me in a battle which would make the heavens themselves tremble. What you offered me today was too pitiful to be even CALLED pathetic, no witch or wizard with even a shred of pride should battle as you did... well... I don't expect anyone of you pathetic mortals to be able to harm me without divine intervention.”

A ball of fire was expelled from a stretched hand and Baal watched as her body hit the floor, badly burned.

“ I have to be off now, I'll see you again at a place and time in the future to collect on your debt.”

And with that he was gone, making no sound when he left. Having used his shadow for teleportation. It was less energy consuming then teleporting since the teleportation could easily go off for miles if used to travel long distances.

The Sorceress, one of the most powerful in the lands of Kurast would go and create the clan of sorceresses called the Zann Esu as she wanted to wreak vengeance upon the demon who had so callously disregarded her skill. She never saw him again but had a feeling that he would be defeated eventually... Her name had been Zann Esu, her clan named after herself. For countless years there would be women getting trained without abandon for the fight against the Three Prime Evils, until all would be sealed by the Horadric mages. Then they trained, to hunt Demons which still continued to pillage their realm. Far from the sight of normal wizards, the Zann Esu hunted relentlessly whenever they appeared.

--End memory--

He looked at the girl who wore the ritualistic clothes of the Zann Esu and grimaced at the thought of having to wed this mortal, his secrets would be given away with the marriage bond and she would probably kill him the very moment she learned that he was the Lord of Destruction.

He glanced at his father who was looking at the girl who had turned to the new arrivals, a redheaded man standing next to her.

Harry couldn't dismiss her obvious beauty as it was very hard to miss. The revulsion that he had felt had made him pay less attention to her looks and instead he had focused on the magic that had flowed through her. He could see her tanned skin, a typical trait of the Zann Esu since they trained in a hot climate and easily attained darker skin colour than other English wizards. He watched her obvious assets as the clothes that she wore were nonexistent to him. He would look through them if he tried, the fabric being almost see through. Her eyes were dark, something which really caught his attention. At the moment he could feel her strong magic and a grin became etched on his face.

(This is going to be interesting.)

The redheaded man walked towards them, the girl walking some paces behind him. He never broke eyecontact with James Potter, not

yet having noticed his son who was standing somewhat in the shade and out of view.

“Potter! How nice ta have ya back. Have ya brought yer son for the betrothal ceremony?”

James smiled broadly and said. “Connor! Yes I’ve brought Harry here but he’s not very pleased about this... he seems to be resisting a bit but your gorgeous niece should mellow his heart quite a bit.”

Harry glared at his father, his eyes turning blood red without anything stopping it. Nobody noticed since James was still in the spotlight of attention, Dumbledore not even being noticed to Harry’s surprise and the man was still looking at the leader of the clan. Harry’s anger made the lights flicker quite a bit and a small tremor was felt by all the people present in the room.

“Gorgeous? I don’t think so of a piece of Yith’sachasd.” His eyes turned into a mix of green and red and she noticed him for the first time.

“So you are the one who is going to marry me in some time...” She paused for a moment, unfazed by the comment. “Did you know that I’m not as fanatic as my sisters in the quest to rid the world of the Demonic plague? Sure I agree with them that they would need to be eradicated... so you think I am a piece of shit?”

Her eyes seemingly twinkled and a ball of fire appeared in her hand. Harry grinned and said; “Not as eloquent as your clan mates, are you?”

They had been talking in the accents of the Zann Esu immediately after he had spoken. Nobody in the room except Dumbledore perhaps would be able to understand what they were saying.

A fireball was thrown and Harry jumped backwards, not fazed by the attack. He had expected an attack earlier ever since the girl had noticed him and he began to conjure up some of his energy and a small amount of fire began to form around his hand and he threw it at the girl who nimbly dodged and said.

“Pathetic! I could do be-BOOM”

A huge inferno arose behind her as the fire ball had hit and she turned around to look at the huge mass of flames. She stared at the flames as they were red with small hints of gold to them and turned around to see a huge bolt of ice heading her way. She dodged it, making a small scrape on her shoulder as the icy bolt had nicked it.

“Very impressive... not many of the clan can make such huge fires... alright, I'll bite a bit... tell me what you want me to do and I shall submit... I don't regret the impression that you would like this marriage to be allowed so...”

She stopped for a moment and looked at her uncle for a bit and then frowned a bit and said.

“Let's just say that I'm not too pleased to be summoned here, out of the blue and told that I'm to be wed to you and I can't even argue with him due to him being clan leader.”

Their eyes met and Harry's face became a lot more relaxed. He knew that she didn't even have the slightest suspicion of him being a Demon and a Prime Evil at the moment. And he wasn't going to let her figure out what he was because that would cause problems for him when he was going to conquer this world.

“Ah see you've already had a little standoff with ma niece. Ain't she a nice lass, lad?”

The man looked at him unfazed by the destruction that he had wrought. He was happy that his niece was getting married but Harry could see something else lying beneath that façade.

He looked at the man and grinned. “She would do nicely as a wife, if she doesn't go around blasting everyone in sight... otherwise I might need to chain her to a wall... unless she likes that sort of thing...”

She looked at him and said. “I wouldn't be averse to it... its pretty rare that we even see guys thanks to our teachers being stuck up bints!”

She exploded in anger when she thought about those gay bitches who rammed knowledge about the sorcerous magic into their heads and told them to focus on the destruction of every bit of Demonic influence they could find in the lands. She had remained almost free of the brainwashing that the old ladies who taught them had done and had only meagrely agreed with some of the things that they would do. There was a movement, some sort of religion called Zakarum which fervently opposed Demons. In her opinion, all they were was a bunch of religious zealots...

She had the tanned skin of the Zann Esu after a ritual which had gone a little awry, losing her native white colouration of her skin to be replaced with a small darker one, not noticeable unless she dwelled too long in one area which would tan her further. She looked at the tall and dark youth which was looking at her with a greenish red mix of colours within his eyes. She was intrigued by him and said.

"You want to get out of this too?"

Harry's head tilted to the right, turning to look at her a bit and then he closed his eyes and said.

"Yes. I am once again forced to do something that I don't want to do by a manipulative old man and my dad... I should just have killed the old man and taken over the estate so we wouldn't have to deal with him... any specific reason for you being here?"

He inquired and he looked at her with a daring look in his eyes.

"Yes... the Lord of Destruction has appeared once again and we will rise to challenge him once again..."

She spoke full of determination, so much that it made Harry grin slightly. It was a rare sight to see someone so intent on doing whatever she wanted while following her strict moral code...

He looked at Dumbledore and said. "I don't want any marriage bond between us and she agrees with that. It would probably cause either a huge security leak for your precious order, or my rank in the Dark

Army might become public knowledge, a rank which you still don't know, might I add that to the small list of the things you still don't seem to know..."

Harry looked at the headmaster who simply smiled and said. "In all due time I shall know whatever it is that you were hiding from me, Harry." A smile with kindness dripping from it was on the man's face, making Harry want to retch at the sight. He looked at his bride to be and said.

"Anyhow, I can't get married to this girl at the moment... I'll have to remind you that I'm still the Head of the house of Black and still have some issues to deal with, thus am I able to renounce the name of Potter and adopt Black as my name, thus cutting all my ties with the Potter family except the tie of blood..."

He gained a manic look in his eyes as he spoke and then he concluded his impromptu speech.

"But I won't do that yet, I'll need to find myself some way to fix up all my business and prepare for a war once again... So the wedding won't be held until, the side I support wins or loses, whichever comes first..."

He turned to look at the girl: "You weren't what I expected you to be... all I knew about your kind is that they are raving lunatics, obsessed with somehow blasting me till kingdom come with their stupid lightning and fire and ice spells... in the Dark War there weren't any of you around but ever since then they have been pestering me from time to time..."

He sighed for a moment, tired because of all the things that had been happening. Dumbledore was intent on having him be caught off guard probably and just go ahead with the marriage for the greater good, something which Harry couldn't care less about.

She grinned and said. "Yes, I actually remember something about that. Some of the old biddies said that they had been chasing a Demon named Infusco Necrotis... can you imagine the look on their faces when they found out he was just a human guy?"

She laughed a bit and then looked at him stone faced. "You really love her, don't you?"

Her voice had suddenly gone eerily cold and Harry looked on with some small hint of amusement within his eyes.

"Of course do I love her. I made an oath on my powers that I would never harm her and I'm still honouring that promise every time I see her." An absent gesture with his hand and a staff materialised within his hand, a bit burnt on the side but still in a pretty good condition. "That was one of the staffs that Lord Infusco gave me... I thought you might want it back..."

She smiled and said. "I see that this is Elder Mystrissa's staff... she was SO pissed when she had lost it that she trained us in staff less magic control... for three days without rest."

She giggled for a moment and Harry relaxed. Maybe this girl could be converted to the Dark Side with time. If she would find the behaviour of her fellow clansmen rather insane then she might be easily converted to the Dark Side. Using her magic in the front lines would be useful.

A devious look came into his eyes and he spoke, his voice sounding rather tired at the moment.

"Could we marry at another time? I need to get something sorted out first..."

She sighed and said. "Of course. When I was brought here and told that I would have to marry a male I was enraged by it. But I don't seem to have the same male hating mood as my fellow family has. Well... the female part... the males are just obnoxious..."

She absently wiped off a piece of dirt from her breasts, the fabric covering them having become slightly dirty the moment she had faced the blast of the explosion.

Harry shook his head at the sight. Women were so punctual about anything... wiping the dirt off her boobs was just one thing that drew most males to stare at her, something which James Potter was doing at the moment.

“Dad... I would appreciate it if you wouldn’t stare at the girl like that. You are married to my mother for Baal’s sake! Or would you like to have a rather pointy thing shoved straight up your weak little head?”

He asked to the man who snapped out of his dazed state and addressed him. “Harry that is no way to talk to me like that!”

Harry sighed and said. “What’s your name, Zann Esu witch?”

His tone got colder the moment he spoke and she gave him a slightly arrogant smirk in response.

“My name is Jaina. But you can call me mistress...”

Harry looked at her and said. “Not much for decorum, are you? Well, you can call me Harry, master in private of course. I’d enjoy taming a little girl like you...”

He grinned and a bolt of ice was sent at him, he dodged it by a mere margin. He grinned and said. “Is the little sorceress a bit annoyed?”

His reply was a huge barrage of fire bolts, all of which smashed into a shield seemingly made from pure darkness. He grinned and returned fire with a rather elementary spell, a simple stunner aimed at her and he watched as a bluish shield sprang up around her, guarding her from the damage that the stunner might have caused.

A ball of ice was sent at him, freezing anything in its track and he grinned and grabbed the icy ball, causing his skin to freeze and turn so pale that the bones could be seen, the blood stopping to flow and being frozen. He looked at the ball and sent it back of the girl, breaking the ice that was on his arm with a mere movement and then immediately conjured up a ball of fire which warmed his flesh. He looked at her and the fire turned ghastly green, making it look like he was holding the spirit flames of primordial times themselves.

“Do you like this, little girl? These are the fires of the era of forgotten time, something cherished by the Dark Elves... My master taught me how to make them and I use them to cause agony on my opponents”

A ghastly laugh escaped from his lips and he barely saw the stunner that hit him in the back, before everything went black. The fire sizzled out and Dumbledore looked at the stunned man on the ground.

“Well it seems that you two are getting along splendidly. Miss Jaina would you come with me to Hogwarts so we can get you two a room? It would be a lot more comfortable if you stayed in the same place instead of getting to see each other only when there are holidays and such.”

Albus played the sympathy card, something to which the clan leader was more susceptible to than his niece. She snorted at the thinly veiled attempt at manipulation of her location and heard her uncle speak.

“Tha’s a grand idea, Dumbledore! The lass can stay with yeh on ‘ogwarts so she can get to know the laddie.”

She sighed and looked at her fiancé’s father who looked at his son and then walked towards his unconscious form, grabbing a sleeve so they could portkey back to Hogwarts with Jaina.

Harry would make him pay, if he were conscious... the Lord of Destruction was so close and neither of them knew about it. The stunner had caught him off guard and the power behind it had made Harry black out temporarily, making him still hear everything and let his still conscious mind draw its own conclusions.

(THEY SHALL PAY!)

A new chapter done! I hope to receive some good reviews for this chapter... about 15 should do the trick to motivate me to write much more...

Divinity

He looked at the ceiling after the portkey had ceased to make his body travel over a great length. He felt how magic reawakened his body and he felt the hunger for battle become reawakened within his body, wanting release by splitting some heads. He wanted to taste blood and would somehow get it.

He got up with a groan and he looked at his father and said: "Who stunned me? Did you or Professor Dumbledore do it?" The question was laced with hostility, Harry not liking the way he had been put out of the fight. Dumbledore simply gave a sad smile and then said: "I'm sorry for that, my boy. It was for your own good..."

Harry glared at the man, then looking at his father and the other occupant of the room. "I think that my 'fiancé' would need to go see her rooms, while I go and make sure that my belongings are transferred to that same room."

The word fiancé was laced with something that couldn't be identified, something sounding like confusion mixed with a good dose of strange impressions. He looked at the girl who stood in the office, her clothes looking especially skimpy in the light of the candles and he could not help but look at the breasts which seemed to be big enough to grab with one hand and her ass which made him lick his lips in an unconscious gesture. He looked at the girl and said; "Are you ready to call a bit of hell down upon this noble institution of learning, my precious little bitch?"

A grin came upon his face as her only reaction was to grin and say: "Of course... why do you think that I haven't cast any mass destruction spells yet? I've been saving them to use upon poor unfortunate souls which irk me, something which you aren't thanks to having the gall to stand up to your own dad..." she tilted her head side wards and walked towards him, sashaying her hips a bit, making the men under 50 within the room stare at her curves.

James looked as the exotic girl came closer to his son and he momentarily could hear the voice of his wife reprimanding him for

looking at a girl other than her. But at the moment he didn't care. This was a beautiful girl and would probably be a daughter in law to him soon so he soaked up every bit of beautifulness that he could while she was still visible as a free girl and coincidentally his son's fiancé. Harry looked side wards at his fathers face and currently was in the thought process of wanting to bash his father's face in with a blunt object. A man should stay true to one woman once he was married to her and not openly lust after a girl who was about 20 years younger than he. These thoughts made him feel so angry at his father that the visions of bashing his father's head in with a blunt object began to twist and turn into a vision of him shoving a very pointy sword straight into James his abdominal area and then twisting it while his father screamed in pain as the entrails were literally moved by the sword twisting. The next scene that came through his mind was that James was lying on his back, a sword sticking out of the area where he had been impaled and Harry standing over his corpse with his mother in his arms, proclaiming his love for her and doing things with her that no son ever should right besides James silent corpse.

He didn't react as she moved closer to him, and whispered in his ear: " I used Demonic magic once in my life... why don't you teach me some if you have the time? I'm not as devoted to the Clan as many would think..." her voice was nary but a whisper, as she was whispering but magic enhanced her voice, making her appear to him like she were sincere.

Harry's eyes snapped towards her, her words still within his thoughts. " Well.. I suppose I can arrange a hole I my schedule for some private lessons. But they would have to be done with an apprentice... Something that you aren't..." he looked at her and then allowed some of his magic to seep within her.

She felt the rush of the magic within her and for a moment felt warm, the threads Of magic still being laced with some of the human's warmth and then she shivered as an icy cold began to come form the magic, the Lord of destructions magical signature, even though she didn't know that the magic was coming from the Lord of Destruction, only recognising it as Demonic magic.

Goosebumps sprang up on her skin and she shivered visibly as there was a magical channel between Harry and her, a bond which would not easily be broken unless the linker would give up the flow of magic being inserted into someone's veins. The glow was bluish, the typical sign of magic being transferred and Dumbledore and James stared at the sight of the link between Harry Potter and Jaina.

Harry's eyes narrowed and flashed red for a brief moment and Jaina's dark eyes turned crimson too for a moment and some essence of the Lord of Destruction was forced through her body. Harry's hands unconsciously changed a bit, the nails becoming sharper and almost claw like. The channel of energy suddenly halted and disappeared, making no visible sign that something had happened appear. He looked at her and said: "Shall we go? Dumbledore, lead the way."

The way that he spoke was disrespectful and James immediately went to Dumbledore's defence, the old man smiling a bit and halting James before he would consume too much time. "James, I don't feel offended that Harry called me by my last name only. It's been a hard day for them both and I am sure that they would need some rest after the excitement of this morning. Harry, your classes are cancelled for the day so you can get to know your fiancé."

Harry walked through the halls, Jaina walking next to him, slightly annoyed at the stares she was receiving. She still wore the clothes that she had worn this morning and thus was a bit under clothed, even though the pieces of fabric were layered with a heating charm. She caught the eyes of some of the Seventh years and she scowled as she saw their looks of lust. She could see some small bit of the same lust within her betrothed's eyes but she didn't get the idea that he was after her for her looks. She had to admit that he looked handsome with his robes looking slightly better than the rest of the robes she had seen. It was as if he had mastered a way of walking which could be fitting to that of a great general or something who had a royal status, the calculated steps that she saw him make only began to make her believe that he was a warrior through and through if the movements that his eyes made were correct. They flashed towards the shadows, towards any area which an attack might be forthcoming.

They passed a pair of Aurors Dumbledore nodding slightly to them as Harry made a small growling sound which went unnoticed by all. She could feel some small shred of anger bleed into her being and she knew that it must be a remnant of the magic that had been inside her. For a moment she shivered as the cold feeling came back once again, colder than any of the ice spells that she had ever made. She could feel her soul freezing up as she could feel some foreign magic begin to rip its way through the place where it was nestled, a bit of magic that had seemingly avoided the withdrawing of the magic that Harry had done. For a moment she wondered why she could feel such coldness within her very soul until the answer came to her.

The Demonic Spells usually drew upon the user's soul to sustain the spell being used, draw in a small part of the essence into Hell, the caster losing his soul one piece at a time until nothing was left but a dark shell, willing to destroy and maim and terrorise everything. She could feel a small amount of his magic ripping itself out of her, the feeling that accompanied it beginning to worsen and she closed her eyes and paused for a bit as a shiver wracked her frame, making Dumbledore and the rest stop walking and look at her.

Then with a start she could feel the dark essence being drained away and she looked and saw that Harry's hand was now touching her belly in the place where the magic had been concentrated. He gave her a knowing smile and said; "Are you feeling better now?"

She nodded in gratitude, not trusting her voice to speak. She had much to think about. She walked until she came at a portrait which was of a woman dressed in a red dress and holding a bouquet of roses and was looking rather happy and content.

"Selene would you please allow these people access to the rooms that you guard? They are currently engaged and would need the rooms for privacy reasons..." she bowed and muttered something about serving the Headmaster and being glad to help. She swung open, revealing a room which was very spacious. It was decorated in red with gold colours, colours that Harry hated unless it was the colour of blood.

Dumbledore and his entourage walked into the rooms and Dumbledore explained that there were two bedrooms, one for each of them or if they wanted to sleep together, there would be a room supplied to them. There was a pair of magical phrases to speak out loud before their bedrooms would meld into one huge bedroom.

She could see herself living here already, the luxury being something that she didn't have during the time when she was trained in the ways of the Zann Esu. They believed in a humble existence, using magic to help the people of the world by dealing with the Demons that filtered into the world by using some of the weakened boundaries that kept this world safe from Demons. She could see herself fighting against the Demons and could feel some small hint of valour begin to blossom within her chest, making her want to go to battle.

He looked at the room and knew that some new decorations would be needed to make sure that there would be a nice air in the room, probably creeping out everyone who came inside. There should be some black decorations in the room to make sure that the air looked like it was some scene from a dark and ominous movie. He grinned darkly as he got out his wand and began to manipulate his magic and immediately the room changed to suit his needs. The walls all looked like they belonged in a dungeon. Some shackles against the walls, making the look complete. The red colours turned darker and darker until they were a bloody red and were transfigured in dark streaks on the walls, giving the look like it had been splattered with blood. He looked at the room and the chairs turned into something resembling an ancient throne, dark runes skittering over the surface, meaning nothing except death and destruction.

He watched the reactions from the others and he saw that Dumbledore and his father looked in horror as the room now looked like something that they had seen before, when the war between the Dark Creatures and the Order had escalated and James Potter had been locked up for one night and then being rescued by the Order before any torture could have been done.

Jaina looked on as the room crept her out. How this room could change so fast she didn't know, but she knew that Harry had something to do if the smirk on his face was any clue as to why the room had changed. She scowled as she looked at one of the chairs

and recognised the runes that adorned the transfigured chairs, the death being a bit too morbid for her. "Please turn it all back, Harry... I'd like to be in a room which looks pretty nice and not something like this..."

With a curious look at the girl he simply waved his wand and the room was restored, silver and blood red adorning it instead, something which Harry could at least bear to stand. He looked at the room and said; "Is this to your liking, Miss? I would add some new drapes but it wouldn't do to faint from magic overuse..."

He looked pale and sick, his skin being almost see-through. The veins looking like they were almost empty of blood. Harry dragged his body to the couch, intent on depositing it there and getting some rest. Jaina grabbed his arm and helped him to the couch, helping him lie down. Dumbledore and James hadn't moved a bit since they had witnessed the nightmarish room change back into something actually resembling the old room. Dumbledore moved after Harry had been laid down on the couch and the young man's eyes closed to get some rest. The old man got out some strange device from his robes and then went over and moved it over Harry's form. The device beeped and James moved to stand next to the old man.

"This isn't good, James. The amount of Dark Magic within his body is enough to make the sensor read it as something which is equal to a Death Eater... well then I don't think Harry would survive being infused with some small part of Edward... Edward's energy would destroy him because he is tainted by Dark Magic..." the old man looked at James and James nodded and said; "Well then, shall we get Eddie and proceed with the ritual? I would like it if this was over as fast as possible."

Two hours later Eddie was standing in the middle of a circle which was composed of all the family members that could come, except Harry who was deemed too tainted. A small thought about finally letting his older brother show that he was the filthy Death Eater that he was and exposing him for the world to see flittered through Eddie's mind. Dumbledore asked him to start the ritual and Eddie called up the knowledge about how to do the ritual came up within his mind.

His mother looked rather uncomfortable at the moment and he wondered why she was looking so uncomfortable. She would like to bask in my Heavenly glory... well let's just star the ritual and then maybe she will be more at ease.

A small flare of light was the start of the ritual to enchant everyone in a three foot radius around him with the Divine spirit, so that nothing evil would be able to touch them, not even Lord Voldemort. The angelic light giving wings flared up behind Eddie and Eddie looked at his mother and father and then began to reach out with his magical aura and filled everybody in the room with the aura. In some of them there was no physical effect but in some there could be seen a change. Lily especially had some change happen to her. Two pure white wings ripped through the back end of her robes, luckily still allowing her enough fabric to cover herself up. James didn't have a change to his body, except the fact that he looked something like an angel from a distance, a dark/haired one at that... he seemed to exude an aura of divinity.

Harry's reaction to them would be pretty obvious...

The plot thickens! Dumbledore and the Order of the Fried Turkey have gained divine powers! In the next episode of Lord of Destruction, there will be a confrontation! And a small scene... which will contain some lime moments...

PLEASE REVIEW! 15 reviews for this would really brighten my day!

The Morality of Evil

The first thing that he noticed was the way that he was in a comfortable position, the couch he lay on was soft and provided a good sleeping place. He rubbed some of the sleepiness out of his eyes and decided that he would need to work out a little bit, get some grip back on his life. For the entire time there had been Dumbledore and James Potter leading him through the castle on some foolish quest that annoyed him to no end, so his temper had been on a rather short fuse.

He could remember the exotic looking girl that he had been engaged to thanks to his father's inherent stupidity, the events that had followed angered him just thinking about it. Every time something displeased him he would plot against his enemies, intent on killing them in the most creative ways possible. Even when he was still Infusco Necrotis, the Dark General he was able to do some things that would be considered insane and still pull through. He looked at the surroundings, noticing that he was on a couch, and apparently had been sleeping there for some time. He wanted to get a shower since he didn't really like sleeping in his clothes, since they usually had the scent of blood on them. The only thing that could get the smell away was a good hot shower; something which his sleepy mind processed and gave him a solution.

(Shower... now...)

He got up from the couch towards the doors, drinking in the room that was still foreign to him. He looked at a door and walked towards it, opening it and peering inside. He saw a bed, clothes strewn around it. He deduced that this was Jaina's room and left the room alone. A headache welled up and he knew that either he had used too much magic or that there was something that his body needed.

He stumbled towards the room where he either hoped to find the shower or find a bed to sleep on. His entire body was tired and he wanted to sleep or get a shower and then sleep. He stumbled towards another door, not really listening to any of the sounds that were coming from it, his mind driven by one single intent; get a

shower (or whatever there was available), wash and go to bed or just go to bed and worry about other things later.

She was lying in the bath, soaking in waters that soothed her body. She currently had scented bath water and she could smell the orchids all around her, giving her the impression that she was back once again in the jungle setting of the Zann Esu. She snapped to attention as she heard the door opening and her eyes landed upon the sight of Harry James Potter walking inside the bathroom, looking as sleepy as ever. She looked as he stripped, not making a sound as she saw the clothes come off.

Harry's fogged brain didn't register her existence at the moment.

(Smells nice...) He thought and began to undress, slowly taking his clothes off. He threw them to the floor, wanting to just get rid of them, feeling heavy and slowly wanting to wake up. Once the last article of clothing fell to the floor did he notice the bath and stumbled inside, oblivious to the girl inside the waters already.

The feel that Harry was giving off was of a very sleepy person and she could reason with that as his reactions were off due to sleepiness.

(He must be half asleep, trying to get a bath before getting in bed. Couches aren't exactly the most comfortable things to sleep on. Nice abs... wow...)

The girl's attention was drawn to a certain appendage that Harry had which disappeared beneath the water of the rather large bath as he sank into the waters.

The feeling of the warm water shook him from the disorienting feeling within his mind and he opened his eyes for the first time, really taking in and processing what was happening. He saw Jaina looking at him, her breasts not really covered by anything except water and he grinned and said.

"How did I land in this position with you, Miss Sorceress?"

An amused smirk made its way to her face, playfulness appearing on it and she said.

“Didn’t you remember that I said that I would make you feel really good? Well I let you in the bath with the hopes that you would be able to put that huge thing that you possess to good use...”

She gave a pointed look at him and a smile made its way to his lips too. He could see himself being made fun of, even though it was in a weird way. She had no intention of doing it in the bath as he deducted it from her mind.

She looked at him and he said. “You’d like that don’t you? Of course I’d be happy to put it to use like any other normal hotblooded young man, but now isn’t the time... although I would have to admit that it would be pretty high on the scoring list if you got caught making out with a hot girl in a hot bath...”

He'd sensed someone approaching the rooms and had immediately switched over to high alert mode in his mind.

She noticed he had a tattoo and she felt the urge to reach out and touch it to make sure that it was there. It was a tattoo which depicted a huge black dragon, the scales being perfectly inked on and made it look like it would strike at any time.

James Potter stood outside the room that his son and his fiancé shared. He hoped that he didn’t choose an inappropriate time to go check on him, since the boy had missed the ritual which linked the order members loyal to the Light to Eddie but he knew that it was because Harry could not yet be trusted.

The amount of dark magic within his body was simply too much of a risk to allow. The scanner had indicated that the magical percentage of his body which had turned dark was at least over half of it, but it couldn’t establish a good result due there being some sort of interference, likely because the thing was getting a bit old according to Dumbledore.

His sons and daughters and his lovely wife were clustered around him, the password having been given by Dumbledore who had graciously allowed the Potter children to go and see their brother. Jezebel had been a little bit uncomfortable around Eddie and had

even gone as far as to inch away from him when she saw him but James figured that was because she was still a bit upset at how Eddie had acted. Surely she wouldn't have some sort of affair with your elder brother... it would be totally against all the morals she had been given while growing up.

She had after all been raised by him, James Potter and was obedient to him to a certain extent. She never showed much rebellion within her and that pleased James Potter. He spoke the password to the portrait which swung open. He could vaguely distinguish some small amount of pride at Eddie for managing to do such an advanced ritual as he shared some of his Essence, the essence of Heaven with the family and the Order members.

Dumbledore had been granted an ethereal power, something which would make the darkest of foes cringe backwards if they saw the old man. James himself had been endowed with a small force of the angelic power that his son also wielded, making sure that he would be able to defend himself in the next Great War.

The power that Lily had received was one that was the most pure, her being Eddie's mother and also a pure being. She hadn't ever fired a single bit of dark magic at an enemy, staying with the Light within every battle she'd been in. She had only participated in one battle and that had been one where she had supplied most of the defensive charms. Her wings were of the purest white, no spark of darkness to be seen, yet somehow managed to come across as something which could easily become corrupted. The Arch Angel Tyrael had come once the ritual was complete and had told them what gifts had been bestowed upon each of them. Lily had been one of the purest and thus had gained pure wings, but they could become tainted if she were exposed to the feelings of malicious intent that would corrupt her entire being. Normal thoughts of anger at the Dark Side weren't enough to turn her, only if she were thinking of taking malicious actions against someone or committing some major sin, they would slowly begin to turn darker and darker until every bit of the wings had turned a black colour, making her corruption be complete and making her into something which would fervently oppose Eddie, something which James knew would break his son's heart.

He stepped inside the room, taking note that on the couch there was small amount of ripples, like someone had lain there and had gone away only minutes before.

Harry looked at her, a small amount of satisfaction at his face and he said. "Let me wash up a bit and then I'll go and give you a very good time... I'm sure your body would like to have a very interesting time when I will run my hands all over it, taking a hold of your lovely breasts and massage them..."

She was still looking at the tattoo and his words registered to her and she looked up from the tattoo and said.

"Of course... why don't you let me scrub your back? I'm sure that it would be a hard spot to reach... and then it's straight to bed for you... I don't like it if an opponent is sleepy when I face them..."

She grinned and began to wash him, her hands sliding over his muscles, even though a rather visible reaction appeared in the form of blood rushing somewhere. He was totally at ease though as he let the female wash his body, taking notice that she seemed to stare at him more throughout the time that she was washing him.

She took a notice of his erection and grinned... She liked it when he showed a physical reaction to her. His power was just so intoxicating in its darkness that she had been lost within it the first time she had actually seen it. The small bolt of fire and the following explosion had made her aware of his dark powers, which seemed to be as powerful as the head Sorceress which had led the Zann Esu at the time of her leaving. He was literally exuding magic on a subconscious level, the darkened aura around him making her taste it on the tip of her tongue, making her become filled with the sweet smell of the dark magic that he had practised or was still practising.

"Then teach me the first lesson in Dark Magic, My Master... I am not such a Demon Hunter like my sisters... they are blindly devoted to hunting Demons while I can search their aid and when they prove hostile, destroy them... they power you have is intoxicating me, wanting me to partake in the dark ways of you, wanting me to be a slave to such addicting power..."

She spoke with a feverish tone, like she'd been entranced by his power. He could feel his power beginning to snap out, lashing her mind with its addictive strands and in a moment of insight he knew that she should be swayed to his side and he could use her power with the Ice and the Fire and the Lightning to form a powerful offensive along with his Demons.

The Lord of Destruction looked at the girl and he gently took a hold of her head and said.

"As you have asked, I shall train you in the Dark Demon Magic..." His voice was deeper now and he rose from the water, Harry looked at her and said. "Be prepared to meet my brother... and bring some fire with you for he needs to be taught a lesson."

He stepped out of the bath, and over his clothes and walked through the door, leaving the girl within the bath, looking at her fiancé who would teach her dark magic of the Demonic sort.

He stepped into the room, taking a very careful time to hold his aura of dread and darkness and decay within his body and didn't want even a bare flicker to show. He looked as his father stood with his back turned towards him, addressing his brother..."I know you don't like your older brother Eddie, but please give Harry a chance. He might have practised some serious Dark Magic but he still stands with the Light."

"In that assumption you are wrong, father... I never was of the Light, having been hidden away within the darkness ever since you sent me to live with those creatures... you should be glad that I swore off hunting you for leaving me there four years ago since I didn't think you'd be found alive..."

Harry said, and the man turned towards his eldest son, also garnering the rest of the family to look at Harry who still stood there, naked as the day he was born.

The women of the family blushed beet red as they saw the well curved body of their son, brother and member of the family. The

tattoo only enhanced his handsomeness to them as it seemed to give Harry a bad boy look, something which the Potter women found attractive...

Lily could feel herself heating up at the sight of Harry's naked body and she fought to keep down the raging blush, but failed miserably. Her cheeks coloured as she took in every bit of his body, the dragon only making him look better than James in her eyes. She knew that it was so wrong to think like this but lately her husband had not been very attentive to her, not even giving her anything anymore out of love, but just to try and keep her happy. She could feel that his attention was solely focused on Eddie now and she felt left out. She was his wife and while she loved Eddie as much as she possibly could, she could not help but feel an attraction to her eldest son, which she had given birth to only eighteen years ago and his looks made him gain more love as it showed that he looked better under those clothes that he wore. She could see some water still on his body, evidence that he had been in a bath only moments ago.

"You bastard! How dare you talk to dad like that? I ought to teach you a lesson."

Eddie had jumped forwards once again, his wings flaring out in his back, making Harry take a step backwards as the wave of pure good feelings washed over him and made him feel ill.

Harry's stance faltered for a bit as he felt the wave of goodness come out from his brother and he looked at the smaller teenager and said.

"You think those glorified pidgeon wings impress me?"

Eddie was angry at Harry for making fun of his father, not really having heard all that much about his eldest brother unless it was about him not being found or if his father was angry at him with the blatant disrespect that Harry treated him with. It wasn't shown in his words, but more in his deeds. While he could keep up a formal front, the hidden looks of anger that Harry sent at their father made Eddie's blood boil and he began to prepare his angelic powers to deal a final strike against his brother, hoping that Harry was the Lord of Destruction so the Light would triumph over the evil Forces from Hell...

Harry could feel the power building in Eddie and grinned. He looked at the one he had to call brother and said.

“Are you really going to strike down your own brother, Edward? Are you going to kill me just because you think that I insulted father?”

Eddie looked at his brother and said. “Your fate has already been decided, brother of mine. For one such as you, there can only be one fate: Death... For having an alliance with the Lord of Destruction, you are hereby sentenced to purification and following that Death by your magic being forcefully ripped from your being as it is Dark and your soul shall be set free to be reborn. DIVINE JUSTICE!”

Eddie's voice had gained an ethereal sound to it as he had spoken and light had been collecting around his wrists and before anybody could act on it, it had shot out and had hit Harry straight in the chest...

The light had blinded him before it hit and Harry was powerless to prevent it from hitting him.

Will this be my end, the end for the Lord of Destruction?

I know that I'm mean to leave it at this but I want to see some reviews! 20 should suffice for me to get motivated to write a new chapter for this...

Please review.....for reviews give me strength...

Evil

The beam of light hit him in the chest and he could feel the light seeping into his body, the holy light beginning to eradicate all the darkness within him. He could feel how his magic was becoming unstable and tried to stabilise it.

A hoarse scream came from his mouth as he sank to the floor, the beam of light having been absorbed into his body, the inner purge beginning to take place. First he could feel the power of the High Heavens beginning to try and eradicate any shred of darkness, eradicating his body in the process. Already he could no longer feel some body parts moving and he struggled to regain the grasp on the darkness within him, not wanting to disappear by his brother's hands.

Fenrir was in the process of getting his lunch as he could feel a jolt go through his stomach and he could feel the feeling settling down in his stomach, giving a jerk behind the navel and transporting him towards the place where one of the leaders of the Dark Countries was close to death. They had installed this feature within every key member of the military of either royalty or General, the position that Harry held at the moment.

Kel'Zarath felt the tug behind the navel just as he was about to go and make sure that there were no faults in the armour that he wore. He couldn't afford to get it broken in battle and thus usually held a check up whenever he was about to go forth into battle.

The Lord of Vampires felt a similar feeling as the other Lords and instantly they were transported to the area directly around the dying Harry who was currently trashing on the floor as his body struggled to remain intact with the magic also intact.

The feeling of the light magic struggling against the dark was slowly ripping him apart, making him weaker and weaker and making him feel like he wanted to have bloody vengeance against his little brother. And if he survived he would take it in a gruesome way, maybe ripping off an ear or something would suffice as a decent warning and then maybe some mauling of the head to get his point across to the youth.

He could sense other aura's around him, those which seemed to try and help him in a way but he didn't know who they were, just that they were attempting to save him.

The Lords appeared within a circle around Harry and looked at him for a moment, a bit disoriented at the place they were at and then acted in a flash, each knowing what had to be done.

Fenrir was the first to take action and his hand morphed into a claw and he took one of Harry's wrists and slit it open, making blood come out in huge spurts, then used his claw to slit his own wrist and press it against the wound, his wound sealing immediately while Kel'Zarath and the Vampire Lord began to chant an ancient verse from the ritual of rebirth they were doing to save Infusco Necrotis, otherwise known to the world as Harry James Potter.

With this ritual we shall revive this body with the taint of dark blood.

We shall grant it our essence, our power and let the new being be revived from the ashes of the old

Lord of Destruction, awaken within thy old shell and revive thyself

Black clouds lining the sky, red blood mixing within your veins, revive Every Lord pressed their bleeding arm to the cut, mixing their blood with his. Kel'Zarath looked at his friend who was still shivering due to the magic still causing havoc within his body and said.

"May you be causing a lot of trouble, Milord... Harry... Infusco."

He spoke in Dark Elvish and then pressed his bleeding palm to the wound where the blood of the different creatures was mixing to rejuvenate the power of darkness within Harry's body, possibly giving him enough power. The cut healed immediately and Kel'Zarath looked at the body and grinned and then finished the chant with the Dark Elvish finishing sentence:

Through darkness you are reborn.

Fenrir looked at Harry and he chanted his specific last chant after Kel'Zarath.

Blood will be yours to take, with our blessing

The Lord of Vampires finished the chant:

And bring the cleansing of Good to this world

The magic reacted violently within Harry's body, allowing the light energy to become overpowered by the all consuming darkness.

Harry felt the dark energy coursing through his veins, making him stronger and feeling the Lord of Destruction part of him beginning to grow more active. War would be upon the wizarding world soon and they would face a final conclusive strike of the majority of demonkind. He had deliberately let himself be hit by the beam of light, knowing that Eddie would do his best to kill him, the power he had over the Light would be minimised because he would just be getting accustomed to having such power. The blood from the Lords which would be used to try and revive him would grant him greater power, as his power was slowly being ripped away by the cleansing light which would make him weaker and weaker and the darkness would make him even stronger then before.

By letting the light cleanse his body of evil and dark influences he would build his resistance to it, making him stronger then before, before he expelled the light from his body.

His eyes snapped open and he put his hands on the floor, getting up slowly, his eyes turning a dark red in colour, gaining a tint of darker and darker emotions which were all running through his body and mind at the moment.

"You dare to try and purge me of all the evil that is within my body, little brother? If not for Fenrir and the rest of the Lords you would have succeeded in eliminating me and making sure that the wizarding world would face the combined might of the countries within Great Britain which were christened Dark countries. As I have stated

before... there is no Light or Darkness, there is only power... there may be a Lord of Destruction in this world and you might be the Lord of Light but you seem to forget one thing: we are brothers and thus we shouldn't be able to fight each other in such a savage way... if you truly wish to kill me and everything you seem to think I stand for, then accept an invitation to a duel... tonight at twelve..."

Harry's face was looking at his little brother's face, their eyes boring into the other one's eyes, daring them to do something.

"I, Edward Joachim Potter accept your duel, Harry James Potter. It shall be held on the Astronomy tower at twelve..." Eddie stated and looked at his brother who grinned. "I let you get the first hit on me, little foolish brother... don't presume you can hit me again..."

Harry stretched his muscles, flexing them a bit to check if they were still intact and not having disintegrated and to make sure that there wouldn't be any detrimental effects in the duel. Being the Lord of Destruction should give him enough power to beat his little brother, having practised the Dark arts before his little brother even could hold a wand. Of course he would have some tricks up his sleeve if everything would go haywire. The fact that he would come dressed as his true persona from the war would easily allow him to intimidate Edward into making some stupid move or making him more reckless...

According to the rules of a duel, the combatants needed to bring a second to fight in case the main fighters got knocked out at the same time. There weren't any clear rules for the knockout and Harry had made a gamble that Eddie wouldn't make this a duel to the death, or at least would be stopped by his father who would not like to see his golden child get killed by his dark child.

An idea popped into his mind and with a swirl of magic he disappeared from the room, still naked, off to a destination where his appearance would cause problems with the current occupants of the room he was in. The people who were still within the room all looked at the spot where Harry had been once a few moments ago and then had disappeared in a flash of bright light.

Twenty minutes did pass until he reappeared and a wide smile was plastered on his face as he began to go over the events that had happened to him... perhaps misteleporting into someone's bathtub had been a wrong idea when you were naked, especially if the person currently in the bathtub was someone who could be considered family. Who would have thought that the woman had a small tattoo of a black rose on her ass? He could still see her surprised face as she recognised him, then looked him over once and mumbled something about being bigger than her ex-husband when soft...

The rest of the visit had gone along as planned, having found his second being busy with some tasks that had to be handled with some haste. Of course Harry had offered this help, but he was rejected by the person telling that his presence and help wasn't needed and that he shouldn't upset the women that he employed, lest they drag him into a room and messily rape him, something which seemed to amuse Harry to no end for some reason.

It was six PM and Harry came into the Great Hall, dressed in some casual clothes which seemed to be made especially for some small exercising and other stuff that one might do while working out. He took a seat at the Gryffindor table, making sure to sit as close as possible to his young brother who was still glaring daggers at him.

"Brat, you do realise that we better not kill each other, or else wind up in Azkaban..."

He said that between taking a bite out of a chicken wing and he grinned at his little brother's face which was growing to become a rather strange purple colour, something which definitely wasn't normal.

"It wouldn't do to kill me in front of all these witnesses, Edward. The Aurors would arrest you immediately. I may have survived that little barrage of light from you because I was caught unaware and I can assure you that it won't happen again." With his eyes flashing dangerously, he got up from the table, still looking within his brother's eyes. "Bring a good second to the duel... I will be waiting..."

He stepped forwards towards the doors leading towards the exit of the Great Hall and he put up a cheerful smile as he let his clothes rustle in a way eerily similar to a certain potions master.

He walked through the door leading towards his lodgings where he lived with Jaina who looked at him with barely hidden surprise in her eyes.

“Back already, Harry? I thought you just went to get some food and then continue with my lessons...”

She had been corrupted immediately when he had forced some of his demonic magic within her body. Her body craved more of the magic like a starving man for food. He looked at the girl as she sat there in a chair which was facing towards her. She was looking at him intently, her eyes being slightly red in the irises and he noticed that there was a familiar redhead sitting on a chair close to her.

“Mom? What are you doing here? I thought you would be with dad and the rest of the Order of the Fried Turkey...” He didn’t even blush as she sent him a pointed glare and he grinned and said. “I’m not allied with the Light of this war, mom. I’m allied with the Dark Side and always shall. If you join me, you will be loved by thousands as one of the loyal ones to me, Harry James Potter, leader of the Dark Armies... Think about it, you could be someone who could rule your own country. All it takes is a little word and I would literally break the moon for you with my bare hands.”

He looked at her, his eyes turning blood red once again as the dark torrent of energy began to fill him as he willed his power back in his body after it had been temporarily displaced by the attack from his little brother. She still looked at him with an unwavering look and finally she gave up.

“You make your own destiny Harry. I am for the Light. Professor Dumbledore simply wants the best for all of us. I may feel certain things while I am around you but I won’t act on them. I won’t be a slave to my inner desires, no matter how tempting they may be.”

She looked at him, tears beginning to form in her eyes and she rose, looking him in the eyes with her gaze being unwavering in its resolve and she said.

“Alright, if that’s how it shall be, then let it be...”

With no further words, she walked out of the room, some tears coming out of her eyes. Harry felt so low after that. He had driven away his mother, the only one who seemingly understood him just for trying to get her to side with him. Was he truly such a despicable beast that she would run at the mere sight of him? Was he such a creature of hate that would cause her to go away the moment she had laid eyes upon him?

He asked himself that and then absently began to explain to Jaina the basic principle of making sure that the demon stays under your command, even going as far as to conjure up one for her, then binding it with a few intricate designs etched by his wand in the air and it would do whatever he ordered it to do; jump out of a window, eat a child, kill itself, nothing mattered to the creature except its master’s will.

He looked at the clock and then noticed that it was already nine o’clock and it would soon be the time for him to go and dress in his robes especially made for battles. He spoke with no hint of anything except cold and calm precision.

“Train on your strengths. You need more control so I would suggest looking over the movements of the magic and such before the conjuration of a Demon, an imp should be perfect for you..”

With no further words did he go into his room and withdrew his battle robe from the dresser. He clothed himself, the cloak covering his face and he hoped that it wouldn’t cause too much suspicion from the Aurors or otherwise there would be some murders in Hogwarts. His Second would need to be careful too for it was someone who had been on the bounty and kill list of the Ministry for a long time.

11 o’clock arrived and Harry looked at himself in a mirror he conjured. He looked powerful and he had dressed this way to intimidate his

brother. With a small pop, a man dressed in a hooded cloak and silken robes appeared.

“Just on time... let’s go and admire the sights from the Astronomy tower for a bit before we go to duel my little brother. You’ll be expected to handle his second, something which isn’t too much of a hindrance to you.”

“Very well... Lead the way please. It’s been too long since I attended...”

The male dressed in the cloak’s vice was gleeful, something which was normally associated to those who were in the business of maniacal evil people, where this person also belonged.

Harry opened the portrait, making sure to tell Jaina that he was going away, his cloak rustling slightly as he walked through the opening. His second followed him, a smile playing upon the unknown person’s mouth as they would probably have a lot of fun tonight... at least Harry would be able to have some fun and perhaps there was a duel to be gotten with Old man Dumbledore if he played his cards well enough...

His green eyes began to glow under the hood, his face still shrouded by the hood as he began to make his way to the Astronomy tower. They passed a few Aurors who became alert as they saw the two hooded figures stride past them.

“Is that him? Call for backup Hensley! Its Infiusco Necrotis...”

One whispered to his companion as the General strode past them. A gurgle came from the Auror as Harry’s sword had struck him in the throat as Harry quelled the sound immediately and said.

“Let me pass... I have an appointment with Dumbledore and I will not be late.”

With that he cleaned the blade with a rag and smiled, his teeth looking sharper then they usually were, giving him the look of a

vampire. They encountered no further problems, Auror's fleeing as they got the information that the General Infusco Necrotis was here to talk to Dumbledore and should be left alone to keep casualties down.

Harry came to the Astronomy tower and exited the door which led to the observation platform, something which was the designated site for the duel. At the current time there was Astronomy to be taught and Harry grinned and just stood to the side.

"Look at the ground, how nice it would be to make sure that every wizard and witch dies from falling down... no offence, my friend... you aren't included with that..." He looked at the man who he had brought with him, grinning all the while.

Harry turned towards the class and said. "I don't think it will be safe to remain here for much longer, Miss Sinistra... please take your class and get the hell out of here."

His eyes glowed and she recognised him from the general description that went around about him.

The students went away as fast as one of them recognised and shouted that he was Infusco Necrotis... A mad dash for the exit was made by the students and Harry grinned, as he liked anarchy since it made him all the more effective in killing people.

Ten minutes later, the rest of the entourage appeared, looking at the hooded figures standing there. Sirius was with them and spat his name as if it were venom.

"Infusco Necrotis."

Harry looked at the man and said. "Yes... that is my name... Mister Black, what a pleasure to see you once again... and little Edward is here too." He grinned, his mouth being the only thing that they could see.

"Harry, you asked that war criminal to be your second! I thought you knew better then to trust such a Dark Lord in the making!" Sirius his

voice rang loud and clear and Harry's smile became a bit wider and he spoke once again.

"My second isn't who you think him to be, mister Black... I can assure you that I did come here with the intent of duelling with at least one of you..."

Eddie took a few steps towards Harry. "I'm not afraid for some phoney who thinks he's better than any of us. I wield the power of the High heavens and even though I've only yet started to learn about it, I almost managed to destroy your pathetic servant which is a brother of mine..."

"Oh? I seem to recall you firing a beam of light at him... did you see the five Lords surround him, Eddie? Did you see how they pumped their blood into his veins, reigniting the darkness within his heart? Face the truth Eddie, there are two sides of the coin. Saviour, Villain, Hero, Conqueror, that is all that there is to him. He's the most powerful Dark Wizard that the Dark Countries have..." With that he smiled creepily and he said. "But now is no time for lengthy conversations... let's duel and settle this matter..."

"You aren't my traitorous brother! He's just sent you to fight me and is too afraid to come himself!"

Eddie shouted at Harry who smiled amusedly at the child, noticing that his mother was also amongst the people who had come to the duel.

"I see that you also brought your mother with you... a shame that such beauty is so enslaved to the Light Side, while we of the Dark Side shall need to go without her beauty..."

"How dare you talk that way about my mother! You animal!"

Eddie was getting angry at the grinning Dark General, his face and other things still hidden behind the clothes.

"She is my mother too, Edward..." With that he lifted the hood and looked straight at his brother with malice visible in his eyes. "She is

the one that gave birth to me and I shall not make her a slave to the light Side. Father cast me to the Dark Side where I grew up and was nurtured by those unfortunate to be branded Dark Creatures. I am one of the most powerful people in the world, controlling an army. I have the trust and faith of the Lords of the Countries, making me royalty in the eyes of the common Dark Creatures...”

Shock was visible on everybody's face as he had finally revealed to them who he was, and what he was to the world.

He was the man with the single largest bounty of the Isles of Great Britain on his head... and he was about to duel the Saviour of the Wizarding world...

I hope that this is something that everybody will love. I hope that everybody liked it because I don't think I will be able to update soon since school is getting me in trouble with their pesky homework and other things that bother me every now and then...

The battle of Good vs. Evil! Go Harry!

He looked at his little brother., a defiant look in the other one's face. "Seems like we can duel now, little brother. My second will take care of whoever you have made your second in no time..." with that he brandished his staff with a look that forecasted nothing good.

"Adere!" a dark spell rushed out from the tip of the staff, impacting in front of Edward who looked at his brother with anger in his eyes. "I will never allow you to darken the family name ever again!" a staff of gold appeared in Eddie's hands and with a whispered spell a small blast of holy light was sent at Harry who simply batted it away with the new powers he had gained from both being human and other Dark creature with the power of the Lord of Destruction poured within his very soul.

"Those little light tricks won't work on me anymore... I've transcended beyond human, little brother... nothing that is that weak can even touch me anymore.." a bark of laughter came out of his mouth as he looked at Eddie's face which seemed to be portraying anger at him. "Seems like the little angel is a bit angry... Lucifer fell when his pride grew too big to handle, Edward... maybe you shall fall too and become one of the fallen, the heavenly power still backing you up..." a blast of light soared past him, having been dodged just in time as Harry was attempting to goad his brother into attacking him. "See what I mean? No power to back it all up. There's nothing that can stop the advancing wave of Darkness which will eventually cover this world, nothing at all!"

He began to charge up for a wave of darkness to be unleashed upon his little brother. It was time that he learned of the power of the burning pits of Hell. The black energy that coursed through his veins began to let him assimilate the burning fire that was burning within Hell itself, taking a small portion of it and making it begin to appear all around him in some sort of macabre spectacle. 'Can you see this fire, brother dearest? This is the power of Hell itself, to destroy and to kill is the only use for it all, making me the best of the best, second only to the Lord of Destruction. The fact that I seem to have a natural aptitude for the summoning and binding of Demons only beings to heighten my power as I feel it coursing through my veins until this

very day, until you tried to cleanse me of it and make my soul a pure one, without corruption at all...”

A manic look was created by the wind suddenly picking up, the flames turning green like the were infused with Floo powder and Harry's hair slightly whipping within the wind which had been summoned by his power drawing the weather close to him, the sheer force of the Holy and Unholy power creating some sort of twister like funnel of magic.

Harry watched as the sky began to swirl above him, the winds beginning to pick up and make sure that there would be some dramatic effects.

The green flames began to grow and grow until there was a ball of green fire around his hand and he grinned and then extended his hand and bellowed; “Inferno Blast!” the infernal heat began to pulse around him and a massive gout of flame shot out of his hand, arching towards Eddie who looked at it with a grim look in his eyes.

By merely a wave of the staff, a bright shield appeared to shield Eddie from the blast. Harry hadn't really intended to hurt Eddie so he had kept the blast low powered, only fueled with some of the smallest flames of hell and it was more like a test to see how far his little brother had progressed. “Seems like you can cast a weak shield, Edward...”

Another ball of green fire began to collect around his hand and he grinned and the weather began to turn into a storm above them, some sort of swirl beginning to form in the clouds, something looking like a huge maelstrom of clouds, sucking up everything except the combatants, spells still being in place to make sure that everybody stayed on the ground, courtesy of the second from Harry and Dumbledore.

“Inferno Blast!” a huge ball of fire was thrown at Eddie who dodged it barely, a bit of his light wings being singed and the pain could be felt by him as he couldn't block out those feelings.

Eddie began to gather some holy power within his hands, like Harry had done before with the hellfire, making a bright white light emanate

from them and then spread to heal the wounded area. Harry stared at his little brother who seemed to be occupied with healing himself: "Seems that you are nothing but a rather cheap healer and a weak one at that. I could have regenerated my flesh if you parted it with a sword easily. You can't defeat me for Evil and Good are the same, just the other side of a coin."

A few blasts of light and darkness were sent at the opposing party and Harry was slowly beginning to feel the true power of his little brother, being amused that this upstart would even try to defeat him, Infusco Necrotis, Harry James Potter and the Lord of Destruction.

"You haven't even tasted my power yet, little brother! Can't you sense that I'm the one with the most power here? Its darkness which shall conquer and destroy all that is Light. The power within our bodies shall make us gods amongst men and all you do is fight against me, your brother. Why don't you join me and then we shall let the entire world bow to us, brothers..." Harry extended a hand towards his brother, his body somehow making it look inviting to everybody watching the scene.

Eddie started at the hand which was being extended with pure revulsion on his face and he said: "I'll never join with you, Harry! You are evil and its my duty to vanquish such evils like you!" a bright light began to emanate from the Brother of Light while the Brother of Darkness looked on, an impassive look on his face: " then you have missed your chance, brother. Die..."

A bright emerald light began to glow around the tip of Harry's staff, making the people present all look at the young man with horror. Was he going to use Avada Kedavra on his own brother?

He looked at his brother, hissing the spell: " Avada Kedavra!" the parseltongue rolled off his lips, the spell whizzing towards the boy who looked at it, mesmerized. The spell came closer and closer, touching the boy's forehead and then seeping into the skin.

A magical backlash ensued, the conflicting forces of Light and Darkness waging a war within Eddie and finally the dark curse being

expelled with such force that both Harry as well as his brother were knocked unconscious by the blast wave.

The tower shook as the cataclysmic powers were released into the air, making sure that the entire surrounding was also shaking.

Dumbledore was the first to regain his footing and he looked at the unconscious duelers, taking note that Harry was lying close to him. The Seconds stepped forwards and the unknown person looked at the Weasley boy who stood in front of him. "Today is the day that you'll lose to me. I've been trained by the order!" the Weasley brat was talking in a way which irritated the man and he said; "Shut it, impudent child."

The hissing voice made everybody pale as Lord Voldemort lowered his cowl, exposing his face to the public. "I am only doing this because the child has asked me to be his second. If I didn't owe him a favor for disposing of something that was too filthy to touch, I would never have done it." With that he leveled his staff at the boy and hissed an incantation and Ron cried out, a gout of blood spurting out of a wound on his abdomen. A bloody streak was once again sent at the child by the Dark Lord and Ron's skin began to be pulled back by invisible hands, making the boy scream even louder.

A cruel smile was on the Dark Lord's face as he looked at his bleeding opponent. "Then I shall leave you all, glad to have been of service, mister Potter..." then he left, a portkey activating, taking him back to his hidden lair: "You have got to do something Albus! Make Harry back into someone he should be! He should be happy and cheerful like any other person his age." James was immediately busy voicing his protests about it, making sure that the Headmaster would help him out. "Of course James. I would be more than happy to make sure that Harry will be a nice boy once again... after all this memory partly erased, he wouldn't be able to stand on trial as Infusco Necrotis, now would he? It would be quite the scandal to hear that our son and the brother to the Boy-Who-Lived is one of the most powerful dark wizards within the world."

The old man drew his wand, making sure that the magical point was well focused upon the motionless body lying in front of him.

Harry stirred, slowly getting out of the unconsciousness forced upon him by his little brother: “ Wha?” he looked at the point of the wand and then he heard an old voice say a spell and eh watched as a light came speeding at him. Hitting him in the head at a place where a scar once had been. He felt the world go dark as he felt himself loosing his memory one piece at a time.

“ Hi mom, Hi dad!” a cheerful Harry Potter, dressed in red Gryffindor clothes was looking at his parents with a smile on his face, truly happy to be amongst his parents once again as he had been taken captive by the Lords of the Dark Nations and had been forced to endure countless rituals upon his body until Dumbledore saved him from it all.

“ Hello Harry!” “ Hello son!” His parents were nice to him and he didn't think of anything to complain about him, although they were somewhat protective of him, like he truly was a member of the family.

He felt odd the moment he looked at his mother, every time he did that he would feel something nagging on the back of his head, like something had been hidden there, something which was VERY important to him. He decided to forgo breakfast, mumbling something about wanting to study and that he'd get a house elf to make him dinner.

“James? Do you think he's regaining his memory?” she looked worriedly at her husband, whose face was also looking worried. “We can't let him remember about the thing Dumbledore did to him. If he remembers about his time as Infusco Necrotis, he'd side with Voldemort in this war, and probably deliver the world to him on a silver platter. You do remember that the old snake said something about a favor having been owed to Harry?” she nodded and gave a really worried look to her husband;. “He looks at me in a way which makes me shiver... Do you really think it was okay for Albus to erase some parts of his memory and replace them with memories of love for the two of us? He might do more then just giving us love...”

James just looked at his wife and said; “I'm not worried about that... if he started hugging you, it'd only mean that his love for us has increased, and not becoming something which is too sappy to describe, him being dependant on us...”

There were some things that James just didn't understand, his wife being one of them. She gave him a rather scorching look, the look which could burn men alive when it fell on them., making them feel ashamed for living: "You really are an ignorant obsessed pig, like Harry had once said! I don't even know why I married you James!" she stood up from the table, leaving in a huff as James apparently hadn't caught onto the clue she had given him and he just sat there, looking at the place where she had been only moments ago.

"Why do women have to be so confusing?" he only said and then grabbed his head with his hands, thinking about a way to get back into the good graces with his wife.

He lounged within his chair in his room, thinking about the lovely ways that he could try to fly a broom and become a seeker for the Gryffindor house team until there was a sharp crack and somebody appeared within the room.

"Hello Harry-dear... Did you miss me?" she spoke, her wings slightly wrapping around her rather generous bust, giving him a nice view of her body too.

Next chapter will feature Harry's return to the Dark Side of Life... the mysterious woman will be revealed... and I hope that I get good grades on my tests...

And please review... that would be nice...

She looked at her master, her luscious form looking like it was ready for a good fuck, and wanting to get it from him. His breath seemed to stop, his eyes glued to her form. She looked at him and then whispered in a husky voice.

“I know you want this, darling...”

He stood there frozen as this luscious creature of darkness sauntered over to him and her wings unwrapped, releasing her generous bust into the view of him, her breasts swinging a few times before his attention was drawn to her face, on which a grin was placed and he spoke in nearly a whisper:

“You shan’t claim me, creature of darkness...”

He drew his wand and then sent a mildly powered reducto at the Succubus, whose face he till didn’t recognise.

She looked at the reductor curse and then batted it away, looking at her love’s face and saying.

“Harry? Why are you acting this way?”

Took a good look at his face and could sense some of his unshielded thoughts, like his mental shielding had been disabled by something since it normally wasn’t this open...

(Creature of darkness! must destroy the darkness!)

Those were the main thoughts going through his mind and she recoiled in horror as she saw his wand once again pointed at her and a mildly powered curse once again flew out of it, a stunner this time. He was clearly intent on surrendering her to the Light and allowing her to be turned back into the person who she had been before her transformation and then be put on trial and given the Kiss.

She was confused, he didn’t need to be acting this way. “Please turn back to normal, Harry. You aren’t like this...”

She began to charge up for a magical spell of seduction in which she would be able to approach Harry who would be dazed for the duration. She finished the spell by speaking the last part of the incantation and then making sure that it would all work out. She looked as it took effect and Harry froze in his tracks, a small bit of drool coming out of his mouth as the pleasure senses were all activated at once, creating a daze in which he didn't ejaculate but stayed in some sort of emotional freeze.

She calmly walked towards him and pressed her curves against his, looking him deep in the eyes and kissing him on his lips, making her magic take a root within his heart, then willing it to turn as black as it had been. She could sense that there was a change within him, a deep fundamental change which would turn him back. She left with a small bell-like sound, almost like it had all been a dream. Harry sank to the floor, only to wonder where he had been and what he had done to become so strange in his stomach.

"Father, could you please tell me something about your work as an Auror?"

He was highly polite and his father answered with some small amount of pride within his voice. "Well there are several things I could tell you... have you heard about the battle near..."

The man went on about the tactical manoeuvres they had done against the Death Eaters, and the strategic planning that had went with it.

Sirius came by, and started telling about the war within the Dark Countries; "And then there was this general of them, the one called Infusco Necrotis... that man was literally insane with the way he handled his troops. It was like he was possessed." Sirius made a disapproving gesture by wrinkling his nose. "The sheer brutality of him still amazes me to this day. The way he seemed to command his enemies, like telling them to focus on a certain person and then laughing as that person was overwhelmed. I watched him fight against three aurors once and he survived with not so much as a scratch on him. It was then that he shot me with some sort of weapon, I was found a few hours later, the only survivor." Sirius his eyes

darkened for a moment and then brightened as a smile came on his face. "Harry, would you like to become an Auror? I could pull some strings to get you enlisted as a rookie Auror." Sirius looked at his godsons face, looking for any dark emotion but found none. "I'd love to. Can you make sure that I get to kill some of the dark scum? "

Sirius was rather pleased with the attitude against the dark creatures which Harry had developed

(Dumbledore has done a really good job with that behaviour altering spell.) He thought and looked at his godson once again, hoping to see more improvement soon.

"Would you like something to drink, Sirius?"

James asked and looked at his best friend who smiled and said. "I'd love to James, but I'm still wanted at home, and you know how much she hates it when I come home drunk..."

James gave a laugh as he knew that Sirius his wife would have his head if he came home drunk or smelling like alcohol. He absently watched how his oldest daughter gave his eldest son a look which was uncomprehending and said. "Jezebel, is something bothering you?"

She looked at her father who had just asked her if something was bothering her. "Yes actually there is something bothering me. It's the cramps I get when I have my period dad, so don't bug me!" She answered fiercely, making the man shrink back slightly and then immediately shut up as a woman on her period was as dangerous as a shark in a swimming pool. Jezebel looked at her father for a moment, then sat down on Harry's lap and said. "Would you like to help me with something Harry? I've been wanting to wear something nice for a function we all need to attend, so I've selected a nice dress and I want at least one guy to check it out, and since you are such a ladies man, you'll fit the bill... so will you?" She gave him a pleading look and he gave in, looking at his dad for support but found none.

“Whipped by your own daughter and wife... how low you have sunken James.” Sirius commented, only to duck under a mild stunning curse sent by Lily who commented.

“Don’t talk about us like that Sirius or I’ll make sure that Jessica will punish you...”

Lily’s eyes seemed to have a weird look within them, like they were harder, colder to James then ever before, Sirius also cowering under the gaze.

Harry looked at the female on his lap and said; “Let’s see that dress of yours, Jezebel... I’ll need to threaten the guy who will accompany you to it though... It’s what big brothers do...”

He grinned at her and she got up, looking at him and then leading him to her room, to let him see the dress where she had been talking about.

Twenty minutes later Harry came out, looking at the wall as he groaned at having to look at his sister undress in front of his eyes and watch her put on the dress so slow that he could see the clock ticking... he didn’t know why she did it but something stirred beneath his memory, something which made him want to discover what it was.

He asked the House elves to give him a painting set, for he felt artistic at the moment and he began to immerse himself within the magical feeling that he conjured up, and began to paint something which came to mind.

With ordered strokes, he began to paint on the canvas, closing his eyes as he did to immerse himself within the magical flows. The brush flew over the canvas, streaking a new colour with whatever he wished. The magic controlled the paint, and Harry drew whatever was on his mind.

When he opened his eyes he looked at the painting which made him feel a hint of shock within his eyes.

It was Hell. Writhing flames could be seen in the fiery pits which made normal fires look like a candle. People were being tortured by grotesque creatures, looking at their victims with glee within their eyes. He looked at the demons as they were depicted devouring a young man whose agonised face was clearly distinguishable. And the thing which dominated it all was a massive throne, in the middle of the painting, a dark figure upon it shrouded in shadows in the room which was so bright with fire. Two burning red eyes could be seen staring at everyone who dared to look at that imposing figure.

Harry shivered and mumbled. "An evil painting... I don't think dad would like to see it... but this was what my magic let me draw... let's start on another one..."

With a flourish of his hand the canvas was placed on the side, levitating by his magic and will alone.

The act of wandless magic startled him. "Did I really do that?"

A flash of memory came to him, of a dark room with several dark elves within it, teaching him the basics of it, and him surprising them by making the magic throw them back with a gesture. The cold look on his face froze him and the memory faded and he dismissed it as nothing.

"Oh well let's start again."

He picked up the brush again and then began to paint once again, letting the magic to do the job.

Lily Potter wanted to know what her eldest son was doing. She heard some soft humming come from one room, and then entered it in hopes of finding her son. She looked as he was enthralled by making a painting through his magic, in a manner which she had never seen before. His aura was almost completely dark, with a few specks of light within it, signifying Eddie's influence on it, at least on a conscious level.

She took a seat on a conjured chair and then watched as the painting began to form itself; the streaks of colour began to form a nice shape.

The shape turned into something which looked somewhat like a human. Then the details were added slowly, the paintbrush going slower than normal, and a faint sheen of sweat was seen on Harry's face as he began to change the details to fit his magic's idea of perfect.'

When she saw the completed work, she couldn't hold back a gasp of surprise at the thing which was depicted.

Harry opened his eyes to look at his creation and then could feel memories returning to him at a pace which made his eyes dazed and unfocused as his mind reprocessed it all and a burning hatred for Dumbledore sprang alive once again. He looked at the painting, a picture of him and Lily, Lily and him being naked and into an embrace, with large bat like wings growing from his back, and sticking out behind him in a display which made them look ragged and corrupted, while his body looked like a dark shadow given flesh.

Her skin was pristine and white, her red hair contrasting with the pale skin perfectly. Her lily-white wings looked divine, and the way she was embracing him left no doubt that it was a passionate relationship they were engaged in, a relationship which looked wrong in every aspect. Him, the Demon with Her, the Angel.

Both of them could only look at the painting, then look at each other, and he said. "Do you like it, Mother? It's grand isn't it? The memory spell has failed the old fool not being powerful enough to seal the memories from my mind..."

He gave her a smile which was frightening to her as his teeth were longer than she thought them to be giving him the image of a vampire.

She looked at him in shock. (Dumbledore has failed... I knew that there wasn't enough power behind it to fully seal the memories away from him. Damn how am I going to make sure that he won't hurt anyone of the family...)

She thought about it, Harry's smile widening and he said. "You look so pretty, mother, so delicate in the way you are portrayed there... look at the painting, and know my feelings. I love you, mom, I love

you with my entire heart..." He gave her a weary look and then continued: "This heart beats for you, and will protect you with all that I have, even if it kills me..." He sighed deeply, then said. "Go on, slap me, insult me, do whatever you want." With a wave of his hand he conjured up a dagger. "Come on, kill me mother... kill me for thinking such thoughts about you..." She looked at him, her eldest son and then sighed and looked at the dagger that was now resting in the air in front of her and she said.

"What has caused you to feel this way, Harry?"

He looked at her and smiled sadly. "The moment you came into the bar, I knew that there was something special about you. I could sense the way that you moved, the manner in which you would speak before you would have spoken. The first comment I made about you was to Ezekiel, I told him I'd love to spend the night with you..." He gave her a sad smile, then sighed and said. "Do you like the painting I made? I can make more, just wait a few minutes... and if you want to kill me, just use Avada Kedavra..." He felt the will to live burn within him, and he knew that there wouldn't be much to do that would make it ever blink out of existence. He looked at his mother, then sighed and said. "Just do it..." he turned towards the canvas, grabbing the brush once again and bringing it against the canvas, letting the feeling of his magic fill his being once again.

She looked at her son as he was painting something, looking at him after he had confessed to her.

(I can't kill him, he's my son and I love him, maybe not in the way he wants me to...But is James really better then him? "That man always just says the wrong things, and doesn't understand me in the least... Harry is at least willing to offer an ear to listen and a shoulder to cry on if I need it.... If I would need to choose between my son and James, I'd pick Harry above that louse. He's too full of Edward so he doesn't pay any attention to me anymore. If he loves Edward so much, why won't he just marry the kid?)

"Harry, I won't kill you..." She looked at him, slightly ashamed that she found him to be better than her own husband.

He looked at the painting as a blurry shape began to take shape, looking like hell itself. The shapes began to focus until one figure stood on a background which was writhing black flames.

Blood red eyes looked at the person looking at the painting, a grin with teeth which looked to be razor-sharp, and splattered with blood. A maniacal look was on the face, looking at everyone who passed, a deep bloodlust simply radiating from it. The clothing which he wore seemed to be made of leather, flaming shoulders accentuating his image. The pale flesh which was visible could be seen littered with veins which pumped blood through the body.

“It’s beautiful...”

He heard from behind him and looked at his mother who looked at the self portrait with her eyes slightly unfocused as she looked at the beauty of the dark one, the Lord of Destruction.

“Yes it is...” He answered breathlessly. “Can I hang this in the main hall?” She asked, looking at him with her eyes pleadingly. She didn’t know what possessed her to want to hang such a dark piece of art in the gallery at the main hall, but she could feel that there was a part of Harry’s talent laid within it, allowing him to paint it in such a way that it seemed alive.

“Just let me add a good frame to it and you can hang it wherever you want.... Mom, thanks for sparing my life...”

He looked at the painting, then exerted some power and a beautifully crafted frame began to materialise around it, consisting of gold elements tinged with some sort of black material which looked like Obsidian. She gasped as the painting came alive, looking at her, the lips curling in a smile, which actually frightened her.

She didn’t know it, but at that moment, the wings she bore when fully transformed, were now having black tips, a sign of the corruption which was seeping through her body.

Lily and Harry are about to hang the painting in the next chapter. Watch James his reaction as they hang the painting in the main hall,

in full view of anyone who comes to visit. Harry's darkened view will spread....

Can't tell much more because that would be telling....

I want reviews!

PLEASE REVIEW

Paintings and Potters don't mix

A grin decorated his face as he watched how his mother levitated the painting of the Lord of Destruction towards the main hall, him having given her the honour of hanging it. The craftsmanship on it was truly exquisite, making it a true piece of art. He watched as she walked in front of him, showing every little curve on her body, making a certain thing in his pants rather excited as he watched her movements. He looked at the shapely rear and grinned as he looked at her and said.

“ Try not to make the painting drop too much. The paint might fall off due to the magic still being somewhat instable. “

He watched as she nodded and then began to make sure that it was lifted horizontally, the painted surface upwards, then continued walking towards the main hall.

It was a strange sight to see, Harry and Lily Potter advancing, the first levitating a huge painting of some kind and Harry having a grin on his face like the cat ate the canary. He looked at the people he passed, noticing that some were order members who gave him a small frightened glance and his grin increased whenever he saw one of them look at him.

They got to the main hall, where there were currently two members of the Potter family, Eddie and Jezebel, currently wrapped up in an argument about something.

“I'm telling you, I don't want to see you snooping through my stuff, looking for something that you know I don't have.”

She spoke looking at her little brother with her eyes slightly pointed downwards. “I was searching for a Death Eater mask. After all, Harry was Dark and he spent enough time with you to convert you to the Dark side. Now let me see where you've hidden that ugly mask.”

“EDWARD POTTER! HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE YOUR SISTER OF BEING A DEATH EATER!”

Lily's voice rang through the room, making the two children look at her with a look of dread forming on their face.

"Mom!"

Both of them exclaimed at the same time, looking at the Potter Matriarch who looked at them, making the wand drop slightly, the anger making sure that the painting dropped. Harry's hand shot out and then caught the portrait, effortlessly lifting it with his strength being greater than a normal human's.

"Let's put it on the wall, next to dad's portrait."

He spoke, his voice being soft like it already was. A veiled threat within it even though nobody detected it. He grabbed the portrait, then with a wave of her wand, Lily lifted it and then put it against the wall, where Harry held it, until a sticking spell fastened it to the wall, making sure that it stuck there until it was unstuck.

The two Potter children looked at the art, Edward feeling revulsion at the sight of the pale skin which seemed to stand out. Jezebel looked at the painting and felt the sense of evil go through her, filling her with malicious energy, leftovers from the small fight she had with her younger brother. She looked at the painting, seeing the blood red eyes and then looking at the small plaque, reading the words: Lord of Destruction.

She looked at the reactions of her son and daughter, hoping to see some small bit of admiration within their eyes for the piece of dark art. She saw that Edward didn't like it, but that Jezebel was captivated by it. She looked at the painting herself, also noticing that a few of the Order members strayed into the room after the fighting between Eddie and Jezebel calmed down and hearing Lily reprimand them.

Nymphadora Tonks looked at the painting with a small amount of dread building in the pit of her stomach, then said in a voice which was a bit.

"Blimey, he's a handsome bugger. Who painted that guy?"

Her voice seemed to pull everyone out of a sort of trance, making them look at her like she were mad, then at the painting.

“ I must admit that while it looks dark, it has a certain finesse to it. Was this made with the aid of a magical trance?”

Flitwick's voice was heard and Harry answered. “It was made by me, and yes, I was in a magical trance at that moment. I don't know what possessed me to do it, or give it that title... but it's the best thing we have to defeating the Lord of Destruction. This image was given to him by the magic which flows through us all, and it made me truly capture the essence of the man, the true ferocity which seemed to be within him at all times... funny it would have been about that dark and evil man, because I could swear that I would paint a landscape or something...”

Harry muttered, trying to act like he still was that damn light-sided, brainwashed child.

The Order members still looked at the painting of the Dark Lord of hell itself, a smile coming to someone's face as the man remarked that the lord of Destruction actually looked somewhat geeky.

Harry felt the blazing anger surge within him and for a moment he lost his control and a searing pillar of flames shot from the ground, the faint buzz of insects being heard in the room, the fire beginning to ensnare the Order member who had spoken and the man gave a squeal of terror as he was burned on one side, then the fire disappeared.

The order members had all turned towards the now badly burned order member and Lily remarked.

“Maybe that wasn't a good thing to say in the presence of the portrait...”

She looked at the portrait which had shifted, to grin with an utmost evil grin at the people watching it and Harry could not help but smile a bit.

“For such an evil creature, it sure has a way of hurting those that talk badly about it, doesn’t it?”

Harry ignited the ground around him, black flames rising higher and higher around him, suddenly coming at him. The fire touched his skin and he winced as the heat made him cringe slightly, choosing not to activate his immunity to fire just yet.

A gust of magic shot from him, dispelling the flames, and he looked at the Order Members around him with his eyes closed.

“Seems like the Lord doesn’t like to be facing with a bit of magic which he hates... oh well, let’s get these treated. Medici nostrem.”

He pointed his wand at the wound, watching how the magic seeped into his arm, healing the flesh at a staggering rate. Harry allowed a small smile to slip on his face, and then he saw his father enter the room.

James Potter entered the Main Hall, his mind wandering slightly as he looked around to see some Order members stand there, apparently looking at something or someone. He looked at the walls, taking notice of a new portrait having been added, the look making his eyes go wide as he stared at the visage of the lord of Destruction.

“WHO PUT UP THAT PAINTING?”

He yelled, looking at it as the Lord of Destruction on the painting looked back at him, unmoving.

Lily looked at her husband, her features cooling down to give him an almost unnoticeable glare, then said.

“I put it up after I watched it being made. Your own son made that, aren’t you proud?”

Her tone was like ice, the woman looking at her husband with a slight frown on her face, the man looking at his wife with almost the same look on his face.

“Eddie painted that?”

Lily’s eyes narrowed and she said. “No, Harry did and I’m damn proud of him for doing that. He painted that thing alone with his magic to guide him, and look how detailed it is. At least we’ll have a good chance to identify the Lord of Destruction if we ever see him. He is after all going to kill Edward, and possibly Harry too.”

James looked at his eldest, a look of silent rage coming on his face. “Harry James Potter, why did you paint that? You know that that creature is responsible for the deaths of at least a thousand wizards in the Sin War.”

Harry’s eyes began to narrow, almost a complete copy of his mother’s own look. They were both staring at James with some slight amount of anger, mixed with a lot of hatred for the man who would dare make sure they were vilified.

“Father, may I remind you that my magic drew this, and that I am in no way responsible. If you believe some prophecy about Edward being the Brother of Light, and me possibly being the brother of Darkness, then why won’t you just accept that there is no Light or Dark, that there is only power and those too weak to see it, like you.”

James looked at his son and finally had enough of that attitude. “Harry James Potter, you will not talk to me in that way, in the house which still rightfully belongs to our family. I am your father, the least thing you could do is to show me respect.”

Harry laughed at that, the sight of James being enraged was enough to make him laugh. “You were never my father. I remember being thrown out by those muggles that Lily has to call relatives. I remember that Jack found me and raised me, along with prince kel’Zarath. After that it’s all very blurry, but I know that I’m NOT the boy you make me out to be.”

Harry’s face had turned into a snarl, his eyes almost becoming a blood red, his anger overflowing his mental walls. He was tempted to just transform into the Lord of Destruction and just kill the entire room, then kill Edward.

James was stunned. (He's remembering? This isn't good; I must contact Albus at once.)

The man looked at his son as the child looked on his father and James drew his wand, pointing it at Harry, the Order members having cleared a path.

"Harry, please drop your wand. I'm going to fix you up a bit, so you will be normal once again..."

James looked at his eldest son's eyes, seeing the glint of steel within them. Harry looked at the man who had made sure that he was conceived and said.

"Going to obliviate me, James? If they hear about it, you'll be as good as dead... I remember being inducted into the council of Dark Creatures when I was 10... it was such a great deal for them, celebrating about it for three days, I partaking in it like a happy child for once. If I had stayed with you, I'd probably be shunned or something, just because Edward needed more attention than me, just because he is your precious Boy-Who-Lived or something because Voldemort has tried to mark him as his equal, or has he?"

Harry's face looked at his father's looking straight into the soul and Harry bent his head down low, looking at the polished floor, and smiled softly.

"Yes, I know about the prophecy James. Neither can live while the other survives... how ironic it would be that Voldemort is neither alive, nor dead. I know for a fact that his soul has been split in two, one part locked within the deepest bowels of hell itself. It is my gift to see the future, the past and all between." His voice took an airy tint to it. "Unlike that fraud Trelawney, I am certain that I know what's happening.... How did you think I was able to rise through the ranks so fast? It's a tough world, one where you have to kill to survive... I became the ultimate predator, killing and manipulating everyone and everything I came across..."

During his little rant, Dumbledore had arrived, looking at Harry with some worry in his eyes. (This isn't supposed to happen. The memory lock should still be in effect and shouldn't have broken down so fast. I must do something.)

"Harry, calm down. You said you had visions? Then tell us all about them..."

The old man's voice was soothing and Harry decided to humor the man a little and give his own version of a future to the man, then with a version which he thought Edward's future would be.

"I saw a blackened Earth.., trees dead and dying, the humans enslaved, being forced to do depraved acts to survive... I see the Lord of Destruction sitting on a throne made from the purest black steel from the Hellforge, mixed with the pristine stone of the Throne of God. I see him look at the Demons which swarm around him, obliterates them with a mere wave of his hand. A woman steps forth, the catalyst of his rise... I can see that they love each other a lot, their emotion being for the world to see... I saw them take their clothes off and have sex on the throne, their cries of pleasure being heard throughout the area, but nobody is there to listen. The woman is clear to me that she is known, but when I see her face, all goes dark, and all that I remember is that she has something to do with the Brother of Light."

Here Harry halted, his mouth feeling dry, and he looked at his mother: "Could you give me something to drink, Mother? I am awfully thirsty." The Order members in the room, including the members of the Potter family watched as Lily asked a house elf for a pitcher of water, from which Harry started to drink, then put it down and looked at the people assembled within the room. "I cannot say what the rest of the vision was...."

He looked at Dumbledore. "Then the other vision was something which made me very confused, since the blackened wasteland turned into lush green plains, and I saw people laughing and smiling at each other. I saw my brother stride to sit upon a throne, the rest of the family standing around him, mother having white wings which shone in the light." The aura Dumbledore emitted was really starting to make

his head spin a lot as the man had come closer to him once he had started to talk. "I saw everyone there, but me. I heard him speak, about how he had put his brother to justice, and that he was glad that I had died to make this world a better world. I watched as he looked at the people, and showered them with power, keeping them happy in HIS might. I can feel a wave of nausea flow through me as he stared at his loyal subjects, then blesses them with eternal youth... I can feel the world crying out as the bastion of Light is placed there instead of Heaven. The vision faded after that." Harry looked at Dumbledore and he could clearly pick up what the man was thinking, something about that future being the one which was needed.

(Hmm the second future which Harry predicted seemed to be the better one, we cannot allow the Lord of Destruction to rule, he must be stopped. Harry stated that he didn't appear in the vision, so I'll ask him if he thinks he was killed.)

"Harry my boy, do you think you were killed by the Lord of Destruction?"

Harry looked at the old man, the man who had dared to ask about the second vision. "Professor Dumbledore, I don't have any idea if I am killed in that future but..." His face grimaced in pain, as something came to him, a real vision this time.

A new chapter finished.... I am quite evil for leaving you want the chapter, but I feel rather buried under the work load given to me by my teachers, and probably will only work on short projects during the time that I have free....

Please review... DemonGodOfDestruction (at) hotmail (dot) commy email address... add me to yours if you want to talk to me about something...

PLEASE REVIEW!

The vision

Harry could feel he was sometime else, a time in which the final battle would be decided. He looked around to see two sides locked in combat, a huge battle going on with him standing to watch as hordes of Demons and Angels clashed in a grand melee, with two main forces fighting for the control of the world. He watched as three huge Demons went out to war, combining their strength and sending bolts of ice, fire, blood, whatever they could do at the Angelic warriors, watching as they died by the attacks. There were 12 Angels fighting against the three of them, all equally matched. Harry watched as the three Demons fought four angels at a time their minions dying all around them, as they drew breaths which fouled the lands.

Harry was watching the scene, when the demons seemed to take the upper hand, a dark voice within him telling him to join the fight and fight for the darkness to take over, him being as strong as the Lord of Destruction. Harry knew he couldn't fight, just observe what happened in the Sin War. He watched how Demon slew angel and how angel slew Demon. He watched how the three Prime evils were betrayed by their lieutenants, a grim smile on his face.

With a small tingle on the skin, he would find himself somewhere else. He saw the clash of humans against the Lord of Destruction, could feel then hearts of the brave men beating as they watched people being flung away by the malevolent power of the Lord of Destruction, the Prime Evil conjuring up storms of flies to kill his enemies. He looked on as the Lord was captured by mages who had made sure that the Demon's power was bound by a holy stone, then imprisoned him into a soulstone, driving it into Tal Rasha's chest, then watched as the man was bound to a huge pillar, watching how the man was turned into a living corpse with every moment and year that the man remained in the tomb, the Lord of Destruction corrupting him through the soul stone until nothing of Tal Rasha remained. He looked on as the madness of the one who was called the Lord of Destruction raged through the corpse its mind before it finally succumbed.

He also watched how Bill Weasley pulled the soul stone from the chest of the corpse without being influenced by it, and a small smile cracked on his face. It wouldn't have been good for Bill to have that

stone within him, it would have made the man turn into something which couldn't be easily detained.

He watched still as the soul stone was driven into his chest, then watched the transformation occur, including his last battles, seeing how Voldemort had made a strategic retreat. He looked as Dumbledore obliviated him, making his anger surge, to be felt outside of the world.

James watched as a huge pulse of magic began to surge outwards from Harry's body, the boy having collapsed while trying to say something., probably taken over by a vision. The surge of magic was dreadful and dark to its core, the dread washing all emotion from James his face. Harry's vision wasn't a good one, he presumed since Seers usually tended to give off a vibe which was linked to the vision they had.

Dumbledore levitated Harry onto a bed conjured up by the old man as Harry seemingly had a bad vision as he trashed.

Harry watched how the events would likely unfold as he could see himself talking to James at a tone which didn't make him a Light supporter. He watched how Edward seemed to have gained enough courage to make him out to be a Death Eater, and how Edward was hurt for that remark by receiving a kick to the crotch by Jezebel.

"Look at him, the filthy little Death Eater. He's only faking it, why don't you throw him into Azkaban for being the Dark General?" Eddie's comment came at the wrong time, and Jezebel took offence to that. "Don't talk about your older brother like that Eddie! He's experiencing a vision and all you can do is insult him!" Eddie looked at his sister, a sneer forming on his face as he looked at her and said; "He's nothing but a good for nothing Death Eater, with him being in servitude to the Dark nation's leaders. You are going dark too, taking his side on this!" Jezebel looked at Eddie with a frosty look on her face and then reared back her leg, then kicked him with all her might straight into the balls, making a dull thud when the foot connected.

Eddie looked at his sister, whose foot was currently still within his private parts, then gave a small high pitched sound, and keeled over.

Jezebel looked at him and then said; "Don't try to mock Harry, Eddie, because he's a lot nicer to me than you have ever been. He at least makes sure that I get a nice gift from him whenever he comes back from wherever he's off to. Last time he gave me a blood stone for a gift, saying that it was from a vampire he had dusted as a mission from his superiors. You are a little prick instead, trying to enforce your will on others to make sure they do as you want them to do. I'd choose Harry over you any time of the time I am alive." For good measure, she nudged him on his back, then grabbed his legs and parted them, and then put her foot down on his crotch, making another wail of pain come from his mouth. A twisted grin was on her face, just like Harry's grin when he was feeling particularly malicious. It definitely runs in the family. Was the thought which went through the Order's mind, looking at the girl who had begun to ground her foot into Edwards crotch, delighting in the screams of pain from her younger brother.

James looked to see Jezebel with her foot crushing Edwards private bits, then said: "JEZEBEL POTTER, STOP DOING THAT THIS INSTANT YOUNG LADY!" the man clearly was either going insane or was having some sort of fit and somehow he had been able to make himself look like the perfect epitome of the Light, who despised justice, but had vowed to uphold it...

Harry watched as a battle began, two creatures locked in a struggle for survival. Pone was decked in golden armour, looking regal and imposing, a hood shrouding its face as light giving wings stretched on the one's back, immediately he drew the conclusion that this must be his little brother's full angelic form. He watched as the figure was being held in a strange grip by the other figure, and saw the leathery wings stretch out behind the other figure, this a clear sign that this must be him in future. The blood red eyes and pale skin were a clear indication that the battle was serious. "YOU WILL NEVER DEFEAT ME, LITTLE BROTHER! I SHALL RULE THIS WORLD AND HEAVEN ALL BY MYSELF WHILE YOUR CORPSE IS ROTTING ON THIS SOIL!"

The future self of him threw Edwards future self to the ground, a small bit of angelic blood being drawn by large claws which adorned his hands. He could feel that the power contained within both forms was

enough., the battle beginning to rage on and on as the two collided into the sky, while the battle between the humans raged on below. The Light side was fortified with Angels and wizards alike, while the Dark Side held Death Eaters and other Dark Creatures, with the aid of the Demons themselves. The two sides clashed for dominance of the ground, while their Lords battled on both sky and land. Harry could see that Edward was currently gaining an edge over him, making him get hit by a sword of light, allowing a pained shriek to come from his mouth, the sound being somewhat horrible to hear as he cringed and watched how Edward stuck a sword between his ribs. He watched as his future self had been too overconfident in his moves, forcing that confidence to be his downfall. I shall not make that mistake. I shall hit him where it hurts most, and then some. I shall make him experience pain beyond anything that his little mind can handle;.

He watched how the Demons were driven back, a unholy light spreading from his future self's body, and how Edward did some sort of ritual which would shatter his soul in a thousand of fragments, to be cleansed by some sort of holy light., leaving nothing of Harry James Potter on this world. He could see the Light Side's world, one where peace reigned, Edward sitting on a throne made from the purest materials from heaven, the throne being on Earth, him being chosen as God after the defeat of Hell.

His blood seethed at the vision, then another vision overtook him, of a possible other outcome.

The battle was still raging on as humanity's last defenders fought against the hordes of Demons which poured from the portals to Hell which Harry had erected only days after naming himself as the Lord of Destruction. Angels came to help them, and Harry watched how a male angel was grabbed by the wings and then watched how the wings were slowly torn off while succubae tried to tempt him to fall from Heaven. The angel's anguished screams weren't heard over the clatter of weapons as the two sides, of Heaven and Hell clashed, while the two brothers did battle., the older one seemingly defeated by the younger, until the Lord of Destruction grinned and then began to create a field of energy around them. "Did you know that mother

loves me, little Edward? We are going to marry soon, and I'll be your new father..."

The figure with the light wings looked at Harry with rage within his eyes and said; "you lie! Mother would never love such a creature like you!" Harry grinned as Eddie began to charge a strike with that sword of his, and began to summon a shield of Darkness in front of him, just collecting the fallen souls of Demons and Angels alike. Their blades clashed, the light sword cleaving through the darkness like a hot knife through butter. He looked at the opponent, his younger brother and then with a small hand motion, a ball of fire was within his hand and said: "Let's see how long you can hold on while your sword is ablaze, Edward." With that he set his blade on fire, the hellish fire beginning to traverse the blade and leapt onto Edward's blade which was connected to it. He watched how Edward looked at him with defiance, and then hacked thrice before dropping the blade due to the infernal heart.

Harry looked at the battle as he saw his future self cleave Edwards head off, and then let out a roar of pure maddened fury, which seemed to demoralise the Heavenly side, with the angels crying for the loss of their champion, and almost losing the will to fight adequately. He watched as his future self joined the fray, slinging demons away from him in a maddened way of pure bloodlust. He watched as the blood began to rain as the blade with the hellfire on it cleft a path through the ranks of the enemy, frightened shrieks permeating the air. He watched as the battle turned into a one-sided one, with the forces of the light being ultimately decimated by the Lord of Destruction, whose powers were now optimised, and the skies began to rain fire, killing whoever was in the path of those balls of fire, be they enemy or friendly. He watched how the Lord of Destruction raged on and on until he was eventually halted by a strange device wielded by Dumbledore and a few trusted ones. He watched as a pillar of Light appeared and bound his form to it, then watched as Dumbledore got out a soul stone and then jammed it straight into his head, absorbing the soul within.

He opened his eyes to look at the Order members and gasped for breath, the horrifying visions still making him feel slightly sick. "That

was horrible.” He spoke in a soft tone, almost unheard. He watched as Dumbledore came to him and said: “What did you see Harry?”

“I saw the complete annihilation of the Lord of Destruction. Through one he may be saved, lest he be made into the pawn. The King shall fall, until the pawn can take its place, becoming the Lord. Ultimate sin, of flesh and blood mingling, love forbidden, making Hell wait its stead. Fallen angel, do not rejoice for your choice, your son shall help you, the end close to the charade. Spread your darkened wings and cause death and plague wherever you go, hidden one...” he was now muttering that at a feverish pace, not knowing why he was speaking them, but feeling that it had something to do with Lily and him, the Ultimate sin probably being the consummation of their relationship. The act of that relationship would probably be a declaration of love for him by Lily, because he had done so just an hour or something like that ago. Then there probably would be sex, something which could be described as the ultimate sin of forbidden love/lust and then there would be a fallen angel, which could be his mother, but he didn't know that for sure. He didn't see any wings...

“Ultimate sin? What do you mean Harry?” he looked up, his voice speaking before he willed it. “SHE will decide the final battle. She, the Fallen Angel shall decide the fate of the Lord of light and the Lord of Destruction. Loved by both of them, her decision plays the largest role in the survival of this world. Should she pick the Lord of Destruction, all will be lost. Should she pick his brother, then the world will be saved, and the Lord of Destruction be weakened, until struck down...” Harry's eyes rolled into the back of his head, something which didn't look pleasant at all and a visible aura of magic began to spring up around him, rising and rising until it began to creep outwards around him, making the Order members go backwards, and Harry rose into the air, being held aloft by something which didn't seem like to be anything which was material. He looked like an incarnation of God, and the Holy Spirit seemed to have taken possession of him.

The Darknes shall come, acting like nothing ever seen before

Lords of Light, beware, for his body ashall bring the winds of War to this world once again

The Desert, the plains, the marshes, the woods, the sky

Burning sands, beating winds, sinking ground, falling trees, fiery sky

They are his to command, the Heavenly one having the power of Light, and love

For the final battle, a war has been fought, the decision lying upon one mortal woman's shoulders

Fallen Angel, do not tempt thyself with false dreams, thy having to choose between one man who has scorned thee, and one man who has sworn to devote his life to you.

Choose wisely, for another chance, there will never be

Wizened mage of light, thy job is to bind the Lord, for he is coming near, his presence already seen within this room

Darkened skies loom in the distance, great mage, for the Lord is close, the darkness he spreads about to tear a household apart

War will spread, husbands fighting against their wives, daughters against brothers. Choose thy side well, and no harm shall befall thee, for the Brothers are already locked in struggle, one which cannot be halted until one has perished

Dark Lord of the Night, leader of Hell, thy message is clear, made by the powers that be.

Destruction, madness, slaughter.... It is all you do, making the people confused, making them break, making them freak, weak and dead... sow death with your blade, the Infernal edge which you shall receive...

Beware the final battle, for the decision is near that time to be taken by the Twilight lady. (I'm bad with prophetic sayings...)

Harry fell to the floor after speaking like that, the last parts being engraved upon his brain and he slowly opened his eyelids, then

smiled weakly before falling into a slumber, the making of a prophecy, and experiencing the visions taking too great a toll upon his body. Sweat was glistening on his skin and he looked cute in the opinion of several female order members, all of which were around his age, the youngest being 5 years his senior... (their age is rather flexible...)

Dumbledore looked at James and said; "Alright, James get your son out of here, I'll deal with him later. This prophecy is considered to be a secret of the Order and Voldemort and the Lord of Destruction must never know of its existence. Lily, please make sure that Harry won't remember anything, I don't have the time to obliviate him since I have a meeting of the Wizengamot within 20 minutes. Tonight we will convene..." with a pop, the old man disappeared, leaving behind a crowd who began to do as he had commanded.

Harry was levitated to his room by Lily who looked at him with her eyes seemingly wet as she looked at her only son and then whispered "I won't do it to you Harry, even though you might be a problem to the Order, you are still my son and I love you..."

Harry heard her voice, and his eye shot open, looking at Lily with crimson flecks going through them, growing steadily until the eyes were now a deep crimson, looking straight at her. "hehehe.... Seems like I recovered already... the power within me is replenishing my life..." he looked at his hands, which seemed to be shaping themselves into claws, which were indicated by his nails growing slightly longer, the pain being intense if he had felt it, but due to his natural resistance to pain, eh could easily bear the pain.

He looked at her and then said; "Conjure me a piece of canvas, and I shall paint..." he said it with such a finality that she obeyed without question, the moment that her wand had stopped moving and the canvas conjured, did Harry start on a new painting., throwing in the full scale of the dark demonic energy which flowed through his body and veins at all times.

What appeared was the scene of the things he had seen, every fragment painted upon the canvas, making it look ethereal to him. The Final Battle was depicted, the two forms locked in combat

above the wizards and the angels and the femons which fought for dominance.

The Sin War had started once again, this time lead by the only surviving Prime Evil (theoretically he is), Harry James Potter, the Lord of Destruction....

A new chapter for all of you out there... I know I'm not popular, and that I don't update a lot, but I try to do my best here, while trying to get a passing grade for my school.... I know you all hate me and my work...

I don't know when I get time to write more, so enjoy this update....

AND PLEASE LEAVE A REVIEW!

The Lords rise again

Harry looked at the painting he had just finished, it depicting the family being shattered by the two colliding forces, one side having the males and one the females, the mother left in the middle. Curiously, he was on the female side, and the females seemed to have particular characteristics, while the female side seemed to suddenly shift, and his youngest sister became with the rest of the male Potters, and he sighed as he could see the halo's above their head, and the imaginary Demon wings. It was the prophecy of the two brothers, with Edward being the Light one, with Harry being the Dark one, and Lily being the Twilight lady.

He looked at his mother and with a bare hint of sorrow he said; "Those ignorant fools brought it down on themselves, filling this world with so much of their light, so that the darkness was too obvious to ignore... They should have left us all alone, so we would all have been happy, and this would never have happened. In retrospect, I am glad that there will be a war, since I am, after all the Lord of Destruction..." He turned around, walking to the door in silence, leaving his mother behind to contemplate what he had said.

She looked at her eldest leave, and then looked at the painting, seeing that only two persons stood on the left side, and that were Jezebel and Harry, while the rest of the household, minus her were on the right side, the one which apparently seemed to be the Light Side, while Harry's was the Dark one. She could see herself in the middle., her wings being stretched out to their sides, the white wing touching the Right side and the dark wing touching Harry's side, and suddenly a wave of understanding crossed her mind as she looked at the drawing and realised that it was actually a depicting of the family, with Harry as the Brother of Darkness and Edward as the Brother of Light, with her being the one to pick which side would win.

She looked at Harry, who stood there confidently in the painting, giving Edward a hateful look, and at Edward, who was giving Harry a look which rivalled his brother's. They seemed to be locked in a staring match, the tension clearly visible on the painting as if it was happening in real life.

Outside, in the hallway did Harry call upon his power and a sand storm grew around him, the dark malevolent energy within him controlling the sand making it look like there was a sand storm all in the area, but it was condensed around him.

He grinned, showing teeth which were too sharp for his mouth, and then began to change, a ripping sound as wings emerged from his back, tearing his robes apart. He felt his body begin to bleed as spikes began to rip out of his back and saw his vision blur once as his eyes attained the red shade that he was so famous for.

Nymphadora Tonks currently was relaxing in one of the free rooms which had been assigned for Order use as a resting place, idly toying with the long blonde hair which was on her head now, before changing it into a nice deep blue colouration. She could hear a sound outside of the room, and being bored as hell in the room, looked outside and saw the sand storm condense around a person, and she saw the blurry outline of a person within the sand storm, and then watched as it cleared away, revealing a set of tattered robes, two gargantuan wings in the air, two red eyes looking straight at her, a very pale face with a row of teeth visible which didn't really look all that pleasing to meet with, and big clawed hands. Through the tattered robe she could see that muscles were literally rippling over his body, speaking of a great bodily strength, and she was in awe as this Demon looked at her for a moment.

Harry had just felt the hands changing in claws part of his transformation, and he looked at the onlooker which he had sensed, and grinned as he saw Nymphadora Tonks look at him, a look of stunned surprise in her eyes. "Nymphadora Tonks..." His voice spoke, a soft and gentle one, belying his true nature. He looked at her face as it slowly turned to horror, and he reached out to cup her face, looking her straight into her ever changing eyes and smirking. "How long it has been since we last met, Auror Tonks." His red eyes looked straight into hers, and he clenched his clawed hands a bit, and drew blood, which he licked off with a long tongue. He smiled, and then licked her cheek. "I will be gone now... Let me warn you with this... Beware the Twilight Lady, for she has been depicted, and she shall be the one to decide humanity's fate... Should she Choose me, the

Darkness, or my Brother, the Light, all will go according to the prophecy..." with a handy move, he threw her back in the room, and continued his walk towards the main hall, where his portrait hung.

Lily heard a sound, and then went from the room, to see the exchange between Harry and Tonks. She walked up to him and said; "You shouldn't do this alone." He looked at her, and smiled; "I may be the Master of Monsters, the Lord of Destruction, but even I have a heart, no matter how blackened it has become... Walk with me." He held out his arm to his mother, and they continued their trek down the hallway, the portraits all looking at them, but none dared to say anything, intimidated by the Lord of Destruction. "This world sickens me... So focused on the light that they don't see that there is both a darkness to counter the light, to see no shadows, but Light and Dark." he absently shook his head as they rounded a corner, and someone bumped into him. "Hello, little brat." It was his youngest brother Henry who stared at him with wide eyes, the Demon Lord towering above him, with a hand linked with his mother's and he couldn't say a word, and Harry looked at Lily and said; " A lot of your spawn are speechless... Maybe that's because they got their father's genes?" Lily turned to her eldest, nodding slightly;

"They seem to have inherited his pranking genes, and also his intelligence..."

Harry shook his head once again, his black hair seemingly making him look more evil, because he could sense a reaction within the small boy's body, which showed that he was about to pass out from fright.

A wave of pain crashed over him before it was extinguished, and he shook his head.

" And so the Zann'Esu dies... The foolish girl shouldn't have tried tapping into such deep demonic magic without consulting me first... now she's dead, and I don't see the need to revive her, because she made such a stupid mistake..."

And indeed, where Jaina had resided once, a huge burnt skeleton stood, looking at the pentagram used for summoning a Demon, but it had backfired and seared off most of her skin, and increased her

demonic taint on her soul, turning her into one of the undead servants of Harry, and thus no longer beautiful, she began to delve deep into the dark magic of the Flame and Frost, forbidden to the Zann'Esu because of the taint they might receive, while also managing to keep Electricity a good part of her arsenal of deadly spells.

They continued their walk through the house, Lily finding some comfort in walking with her son, with them talking about the way the war would be fought by both sides. "As you already know, I control the elements of Frost, Fire, Blood, Electricity, and the ability to make sure that a lot of Demons are summoned, also with some control over the storms and the skies, and even the ground." He absently conjured up an earth spike, and then crushed it in his fist, revealing a few priceless gems, and then began to heat them up, and with a few appliances of demon fire, and a fingernail being used as a cutting tool after heating, he cut a priceless gem from each gem, and then summoned up a plain sword, and placed them into the hilt, whispering a few words in Demonic and then watched as emerald fire curled up the blade, then was followed by black lightning, and finally a cool mist seemed to run over the blade, to be coming from the blade at random intervals. "Here's a nice weapon for you, enchanted to be feather light, and to have the fires of hell coursing over the blade whenever you wish, and generally giving off an intense cold, freezing whatever it touches... well, everything but me.... Useful for making ice cream though... and well... I put in some dark lightning, since it looks cool, and can be used to deep fry a lot of enemies, may you find yourself in danger..." He smiled at her, and she smiled back at him and said; "Gee thank you darling... why don't you ask something in return for this nice gift? He's not exactly pleasing in bed, you know..."

Harry looked at his mother with one eyebrow raised, and he shook his head: "Listen, Lily, I possibly can't do that with you, it's not really good for your health..."

He looked at her and her eyes looked mischievously and she said. "Well, maybe I would allow you to touch me..."

She was slowly enjoying the idea of being touched by her son, all notions of taboo aside, but actually wondered how he treated his

women, as he seemed to be well liked with them, even managing to do a vampire woman in a brothel, the day after they had met with him for the first time again. That spoke of some good skill in that area, since Vampires are a bit cold to everyone.

“Err... are you sure?” He asked in a tentative tone, looking at her and watching her smile. (I’d kill for fucking her once...)

His mind went and he could already hear the slapping of flesh together, and hearing her moans to put it in her faster, and to see her on top of him, letting her touch those breasts of which he had suckled... “Yes, after the war maybe...”

James Potter was by no means a coward and he strode through his house unafraid of his son, intending to confront him about the evil painting of the Lord of Destruction, when he heard the cheerful voice of his wife, talking to someone whose voice seemed to be very dark and ominous.

“Lily-flower!”

He looked to see the lord of Destruction, hand linked with his wife stride towards him and focus his blood red eyes on him and gulped as Lily mirrored the look, her eyes boring deep into his, and giving him the impression of a snake and a rabbit staring at each other, and he was the bloody rabbit.

“Yes, James?” she asked coolly, looking at him the entire time, and Harry let her arm go and then decided to advance on his own.

“I’ll go check out the portrait which my servant drew... Amuse yourself, Lily, my Twilight Lady.”

She gave him a bright smile, looking cheerful to see him go and said: “I’d love to chat with you again, Milord. I am saddened that you couldn’t stay longer because of your need to return to hell as soon as possible.”

“LILY! HOW DARE YOU TALK TO THE ENEMY AND HOLD HIS ARM!”

James shouted at Lily, Harry looking at the pair and decided to let them just handle it, and put a nineteen million Bounty on James Potter's head, deeming him to be alive and brought before him, where he could oversee the execution at the hands of his own son, while the son was busy fucking his wife.

"And wherever I tread, Chaos follows in my wake... Diablo would have a ball with this, being the Lord of Terror after all... Maybe I can revive him, it would be nice to talk to him again..." Already his mind was going over the details, which included the parts of the shattered soul stones of his brothers, and he could feel a dark smile slipping on his face, and then began to laugh, a deep laughter making everyone look around uncomfortable, and with a simple gesture of his hand, a door was slammed from its hinges as a huge wave of sand knocked it open, and he looked at the hall in which he had come, seeing that there were some Order member 'Let me pass and none of you shall have to die...' his voice was dark and seemed to be able to make the chills run up every Order member's spine, and Harry smiled at the effect which he had on them and then walked towards the crowd in front of him, who parted to let him through, an aura of fear making them move faster than they wanted.

He looked at his painting, and then sighed deeply, and shook his head: "Every time I appear is different, but that is indeed the form I prefer..." he turned around to catch an advanced light spell in his hands and clenched them, and the spell disappeared, being shattered by his power. "Ahh... So we meet, Dumbledore." "Demon, begone from this place..." Dumbledore came towards him with a wand in hand, pointed at him and Harry's eyes widened slightly out of mirth; "Do you really think that you can defeat me, Dumbledore? It's been such a long time that I've been with the humans again, so I think I'll have a nice vacation, and kill a few thousand or something..."

He muttered a small incantation under his breath, summoning a portal to hell to get away as soon as possible, and then watched as stones rose from the ground, and an infernal portal formed, the ground around it cracking and breaking, looking like a blast had been hit there.

Harry looked at the portal and muttered another incantation and a veil made of a grey substance formed, and the souls of the damned could be heard screaming in agony, him not minding their screams, but some of the Order members got sick and emptied their stomachs on the ground and he stepped through the portal. Dumbledore looked at the portal as it shimmered out of existence, the stones falling to the ground with deep thuds, looking burnt and broken, the demonic portal having taken its toll on the stones used for the portal.

He looked at the Chaos Sanctuary, and then looked at the huge pentagram where he had appeared and then felt the soul stones pulse in his pocket of his robes, wanting to be freed. Without a question he did so, seeing them float above the pentagram, and without knowing the thing he was doing, he began to chant demonic incantations, feeling the huge power of the beings whose souls were so fragmented that they couldn't be called souls, but memories, but with his power as the sole remaining brother, he would be able to make sure that they were revived. They had to be, or else his plan would fail.

He began to channel the power of the Fiery pits of Hell, and he wasn't amazed that it felt so good to be with it once again, even though he had been mortal a few months ago. He looked at the burning pyres of human souls and he looked at the pentagram which was now glowing a blood red, and the soul stones were now forming once again. He looked at them as they were formed once again, and then with a crash and a sound of an inhuman roar coming from the pentagram, it was done.

Two hulking forms stood there, one with two long horns, and a chilling aura around him. It seemed like he was sinuous, and seemed to be carrying an incredible malice within him, two glowing cold eyes looking at Harry, who smiled.

The second one was bigger and red skin and bulging muscles were the first thing you could see. The blood red soulstone in the forehead was not easy to miss, and the horns and tusks were also a pretty identifying sight. The yellow eyes which were focused on Harry shone with a burning anger, and the lust for fear, terror and chaos.

“Brothers... We are once again UNITED! We shall let the heavens tremble, and I shall be the one to fight with the prophesized one. Are you with me?” he asked, looking at his brothers, who looked at him, and then Diablo spoke.

“The humans shall be stricken with terror they have never felt before.”

Mephisto looked at Harry and said; “Baal, they shall hate, and I shall use their hatred...”

Harry looked at Mephisto and said; “Call me Harry, Baal gave his power onto me, finding me a worthy heir to his power...”

Mephisto nodded and said: “I trust you’ve prepared everything here for war?”

Harry nodded and said: “Want to see my human family? It’ll also give you a chance to see the Chosen One, prophesied to either defeat me, or be defeated by me... and the best part is, that a woman decides whether he fails or succeeds...”

Diablo laughed at that and said; “I bet you know who the woman is, don’t you Harry?”

Harry nodded and said; “My very own mother... She likes me better than that fucking husband of hers...” He smiled absently and with a hand gesture, a portal appeared on the side of the portal. “Please turn into human forms, since I doubt that you want a house to come crashing down on yourself, which would cause some trouble...”

Diablo and Baal nodded and after some growled incantations, mainly dealing with transformation, Harry saw Mephisto’s horns sink into his skull and that there was hair beginning to grown, and a pale visage became visible, and soon there stood a naked man, looking to be around 25 years old, in the process of putting on some long robes, a staff on the floor in front of him, a black gem on top of it.

Diablo on the other hand had his skin turn a normal colouration, and the horns sank in last, leaving him to look like he was around 15 years of age and was in the process of strapping a leather suit on his

frame, which eh had conjured up from somewhere, probably letting the magic do the job.

Somewhere in Pedro's leather working shop, a leather attire had vanished, one made for a very important customer, leading Pedro and his six kids and wife to be shot dead three days later when the suit was to be collected by the man's associates. Don Infuaes Del Marco didn't want to wait until the leather clothing meant for his son was remade, and just had the family executed by some of his gang members.

"Alright, now that we are human looking, shall we go through the portal?" Harry asked, the robes being made as new by a mere application of a reparo, his wings being pulled back into his back.

A portal formed once again in the noble house of Potter, this time in Harry's bedroom, a few metres above the ground, letting three figures drop on the bed, causing it to shake and squeak.

Harry looked at his 'brothers' and grinned. "Let's go meet the family shall we?"

Diablo nodded, and said to Mephisto: "shall we act like we are one of those angelic little pussies? I heard that they are supposed to appear to humans at times, and we can be Harry's..."

Mephisto shook his head: "It would never work... Let's just pretend we are some friends of his, that would be easy to explain for him."

Harry nodded and said; "Are you coming?" the two other brothers nodded and just followed the sound of Harry's bickering parents, which had gone on for 3 hours now, neither of them willing to back down about the thing that had happened.

"Mother, Father, meet my brothers."

That made them stop arguing and turn towards Harry, to look at the two males who stood besides him, Mephisto looking as evil as cold be, with freezing blue eyes, while Diablo stood there with yellow frightening eyes, waiting for the inevitable reaction of fear. Harry just

stood there, his eyes a bloody red and a look of pure evil on his face, looking at his father like he was a little lamb ready for the slaughter. A new chapter after all this time... the Three Brothers are united once again, resurrected through dark and evil magic! Harry will have to make sure that they will eliminate a few key factors, in the next episode of lord of Destruction!

Please Review!

James, James, how unworthy are thee

James looked at his son, who was looking at him with blood red eyes hinting at malice within them, though he couldn't be sure. The 'brothers' seemed to be a bit more looking at Lily than at him, and Harry seemed to have one of the most chilling smiles on his face, like he actually seemed to be wanting to harm James for a moment.

"Father, did it ever occur to you that Mother might not be very happy with you?" Harry was getting an idea. He would not be able to make it so that his father would be able to get away with his life, but the most that he could do was to make it look like an accident, or an attack.

James looked at Lily, looking for any sign of acknowledgement from what Harry had said, but seeing her nod slightly, then look at him and say: "Did you know how much I wanted to feel loved, James? All you did was care for Edward, not for me... I wanted to have sex with you at least once a year, and you've left me without it for almost 7 years, James... Didn't you think it would hurt, to come inside me once? I wanted to feel you inside me, but you didn't... you never even wanted to touch me..." James was at a loss for words and only stammered for a moment, looking at his wife, who seemed to glare at him for a moment, then drew her wand, pointing it at Harry, who smiled softly and then said: "I want to help you get rid of him..."

Harry nodded, then looked at Diablo and Mephisto and said; "" Feel free to take your own forms here... We got to make it look like he was killed in battle..." Diablo and Mephisto nodded, their features beginning to warp, the sound of bones cracking and other hideous sounds being heard throughout the room. Harry looked at his father, who seemed to be too stunned to move, nevertheless do anything. He looked at the two forms of his brothers, seeing that Mephisto had a pair of horns had grown out of his head, which signified that he was almost back to normal, Harry beginning to shift his eyes into his green ones, and looked at James, a vicious grin on his face as a dark staff materialised within his hands, pointing it at James his heart, while starting to pour magic through it, letting it give off a hum.

Diablo was by now sporting a set of horns, with spikes having ripped through the flesh that hid his true form, making a row of spikes be at his spine. He looked now like the child between a bone-manipulating dinosaur and the mummy. The way that there seemed to be a shatlyt aura of terror around him was nothing special, though he was the youngest of them, and had the element of stark terror to his disposal.

With a crack, Diablo appeared in full demonic glory., with Mephisto giving the okay sign, the bony hands that he possessed being one of the things that seemed to be consistent, though no flesh was there when there had been flesh before.

Lily looked at the pair of Prime Evils, shivering as she could feel a strong hatred emerge in her chest, making her feel like she would want to grab James by his throat and then choke him.

“FOUL DEMONS!” Harry shouted, his voice still Demonic, but the way that he seemed to be speaking held a lot of anger, pointing his staff at James still., the spell that he had been charging finally in effect, and a blood red tornado engulfed him for a moment, granting him the form of the Lord of Destruction, blood red eyes looking at James and then looking at Lily and then impaling James on his claws, then saying: “Do you want to share my bed, mother?” she looked at him for a moment, thinking about the offer, knowing that her husband would die soon because he had been impaled by Harry’s claws, that being a pretty big death sentence to the man. The way that Harry looked at her made the desire within her grown, while making her feel so good, the way that she seemed to do it being slightly in line with the way that he had offered her.

James looked at his son, in his demonic form, and could not help but wonder if the words that he had heard were indeed the truth. Indeed, he had been spending time with Edward a lot, since the child needed to know how to defend himself against the Dark brother, who now was confirmed to be Harry. The way that he came to his end was ironic, impaled on the claws of his own son’s hand, with his wife not lifting a finger. She looked at him, with him feeling a small tingle of fear in his mind as he could feel the blood flowing down his robes, making him feel afraid, all of a sudden. Then, the offer that his son had made to his own mother, to share his bed with her, to engage in a relation ship that was taboo in every society on earth, to have sex

with his own mother. A surge of something came over him, and he knew that he had lost the will to live. It all seemed to be futile now, with Harry being the one to take his own mother as a bride for himself, having deemed her to be the Twilight Lady. In alienating his own wife, he had ensured the victory for darkness, as his own son would be amongst those that would crush the light. He looked at his son and then could feel blood welling up in his mouth, which he spat out, looking at Harry's eyes for a moment and then said: "Son... I'll let you know that I love you, even though you've wandered upon this dark path..."

Harry looked at his father for a moment, then gave an almost pleasant smile and said in a soft but a whisper: "For that, you'll be going to serve us, instead of suffering in hell..." Harry clenched his hand, then tore it out of James, sending a gout of blood and letting the man fall to the ground. An emerald fire was now around him, making him turn back into Harry James Potter, without any strange forms of speech.

"DIE YOU DEMONS!" he grabbed his staff, firing some high level stunners at Diablo and Mephisto, who could shrug them off, but seemed to catch on to his idea of making him look like he had tried to defend his father. They roared as the spell impacted upon their hides, making Harry smile slightly and he looked at his mother, who stood there, looking at him with a doubting look on her face. When she saw him in action, she hissed out the incantation of Avada Kedavra, her mind made up, she would follow Harry till the end of the earth if he wanted her to. Never mind that he was her son, she should still support him while the rest of the family seemed to support the light. The way that he had endeared himself to her was something that was enticing her to join him, making her resolve so firm that nobody would have been able to break it, for when she had made up her mind, she would not change it, even if there would be a thousand Demons in her path.

James watched as his wife attacked the demons that were in cahoots with Harry, a smile coming to his face as he realised that the Light had died the moment that Lily started to fight together with Harry to drive away the Demons.

Harry was having fun as he sent spell after spell at Diablo and Mephisto, with Lily giving him some backup by throwing lethal curses like a hailstorm, making Mephisto hiss something in demonic that Harry caught, laughing about it and screaming something back, to which Lily suddenly seemed to feel something ominous appear above her and she looked at Diablo, who was looking at her with a look that seemed to instil pure terror in her, causing her to freeze up in fear, making her feel weak and unimportant.

Harry watched as Diablo disabled his mother and then looked at his dad, who was slowly dying, the fate of the man being inevitable, but soon, he would be able to make some more adjustments, for now, he simply cast a demonic ward around James his body, but not before casting a very heavy blasting spell, which sent Mephisto and Diablo through a wall, and straight into the other wall, missing some of the Order members who had tried to break down the door, which apparently had been locked by something. He looked at the Order members, spotting that some had been crushed under the weight of the other Prime Evils, and Mephisto put up his most evil look and said to Harry: "We will return, Light-servant. Then, we shall kill the rest of your pathetic mortal kin." Harry gave him a look that showed his emerald green eyes, which glowed dangerously and then said: "I will avenge you for hurting my father!"

He sent an avada kedavra at his brothers, only to have them disappear, and the spell to hit the wall, making a large crater in the wall. Then he turned around to go to his father, then attempt a bit of soul magic, to make sure that his father would know that he was now the master, and not him. The way that he manipulated his father's fleeting soul was such that he would obey Harry without a question should he give an order in Demonic, while he would act like the normal James when he wasn't around Harry.

Three hours later, Harry had been berated about using the killing curse, with him saying that he would need to use it anyways since they were demons and not worthy of life. Dumbledore had let him go, since one of the demons had affirmed that Harry had been one of the fighters for the light.

Edward seemed to have lightened up to Harry, giving him a good pat on the shoulder for fighting them off, claiming that he would have destroyed them. Harry just gave his younger brother a good glare before stalking off to find his mother, who was about to go into the bedroom that she shared with the now zombie James. Harry touched her lightly on the shoulder and then asked if he could talk with her in private for a moment, with her acknowledging his request and then when they were in the room, he grabbed her by the waist, looked her deep in the eyes, his eyes shifting into blood red ones and he kissed her with all his passion, the feeling of lust being a tiger ready to pounce within him. He looked at her as she seemed to be ready for him to take.

She looked at him as he kissed her, with his body close to her, she could smell his scent, a faint hint of brimstone and something primal, something evil, seemed to hang all over him. She looked at him, smiling at him for some strange reason that she could not fathom. She loved him now, her husband, whose undeath had been explained to her by Harry, had been quite passive at times now, just sitting in a chair, reading a book or something, maybe converse with Sirius for a bit of distraction.

What they didn't know were that a pair of eyes was watching them...
A new chapter, written within a day...

I hope you guys like it, and I hope to get a few reviews for this one!

next chapter... you'll find out who the eyes belonged to... or maybe not...

PLEASE REVIEW